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PETER PARLEY'S
PRESENT
FOR
BOYS & GIRLS

2529 e. 235

Anna Frances Ward

Dec: 25. 1851.

57





PEACE BETWEEN BHUDDHACHANDRA AND MALCOLM LOHMAN—CHAPTER ONE

P A R L E Y ' S
present for
B O Y S A N D G I R L S.

Gift Book for all Seasons.



2529 - 235
LONDON:
DARTON AND CO., HOLBORN HILL.
—
1855.



Contents.

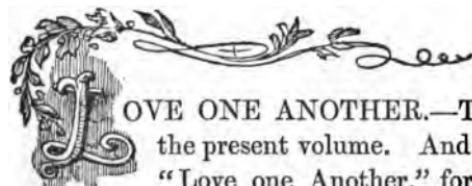
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POETRY.

Preface.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,



LOVE ONE ANOTHER.—This is my motto for the present volume. And I say unto you again, "Love one Another," for Love is the heart's sunshine, and when days are dark and short, and nights are long and dreary, it is then, above all other times, that warm feelings and bright thoughts ought to cheer us. Our affections are like flowers, offering up daily incense towards heaven—"Silent Hymns," and our deeds of Love, are as birds flying to and fro in the earth, making it joyful with their songs. Can birds sing any other but songs of love? can flowers breathe anything but hymns of Love? can the bright sun, the beautiful moon, the blue skies, the balmy airs, tell any other tales than those of Love? And what shall little children do who are in the jocund morning of life—the sweet bloom of existence—like birds newly fledged with joyousness? To them, air, and

light, and beauty, are full of heavenly talkings, and the rainbow of hope and faith is ever above them with its most glorious teachings. The heart beats like a merry tabor in the breast of youth, and all nature seems to dance to the sound in perpetual holiday. Then let Love be your motto, my little ones. Love all that is loveable on earth. Love all that is worthy of Love—your parents, your relatives, your playmates, your friends; aye, and even your enemies. Christmas is the Season of Love—it celebrates Peace on earth and Good Will towards man; and in this everlasting Song of Love and Mercy, make merry. Forgive those that may have wronged you: ask forgiveness of those you may have wronged, and be united with the tenderest ties of affection, that you may be the children of Him who is Love itself, and thus glorify him.

Believe me your old loving friend,

Peter Parley.

THE NEW YEAR.

Laus Deo.—With these words, our forefathers, at least those of them who were tradesmen or merchants, used to begin *their Books*—Books vastly different to PARLEY'S ANNUAL; equally useful, it is true—but not quite so entertaining; for they abounded in nicely-written figures—not of fancy, but of arithmetic. The words were good and proper—“Glory to God”—should be the motto with which we should begin everything. “Laus Deo,” poor old Peter Parley now says—and he can say it—and write it, too, with a sincere and heart-felt gratitude to the Giver of all Good, for mercies past; at the same time, he looks forward to the future, with “Hopes” that are not born of earth. “Laus Deo,” then, be the opening of this volume; and as we take further note of things material—of the heavens—of the world—of men—of boys and girls—and the thousand “ills that flesh is heir to,” and the thousand joys to which it is also born—let “Laus Deo” be our motto. It shall be the burden of our song through all, and be with us in every varied posture, place, and hour.

It has often seemed to me as peculiarly fit and proper that the opening of the New Year should, in most countries (and

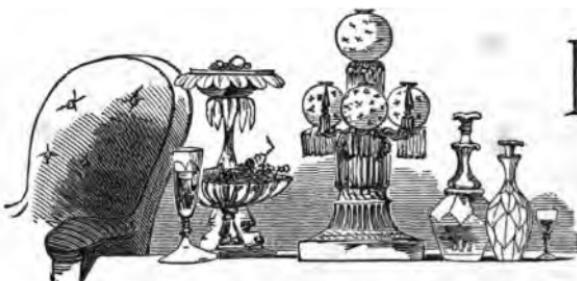
particularly in those countries calling themselves Christian) be attended by the exercise of the most generous feelings ; in the interchange of love between the members of families, or between our friends and acquaintances ; and in "benevolence" to the poor and wretched. And it seems providentially ordered, in the latter case, that the time of the greatest cold and the greatest need, the greatest want and the greatest sorrow, should also be the time of the greatest love, the greatest warmth of heart, the greatest generosity, and the best cheer. God, in his tender mercy, has given to man the feeling of sympathy ; and it is almost impossible for us to behold suffering and misery without being affected by it ; and being affected by it, we seek to relieve it ; and the relief of it is, according to the constitution of things, ordained by our benevolent Creator, attended by pleasurable emotion, sufficient to take away the bitter sting we experience in beholding wretchedness or sorrow. So that in doing all the good we can, we *do ourselves a service* ; and thus reflecting, we are obliged to say, "LAUS DEO,"—"Glory to God,"—again.

Now, my dear young friends, let me say a word or two more to you on this "constitution of things." Do not resist the good impulses that spring within you ; for every good and benevolent thought, every thrill of sympathy, every yearning for the poor and wretched, are of God. What we have in ourselves, as mere creatures of dust and ashes, is but *poor stuff* ; but what we have in us of the heavenly and spiritual is of a glorious and eternal nature, born of God, and a witness of Himself within us. Quench not, then, the warm and delightful sunshine of the heart, but let it diffuse itself to all around. Let it revive the tender plant, bring forth the

blossom from the bud, stimulate us to deeds of love, and ripen in us the fruit of universal charity ; so that the New Year may begin in the light, and the warmth, the joy, and the gladness of Him who is ever near us, and who is especially beside us in our deeds of love.

There is, too, another way of looking at the opening of a New Year. Who can see a New Year opening upon him without considering what may be the end of it ? The Book of the year is unwritten,—its pages are blank ; they may be filled either with a fair and beautiful moral caligraphy, or, like some of my young friends' "copy-books," be "blurred and blotted" with errors and slovenly carelessness. It is yours,—aye, and mine too,—for PETER PARLEY does not mind putting himself among boys and girls in such a case, to endeavour to make the coming year better than the last. To IMPROVE OUR TIME is the duty of old as well as young. I am a poor, ricketty old man, while you are in the bud of your lives. We are not, it is true, to think that in our own strength we can do anything ; but we know that God always helps us when we strive to do right ; and the more we strive, the more he helps us. So let us go on, my young friends, in His strength—*striving* and *doing* ; and while we strive, and dare, still let our motto be—"LAUS DEO."

The Industrial Arts and Manufactures of Great Britain.



In my last Annual I informed my young friends respecting many of our

Industrial Arts. But I left a few for the present Volume, and these few are among the most important. They embrace the subjects of Glass-making, and some other manufactures. The Manufacture of Glass is highly interesting, and I shall, therefore, lay before my readers a full account of this highly useful material, and the means which are used, in the present day, to bring it to its astonishing perfection, as we see it in the large beautiful plate glass in our windows, or in the beautiful imitation of gems and diamonds found at the jewellers. Of all the articles made by human skill, there is not one more beautiful or interesting.

THE MANUFACTURE OF GLASS.

CONTAINING SOMETHING ABOUT ITS HISTORY ; EGYPTIAN, ROMAN, AND ANCIENT BRITISH GLASS ; AND OF THE VARIOUS MODES OF GLASS MAKING.

It is very difficult to ascertain the period of the invention of glass. Glass, of a rude kind, has been found by Mr. Layard in the ruins of Nimroud ; it has also been found in the Pyramids. Pliny informs us that Sidon was the first city distinguished for its glass-works, and that glass, as a distinct manufacture, was introduced into Rome in the reign of Tiberius. But the Egyptians had, before this, carried the art of glass-making to some perfection, performing many difficult operations in glass-cutting, and manufacturing cups of glass of astonishing purity. The ancients also used glass to ornament their rooms, but it was not made transparent, and blocks of glass, used for paving, have been found of the thickness of a common-sized brick. The ancient Britons had beads and rings of glass, which were common to them at the time of Cæsar's invasion. The Britons valued them greatly, and they are supposed to have been worn round the neck as a charm against disease or misfortune. It is thought that they had them from the Phœnicians, with whom they traded.

There is a story related by Pliny, the naturalist, who lived about seventy-nine years after Christ, which, if true, would seem to furnish us with the origin of the invention of glass. It is as follows :—Some merchants, being shipwrecked on the sandy shore of the river Belus, in Syria, had occasion to dress

their food by a fire kindled on the white glittering sand. A plant called "kali" grew there in great abundance, and was probably made use of to boil the kettle. It was, of course, burned to ashes. These ashes mixing with the sand which had been melted by the heat of the fire, produced a substance believed to have been till then unknown. This substance was Glass.

In the middle ages, the Phoenician processes were learned by the Crusaders, and transferred to Venice in the 13th century, where they were long held secret, and formed a lucrative mercantile monopoly. Soon after the middle of the 16th century, Colbert enriched France with the blown mirror glass manufacture. The window-glass manufacture was first begun in England in 1557, in Crutched Friars, London, and fine articles of flint-glass were soon after made in the Savoy House, Strand. In 1635, the art received a great improvement from Sir Robert Mansell, by the use of coal for fuel instead of wood. The first sheets of blown glass for looking-glasses and coach windows were made in 1673, at Lambeth, by Venetian citizens employed under the patronage of the Duke of Buckingham. The casting of mirror plates was commenced in France about the year of our revolution, 1688, by Abraham Thevost. But this kind of plate has been for some time rivalled by the English. The Bohemian and German glass have various degrees of perfection, and we have seen in the National Exhibition whether these can rival the productions of our own country.

The word glass is derived from an old German word, and is connected with *gleissen*, to shine, and with the English word, *glisten*, and with *glace*, the French for ice. I need not say

that its manufacture is now brought to a high degree of perfection in this country.

Glass is made by melting silicious earth or sand with alkaline substances, and a metallic oxide, at a white heat. Sand, soda, and lead are the three ingredients usually employed, in certain proportions, and with various modifications.

There are five different and distinct qualities of glass manufactured for domestic purposes in England. 1. Flint glass. 2. Crown or sheet glass. 3. Broad or common window glass. 4. Bottle or common green glass. 5. Plate glass. We shall consider the manufacture of them separately.

The English glass manufactories, or glass-houses, as they are commonly called, are large conical buildings, rising from 50 to 80 feet in diameter, and from 60 to 100 feet high, terminating in a chimney. The interior is dome-shaped, and supported on arches. Flues are constructed under these for the admission of atmospheric air, which rising through the holes in the centre of the floor of the furnace, the flames are made to envelop the pots, and thence pass on to the chimney, issuing from the centre of the dome.

ON THE MANUFACTURE OF FLINT GLASS.

Flint glass, known to foreign countries under the name of crystal, is the beautiful compound whereof the finest articles designed for domestic use or ornament are made. It is the most costly, the most brilliant, and the one most easily fashioned by the hand of the workman. One of the most celebrated manufactories is that of Messrs. Pellatt, Holland,

Street, Blackfriars, London. The term "flint glass" was originally given to this kind of glass, because flints were formerly employed as the silicious material. The materials of flint glass are nearly as follows:—1 part of alkali, carbonate, or nitrate of potash; 2 parts of oxide of lead; and 3 parts of sea-sand. The sand employed is obtained from the sea-shore at Lynn, in Norfolk, and at Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight. The carbonate of potash is obtained from Canada and the United States; the oxide of lead from our own lead-works.

The most important part of the operations of a glass-house is the crucible or melting pot. These instruments are made from a particular kind of clay, which is found at Stourbridge, in Worcestershire. This is first pounded fine, then sifted, moistened, and worked into a thin dough. Some old crucibles are also used, broken into powder, in combination with some red clay. The pots are not moulded, but built up with clay by the hands of the workman, and the quantity of clay used in each is about 1,000 lbs.; they are, when finished, about 3 feet in height, $2\frac{1}{4}$ feet in diameter, and from 2 to 3 inches thick. The shape is nearly cylindrical, with an arched top and a flat base, and the only opening is at the upper part on one side. The furnace houses for the manufacture of plate glass are similar in construction, and of various dimensions. They generally consist of a circular dome, about 15 feet in diameter, and the same in height. All are constructed with brick, and lined with clay, capable of sustaining the greatest heat.

The fuel for these furnaces is laid underneath, on an iron grating, and the flame and heat pass up through arches between the pots towards the dome, roof, and chimney.

Each pot is so placed in the furnace that the mouth shall

be directed outwards; and this projecting mouth is so bricked and clayed round as to prevent the escape of flame. The ingredients to form the glass being dug, mixed, and put into the pots by means of shovels, through the openings already mentioned, about 4 cwt. is put into each pot, the mouth is closed, and the fire is kept burning strongly; but the bulk of the mixture soon decreases by the melting, and, therefore, in about four or five hours, more of the mixture must be added; the mouths of the pots are again opened, and a fresh supply thrown in. This is repeated four times, until the pot becomes fully charged with melted glass. When this is full, the opening through which the charge was introduced is materially essened with wet clay, so that only a narrow hole remains, through which the impurities may be removed, and small portions of the contents may from time to time be drawn for examination. To get at the mouths of the pots, semicircular holes, of about a foot in diameter, are left opposite to and a little above the top of each pot, called working holes, by which the workmen shovel in the materials, and take out the plastic glass.

Immediately upon the materials being placed in the crucibles, the heat of the furnace is raised to its highest point. The contents, after a time, sink down into a soft paste, and become perfectly melted. The glass does not, however, become transparent at first, but loses its opacity by slow degrees; a white porous scum, called sandover, or glass-gall, arises through the mass, which is removed. It is necessary that the whole of this substance should come away before the glass is withdrawn from the pots for use, otherwise articles formed with it will appear cloudy and filled with bubbles. As the process advances,

the glass becomes exceedingly flexible, heavier, and less brittle, and at last the whole is seen to be translucent and colourless, and the vitrification is complete. The temperature is now gradually lowered in the furnace, till the mass is cooled to the heat most proper for its being wrought.

It is almost impossible to enumerate the vast quantity of articles made from this description of glass. Bottles, decanters, glass ornaments of every kind, from the chandelier to the glass button, are made by the operations of blowing or pressing, or by the union of both. The method of blowing glass may be well illustrated by the formation of a wine bottle. Six people are employed in this task. One, called a gatherer, dips the end of an iron tube, about four feet long, previously made red hot, into the pot of melted metal, turns the rod round so as to surround it with glass, lifts it out to cool a little, and then dips and turns it round again, and so in succession till a ball is formed on its end sufficient to make the required bottle. He then hands it to the blower, who rolls the plastic lump of glass on a smooth stone or cast-iron plate, till he brings it to the very end of the tube. He next introduces the pear-shaped ball into an open brass or cast-iron mould, shuts this together by pressing a pedal with his foot; and holding his tube vertically, blows through it, so as to expand the cooling glass into the form of the mould. Whenever he takes his foot from the pedal lever, the mould spontaneously opens out into two halves, and falls asunder by its bottom hinge. He then lifts the bottle up at the end of the rod, and transfers it to the finisher, who, touching the glass tube at the end of the pipe with a cold iron, cracks off the bottle smoothly at its mouth ring.

In a similar manner an infinite variety of glass articles are manufactured. Water pitchers, claret jugs, drinking glasses, decanters, lamp shades, cruets, and vases of various kinds, are often fashioned, with the exception of the cutting, in the space of a few minutes, and with the aid of a very few instruments, and the glass is worked with all the ease of the most plastic clay or putty—indeed, with far greater ease than either of these substances, from the greater tenacity of the molten glass, which enables the workman to wind, to twist, to draw it out, to cut it, to compress it, and to mould it, with extreme ease—and the rapidity with which all these manual operations are performed is such as to baffle the eye of the spectator.

In all vessels provided with a leg and foot, such as wine-glasses, the leg is formed of one dip of glass, and the foot of another, each in turn being attached to the body of the vessel, and worked into shape. Vessels requiring handles have them most dexterously put on. A lump of soft glass is drawn out and attached to one part of the vessel, turned, modelled, and attached at another part in a few seconds, the workman having no guide but the accuracy of his eye in the process. Glass tubing is formed in a manner equally simple and equally wonderful. A workman, having collected a quantity of glass on the end of his tube, rolls it on an iron plate into a cylindrical form, blows into it so as to form an internal cavity; he then holds the mass to a second workman, who attaches a heated rod to the other end, and the two recede from each other, the glass tube lengthening between them, until a tube fifty or sixty feet long is produced, the bore of which is perfect throughout its whole length.

Various ornamental forms are given to the surface of glass

vessels by metallic moulds. The mould is usually of copper, with the figure cut on its inside, and opens with hinges to permit the glass to be taken out. The mould is filled by the workman, who blows fluid glass into its top. The chilling of the glass, when it comes in contact with the mould, impairs the ductility, and, in some inferior kinds of glass, prevents the impression of the figure from being sharp. Moulds are now, however, made in pairs, which can be so suddenly and evenly brought together on the inside and outside of the glass vessel, that specimens are produced that can scarcely be told from cut glass by the uninitiated. A vast number of articles of every description are moulded in this manner, and afterwards slightly cut, which are sold at a cheap rate.

ANNEALING OF GLASS.

Before glass can be of any essential service to those who use it, it has to undergo the process of annealing; for, without this, it would be liable to fly with the smallest change of temperature, and would break with the slightest touch. The reason of this brittleness arises, in all probability, from the sudden cooling of the external particles of glass, which are thus forcibly contracted, while the inner ones remain soft and expanded; and a constant strain being thus kept up between the different parts, a very slight shock is sufficient to separate the entire mass, and the article is broken. Hence it is necessary to cool glass in an *oven*, called the annealing oven.

The annealing oven has a fire at one end only, and articles newly-made are placed on shallow trays in the part of the oven most exposed to the heat of the fire, and are gradually pushed forward towards the colder end, whence they are

taken but little warmer than the temperature of the atmosphere ; and thus, by the gradual manner in which they have parted with their heat, time has been allowed for the regular contraction of the whole into a uniform and consistent substance.

THE MANUFACTURE OF CROWN GLASS.

The name of Crown Glass is given to the best kind of window glass The ingredients of which it is made are, with some variations in different factories, as follows :—120 parts, by weight, of white sand ; 60 purified pearlash ; 30 saltpetre ; 2 borax ; 1 arsenic. It differs from flint glass in its composition, by containing no lead ; it is much harder and harsher to touch than flint glass; but when well made, is a very beautiful article.

The manufacture of the common window glass, though made by blowing, is conducted differently from that of flint glass, as it is the object to produce a large, flat, and very thin plate of glass, which is afterwards cut by the glazier's diamond into various shapes. The furnaces employed are different in construction to those used in the making of flint glass, but the principle of the working is much the same. Few tools are used in the blowing and flashing. When the materials are properly mixed and refined, the workmen commences his operations precisely in the same manner as in the blowing of the other glass. He gathers from the crucible as much glass upon his iron tube as is necessary for the formation of a sheet of glass of the usual size, which generally weighs from ten to eleven pounds. The lump of glass sticking on the end of the tube is first rolled on an iron table, and afterwards

blown into a pear-shaped form. It is then heated again. A second blowing makes it swell to a greater size. A third time it is heated and blown, the globe still getting larger in bulk and thinner in substance. The side opposite the tube is now flattened by pressure against a smooth surface, and it is then ready to be taken from the tube used in blowing. An assistant now takes a solid iron rod, smaller and lighter than the tube used for blowing. He collects a small piece of melted glass on the end of this rod, and applies it to the centre of the flashed side of the glass bubble; there it sticks fast, so that the bubble is held between the tube on one side, and the rod on the other.

A small piece of iron, wetted with cold water, is then drawn round that part of the glass which is connected with the tube, and the glass cracks in the circle traced by the cold iron. The workman gives a smart blow to his tube, the circular crack separates at once, and the glass is left attached to the solid iron rod on the flattened side, and having a round hole opposite to it on the other. The glass is now heated again, in order that the flattened globe may be converted into a plane surface like that of a round tube. This process is called "flashing," and a very extraordinary process it is.

The workman, who is called the flasher, screening himself on one side of the furnace, by the wall, rests the iron rod on a hook placed over the mouth-hole, and begins to whirl it slowly at first, then faster and faster, till it flies open into one plane disc of glass, from 50 to 60 inches in diameter. He then walks off with the circle of glass, keeping up a slight rotation as he moves along, and when it is sufficiently cool, he turns down his rod and lays the glass on a block of fine clay.

The rod upon which the glass was whirled, is disengaged in the same manner as the blowing-pipe was before, by touching the surrounding glass with a cold wet iron. The finished plate is put, resting on its edge, to cool gradually in an annealing oven.

Large plates of crown glass, such as are required for glazing engraved prints, used formerly to be imported from Germany. This country has, however, for a long time been not only independent in this respect, of all foreign manufactures, but similar plates of English make are exported to a considerable extent.

Broad glass is a common, coarse description of window glass; and, since the removal of the duty in this country, it has become exceedingly cheap, although the public pay a vast deal more for it than they ought to pay. The process of its manufacture is somewhat different to those already described, and is as follows :—

The proper quantity of glass being collected upon an iron tube, it is then expanded by the workman's breath into an elliptical shape of about twelve inches in diameter, and of the proper thickness. This done, the glass is carried to the mouth of the oven, and the end of the tube through which the workman has blown being closed, the further expansion by heat of the confined air within the globe causes it to burst in its weakest part. While still hot and ductile, it is opened by a pair of shears into its centre length, into a flat plate, which is then conveyed to the annealing oven.

BOTTLE GLASS.

The composition of bottle or green glass is various in different parts of the kingdom. It is usually made with sand,

lime, and sometimes clay, alkaline ashes, and sometimes the vitreous slag produced from the fusion of iron ore, and also soap makers' waste. The principal manufacture of this article is at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Articles made of bottle-glass are fashioned by the same process as those of flint glass, with the exception of wine and beer bottles, the containing parts of which are blown in metallic moulds. The green colour of this kind of glass is owing to the presence of a portion of iron in the sea sand, and the vegetable ashes of which it is composed.



Something about a Slave who returned Good for Evil.



SLAVERY, my young friends, is a cruel and wicked thing. There are, thank God, no slaves in England. The moment a slave touches the ground of Old England he is *Free!* and no tyrant master, however strong he may be in physical force or wealth, can touch him. This is, indeed, a great blessing, and we cannot be too thankful to our ancestors, who made England a free country; but, above all, we should be grateful to Almighty God, for the great measure of liberty he has given to us, and for having raised up, for the cause of the poor slaves in other countries, such good men as Wilberforce, Buxton, and Clarkson, whose noble efforts for the emancipation of our black brethren, are among the noblest deeds of noble men in any age or nation, and Peter Parley would have all little children unite with such men in their endeavours to put an end to slavery wherever it is found.

There are, as I said, no slaves in England, but there are thousands and tens of thousands in other countries. The greater part of Asia abounds in slaves, and America (the New World) is full of them. Millions of black men are held in bondage by white men, who most cruelly use them, and these poor black men have few friends except in England. As an illustration of what sometimes takes place, I will relate to you a story of a slave.—A black man, a slave, somewhere in Kentucky, having been sent on a message, mounted on a very valuable horse, seized the opportunity of escaping. He reached Buffalo, after many hard days of riding, sold the horse, and escaped beyond the lines of Canada. There, as in all British dominions (God be praised) the slave is no more—he is *Free!* This man acknowledged that he had not been ill-treated; he had received some education, and had been a favourite with his master. He gave, as a reason for flight, that he had long wished to marry, but was resolved that his children should not be born slaves. In Canada, a runaway slave is assured of legal protection; but, by an international compact between the United States and our provinces, all felons are justly surrendered. Against this young man the jury of Kentucky had found a true bill for horse-stealing; as a felon he was therefore pursued, and being arrested was lodged in the jail of Niagara, to be given up to his master, who, with an American constable, was in readiness to take him into custody as soon as the government order should arrive.

The case of the poor fellow excited a strong interest among the whites, while the coloured population, consisting of many hundreds in the districts of Gore and Niagara, chiefly refugees

from the States, were half frantic with excitement. They loudly and openly declared that they would peril their lives to prevent his being carried again across the frontiers, and surrendered to the vengeance of an angry master.

In the meantime, there was some delay about legal forms, and the Mayor and several of the inhabitants of the town united in a petition to the Governor in his favour. In this petition i was expressly mentioned, that the master of the slave had been heard to avow that his intention was not to give the culprit up to justice, but to make what he called an example of him. Now there had been lately some frightful instances of what the slave proprietors of the south called "making an example," and the petitioners entreated the Governor to interfere, and save the man from a torturing death under the lash, or at the stake.

The Governor's humane feelings probably pleaded even more strongly on behalf of the poor fellow. But it was a case in which he could not act from feeling, or "to do a great right, do a little wrong." The law was strictly laid down, and the duty of the governor was clear—*i.e.* to give up the felon; although to have protected the slave he would, if it had been necessary, have raised the province.

In the meantime, the coloured people assembled from the adjacent villages, and among them a great number of women. The conduct of the black mob, animated, and even directed by females, was really admirable for its good sense, forbearance, and resolution. They were quite unarmed, and declared their intention not to commit any outrage. The culprit, they said, might lie in the jail till they could raise among them the price of the horse; but if any attempt was made to take him

from the prison and send him across to Lewiston, they would resist at the hazard of their lives.

The fatal order, however, did at length come. The sheriff, with a party of constables, prepared to enforce it. The blacks, still unarmed, assembled round the jail, and waited till their comrade—or “their brother,” as they called him—was brought out and placed hand-cuffed in the cart. They then threw themselves simultaneously on the sheriff’s men, and a dreadful scuffle ensued; the artillerymen from the little fort, our only military, were called in aid of the civil authority, and ordered to fire on the assailants. Two blacks were killed, and two or three wounded. In the mêlée the poor slave escaped.

But what was the conduct of the women, who on this occasion excited the strongest surprise and interest? They had prevailed on their husbands, brothers, and lovers to use no arms, to do no legal violence, but to lose their lives rather than see their brother taken by force across the lines. They had been most active in the fray, throwing themselves fearlessly between the black men and the whites, who of course shrank from injuring them. One woman had seized the sheriff, and absolutely held him pinioned in her arms; another, on one of the artillerymen presenting his piece and swearing he would shoot her if she did not get out of his way, gave him only one glance of unutterable attempt, with one hand knocked up the piece, and collaring him with the other, held him in such a manner as to prevent his firing. A mulatto woman, who had been foremost in the fray, and whose intelligence and influence had mainly contributed to the success of her people, and many other women, both black and brown, exhibited the most singular heroism.

But as regards the poor slave, "Cato"—what became of him? After the affray, he fled through the crowd with his manacles on his legs and arms. Before he had proceeded far, he fell from exhaustion, and the difficulty of walking in his irons. A black-smith—that is, a black who was a smith, and therefore a "blacksmith" in more senses than one—flew from his shop, and with one blow of his hammer shattered the shackles of the slave, while others took them from his wrists and ankles; a third took them up and threw them among the crowd, who tossed them about in the air and among each other, to the infinite amusement of the excited multitude, till at last they were thrown over the walls of the jail in which the prisoner had been confined.

As soon as Cato felt himself free, he threw himself upon his knees and returned thanks to Almighty God. The women then surrounded him, and carried him in their arms out of the crowd to the nearest village, where he was taken care of by some of the black people, who gave him bed, board, and protection for some time. Cato was, however, forced to keep himself very close, as his cruel master, whose name was Thornton, had determined, though foiled at first, to capture him by force should an opportunity present itself. For this purpose he, by means of emissaries, soon found out the place where his runaway slave was concealed; and so bitter in his revenge was he, and so determined on the execution of it, that, taking with him two of his servants, he set out disguised, for the purpose of taking him by force or killing him; and so little did he think of the life of a human being, that he would quite as soon do one as the other.

Cato had been an excellent slave, and now he was free he

was an excellent freeman. He was full of gratitude to his deliverers, and held a very trustworthy place in the family of an honest Dutchman, one Jan Steen, who behaved like a brother to him. Cato was employed in field-work ; and one day when he was digging up potatoes, he found himself suddenly surprised by his old master, who sprang from behind a hedge, and attacked him with a hatchet in the most ferocious manner. Cato was unarmed, and had nothing to defend himself with but potatoes. He sprang back, however, and began to pelt his assailant with those missiles, to his no small discomfiture, who received sundry odd punches about the head, face, eyes, nose, and mouth. But the fury of Thornton cared not for these, and he made a rush at Cato, who fell ; and there is no doubt but the axe with which he had been attacked would have been fatal to him—for his assailant was just about to give him a finishing stroke—when the old Dutchman observing the fray, ran up, and standing over the prostrate body of Cato, received the blow meant for the poor fellow's head on the iron of a shovel which he held in his hand to protect him. Several labourers followed up, and the planter, Thornton, was obliged to beat a retreat.

His revenge, however, was by no means appeased, and although he retired for the time, he still determined to obtain his slave, dead or alive. His mind, long schooled in the wretched reasoning of slavery, taught him to consider that he had been unjustly deprived of his property, the horse which he had bought and paid for, and also of his slave, whom he had also bought and paid for ; and so he meditated revenge fully and deeply, and only retired to his own dwelling to devise the means for its accomplishment. When, however,

he returned home, he was surprised at seeing a bag of dollars on the table, which, upon opening, he discovered to contain a letter, in the following words :—

“MASSA THORNTON,—The black free man, once a slave, send you the money for the horse which he took away when he fled from your whip. Cato he no thief, he honest man—send two hundred dollars, horse not worth so much. Hopes Massa well, and Cato forgive him for all dat flogging.

CATO FREEMAN.”

Cato had been baptized, and he had taken the name of Freeman—a very good name indeed for one in his circumstances—but this letter did not soften the heart of his cruel master, who said upon reading the epistle,—“Yes, this is all very fine; but Master Cato cost me seven-hundred-and-fifty dollars, and as he stole away from me his flesh, blood, and sinews, he stole seven-hundred-and-fifty dollars in live meat, and I'll have seven-hundred-and-fifty dollars' worth out of him, or I will have seven-hundred-and-fifty bullets in him.”

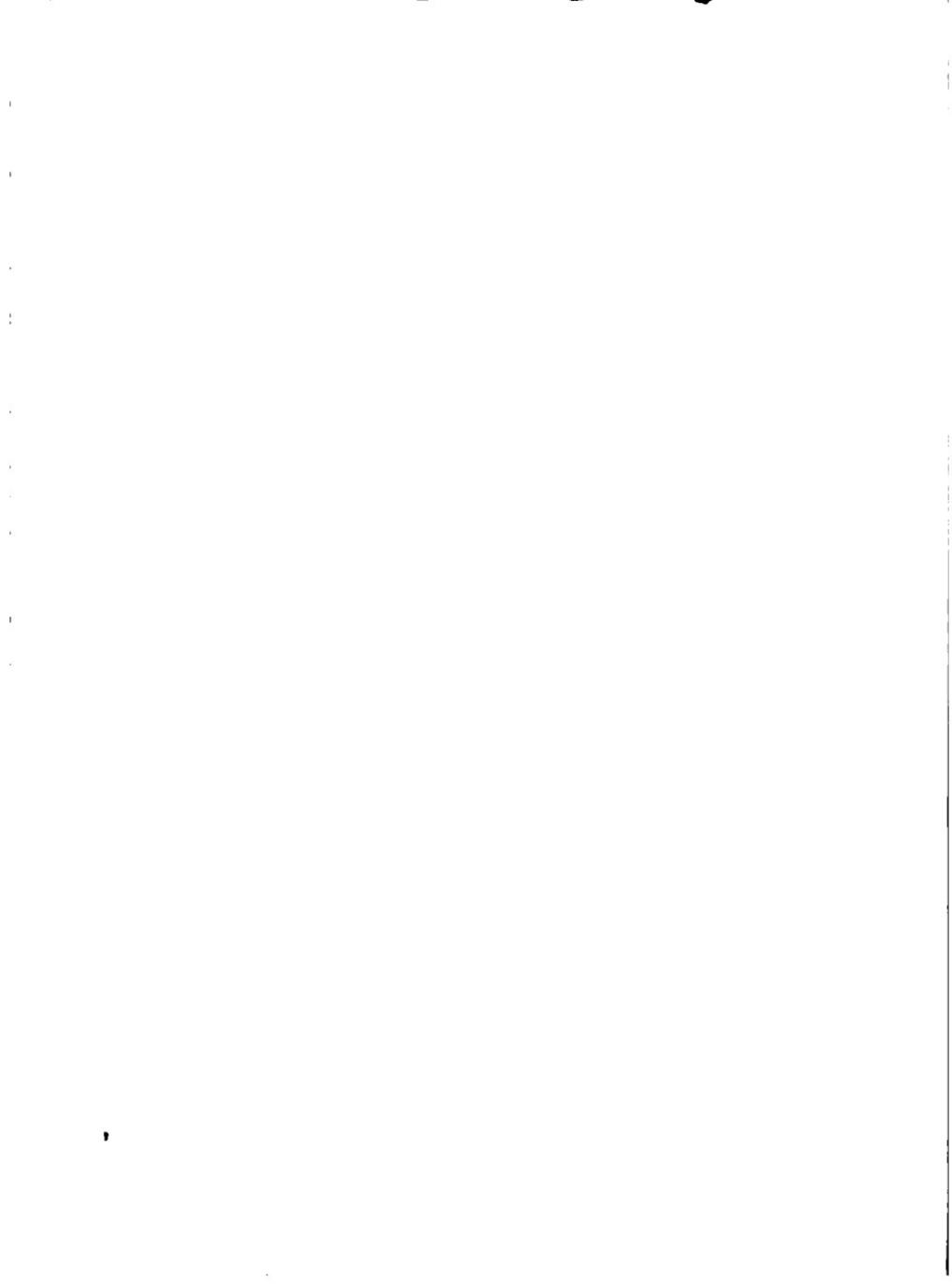
So, after settling his estate a bit, whipping three or four women and twice as many men, he took his double-barrelled rifle, and transporting himself over the boundary line, he soon found himself close to the old quarters of Cato, who was now a merry-hearted thriving man in a little half-black, half-white village, on the British side. The planter crept about for several days, in the hope of coming upon the path of Cato, but without a single chance. At last, growing desperate, he drew nearer and nearer to the little village, and stationing himself on the skirts of a wood and behind a huge mass of rock, he thence watched, as a cat would watch a mouse, for

the appearance of his former slave within shot. At last he saw several blacks among their goats at the outskirts of the village, and, among the rest, Cato. He fired, but instead of hitting Cato, he struck a poor black girl and broke her leg. He again fired, and the ball grazed the curly wool of Cato's head ; and the blacks seeing themselves thus menaced by some one in the bush, set up a great shout, while Cato, who imagined that the bullet was meant for him, snatched up a gun from the door of his hut, and boldly went forth against his unseen enemy.

As he advanced, Thornton loaded both his barrels, and concealing himself a little way from the spot which he had formerly fired from, waited till Cato came so close to him that he could not miss hitting him. But, just as his finger was about to press the trigger, a huge brown bear leaped out from the wood, and pounced upon Thornton's shoulder, and with the impetus of his spring forced him down the rocky bank, and tumbling him over two or three times, laid hold of his neck by his teeth, and prepared to give him what is called the bear's death-hug. Cato in a moment distinguished his old master and enemy, and conviction, swifter than a flash of light, told him his life had been aimed at ; but resolving to return good for evil, he levelled his gun and shot the bear through the head, and then ran and staunched the blood which flowed from his enemy's head, and gave him a sip out of his brandy bottle to revive his fainting spirits.—“Ah, Massy, Massy ! why you kill poor Cato ?—him no kill you—he make you well. God keep you from commit murder ! Cato lub you, so he not harm you. Come Massy, lub Cato—Cato lub you.”

Thornton was so struck with this generous behaviour, that





he lost at once all his revengeful feelings, and clasping the poor black in his arms, said—"Forgive me, Cato! Pray for me!" "Let us pray together," said Cato. So both knelt down on their knees, and prayed to God for each other; and Thornton in the end was Cato's best friend, and at no great distance of time made all his slaves free.

Such is a very short story of returning good for evil, and well worthy of imitation by all Peter Parley's young friends, whether boys or girls.



Something about Pearls and Pearl-Diving.



“Hope jewels” at the Crystal Palace; if so, they will know how large pearls sometimes are. I saw one once, at the house of Sir John Philippart, belonging to a lady from Ceylon, who told me the whole history of pearl-diving, which I shall endeavour to relate.

In the island of Ceylon, numerous persons obtain their living by the pearl fishery, the pearl being found in an oyster, called the pearl oyster. The divers are many; and about half-past six in the morning, when the rays of the sun begin to emit some degree of warmth, the diving commences. A kind of open scaffolding, formed of oars and other pieces of wood, is projected from each side of the boat, and from it the

HE majority of my young readers have seen pearls. They are of a most beautiful white, called a pearly white, which nothing can surpass. Perhaps many of my little children may have seen the great pearl, nearly as large as Peter Parley’s thumb, which was exhibited among the

diving-basket is suspended, three stones on one side, and two on the other. The diving-stone hangs from an oar, hung by a light rope and slip-knot, and descends about five feet into the water : this is a stone of about fifty-six pounds in weight, of the shape of a sugar-loaf. The rope passes through a hole in the top of the stone, above which a strong loop is formed, resembling a stirrup-iron, to receive the foot of the diver. The diver wears no clothes, except a slip of calico about his loins. Swimming in the water, he takes hold of the rope and puts one foot into the loop or stirrup at the top of the stone. He remains in this perpendicular position for a little time, supporting himself by the motion of one arm. Then a basket, formed of a wooden hoop and net-work, suspended by a rope, is thrown into the water to him, and into it he places his other foot. Both the ropes of the stone and basket he holds for a little while in one hand. When he feels himself properly prepared and ready to go down, he grasps his nostrils with one hand, to prevent the water from rushing in, and with the other he gives a sudden pull to the running knot suspending the stone, and instantly descends. The remainder of the rope fixed to the basket is thrown into the water after him at the same moment ; the rope attached to the stone is in such a position as to follow him of itself. As soon as he touches the bottom, he disengages his foot from the stone, which is immediately drawn up, and suspended again to the projecting oar, in the same manner as before, to be in readiness for the next diver.

The diver at the bottom of the sea now throws himself as much as possible on his face, and collects everything he can get hold of into his basket. When he is ready to ascend he

gives a jerk to the rope, and the person who holds the other end of it hauls it up as speedily as possible. The diver, at the same time freed from every encumbrance, warps up by the rope, and always gets above water a considerable time before the basket. He presently comes up at a distance from the boat, and swims about, or takes hold of an oar or rope, until his time comes to descend again, but he seldom comes into the boat until the labour of the day is over. The basket is often extremely heavy, and requires more than one man to haul it up, containing, besides oysters, pieces of rock, trees of coral, and other marine productions.

Such are a few particulars regarding the pearl fishery. In another paper I may say something more about other kinds of marine productions.



The Industrial Arts and Manufactures of Great Britain.

MANUFACTURE OF PLATE GLASS.



are fritted in small

PLATE GLASS is so called from its being cast in plates, or large sheets. It is used for mirrors, and for the windows of carriages and shops, when the panes are of very large size. It is composed of white sand, (the finest and best kind that can be obtained,) 300 parts ; dry purified soda, 100 parts ; carbonate of lime, 43 parts ; manganese, 1 ; callet, or broken plate glass, 300. The lime improves the quality of the glass, renders it less brittle, and promotes the fusibility of the silex.

The sand, lime, soda, and manganese, being properly intermingled, furnaces. There are two kinds of

utensils used in this process; the first and larger kinds are called pots; in *these the glass is melted*: the others are called cuvettes, and kept *empty* in the furnaces, exposed to the full degree of its heat. From the time of filling the pots it requires nearly forty hours' exposure to a strong heat ere the materials are properly vitrified, and in a state for casting. The process of filling the pots and removing the glar gall are precisely similar to what has been already described. But with regard to the filling of the cuvettes the operation is as follows:—A copper ladle, ten or twelve inches in diameter, is plunged into the pot and brought up filled with melted glass, which is immediately transferred to the cuvette, where it is suffered to remain during some hours in the furnace till it is properly purified. The materials are generally sixteen hours in the pots, and as many in the cuvettes, so that in about thirty-two hours the glass is ready to be cast.

The idea of casting glass into plates was suggested by an accident which happened to a man employed in a glass-house. The man was melting some glass, and overset the pot, and spilled part of its contents; the melted glass spread itself out upon the stone in the form of a flat cake. This suggestion was acted upon, and the invention of plate glass was the result.

The process is very simple. The melted glass is poured out on to a metallic table perfectly level; this table is of iron, fifteen feet long, nine wide, and weighs nearly fourteen tons. It is supported on castors, for the convenience of removing it to the mouths of the different annealing ovens.

The foundry wherein such a table as this is used is at Ravenhead, in Lancashire. The room in which it stands is

three hundred and thirty-nine feet long, and one hundred and fifty feet broad, being considerably larger than Westminster Hall. The melting furnaces range down the centre of this room ; the annealing ovens are placed in two rows, one on each side of the foundry, and occupy the greatest proportion of the side walls. Each of these ovens is sixteen feet wide and forty feet deep.

When the melted glass in the cuvette is ready for casting, it is first skimmed with a broad copper sabre, the table is heated and made perfectly clean, the cuvette is wound up to a sufficient height with a crane, and then, by means of another simple piece of mechanism, is swung over the upper end of the casting-table, and being tilted, a torrent of melted glass is suddenly poured over the surface of the table. It is prevented from running over the side by a rim of metal, and when the glass is thoroughly distributed, a large copper roller is passed over it, and we have a beautiful plate of large, clear glass. During this process at least twenty men are employed, and the greatest caution is necessary, as even the opening and shutting of a door, by setting the air in motion, would disturb the surface of the glass, and thus injure the plate. When the plate has been sufficiently cooled, it is slipped from the table into the annealing oven, where it remains fourteen or fifteen days to cool.

The plate has now to be polished. The edge is first cut off with a diamond square, and the plate thoroughly examined ; next, the plate, in union with several others of the same thickness, is cemented on a large stone table with plaster-of-paris ; a piece of plate, about one-quarter of the size of the cast plate is now fixed on the base of a pyramid of stone in an

even frame by cement, and, by proper machinery, a motion of rotation is given to it, with great uniformity of friction; while the process is facilitated by the employment in the first instance of water and sand, as in the polishing of marble, and afterwards with smelt, emery, and putty, to give it its final lustre. The last part of the process is performed by hand, and often by females, who slide one plate over another with a little moistened putty of tin between them.

SILVERING PLATE GLASS FOR MIRRORS.

This process consists in laying on the back of the plate a surface of tinfoil, alloyed with mercury. For this process a smooth table is prepared of freestone or marble, perfectly level, having a ledge round the sides, and a groove or gutter in connexion with it. By machines beneath, this table can be inclined to an angle with the horizon of 12 or 13 degrees. When the table has been thoroughly cleaned and wiped, the workman, taking a sheet of tinfoil adapted to his purpose, spreads it on the table and applies it closely with a brush, which perfectly smooths it from any folds or wrinkles. He next pours over the tinfoil, a small quantity of quicksilver, and spreads it with a roll of woollen stuff, so that the tinfoil is penetrated and apparently dissolved by the mercury. He next pours on it a quantity of mercury, sufficient to form every where a layer about the thickness of a crown piece; then removing with a linen rag the oxide and other impurities, he applies to the surface of the mercury as it lies thus evenly distributed the edge of a sheet of paper, which he advances about half an inch. He now takes the glass, and

laying it flat, passes it over the slip of paper, and slides it gradually along over the whole metallic surface, taking care that neither air nor any coat of oxide can be between the two bodies. When the plate reaches its position, it is fixed by a weight applied to its top ; the table is then raised a little at one end, and the loose quicksilver runs off by the gutter and spout into a receptacle to receive it. At the end of five minutes he covers the mirror with a piece of flannel, and loads it with a great many weights, that each part may press uniformly on the metal. These weights are left on it for one or two days, during which time the table is more and more inclined. At the end of this time the glass is removed to a wooden table ; the inclination goes on daily till it reaches a vertical position ; and, in about a month, the whole of the superfluous mercury is completely drained off, and the mirror is complete.

GLASS CUTTING.

By the operation of cutting, the surface of glass may be fashioned into almost any ornamental or useful form. It is generally believed that Casper Lehmann, a cutter of steel in the service of Rodolphus I., was the original inventor of this mode of embellishing glass, which has proceeded to great perfection in this country, and which exercises a considerable degree of taste in the arrangement of forms and figures.

In a glass-cutting room attached to a factory, is seen a double bench, extended length-ways, which is divided into several compartments for an equal number of men. In front of each workman is a thin wheel, revolving on a horizontal

axis, and above some of the wheels are vessels containing sand and water, which drop through a small orifice at the bottom, and fall on the edge of the wheel. All the wheels are set in motion by steam power, and each workman has the means of unfixing his wheel, and putting on another of a different kind. These wheels are very numerous, of various sizes, and are made of various substances, such as cast-iron, wrought-iron, Yorkshire stone, and willow wood. The edge of the wheel is that part by which the grinding is effected, and different shapes and thicknesses are given to these edges in order to produce different results.

In the manipulation, the workman takes the glass decanter, or other manufactured article, and holds it against the edge of the revolving wheel, by which the substance of the glass is ground down, and flat or curved surfaces produced. The vessel is held in various positions, according to the pattern required. A tub of water is on the right hand of the workman, with which, from time to time, he washes away the particles of sand or powder which adhere to the glass. The iron wheels, with sand and water, are used for grinding away the substance of the glass; the stone wheels, with clean water, for smoothing the scratched surfaces; and the wooden wheel, with rotten stone and putty-powder, for polishing.

The grinding of glass, or frosting it, in order to lessen its transparency, also forms a branch of the glass-cutter's art.

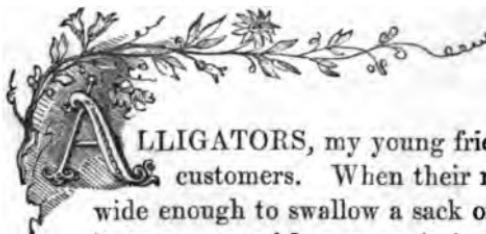


The objects to which, in the present day, this grinding process is most commonly applied, are lamp shades. The process is simple: the shades are fixed in a lathe, and the workman holds in his hand a piece of wood, which he covers with wet sand, and holds it close to the inner surface during the progress of the revolution of the shade.

There have been various improvements in ornamental glass during these last few years; one, called glass incrustation, was patented by Mr. Pellatt, which consists of an opaque substance embedded in a mass of colourless glass. A medallion, or bas-relief, is moulded in a kind of clay which resists intense heat, and this is enclosed between two masses of soft glass, and when finished produces a very chaste and elegant appearance. There is also a mode of encrusting opaque ornaments or devices on the surface instead of within the substance of the glass. This is effected by moulding the glass to the model, by means of a brace mould.



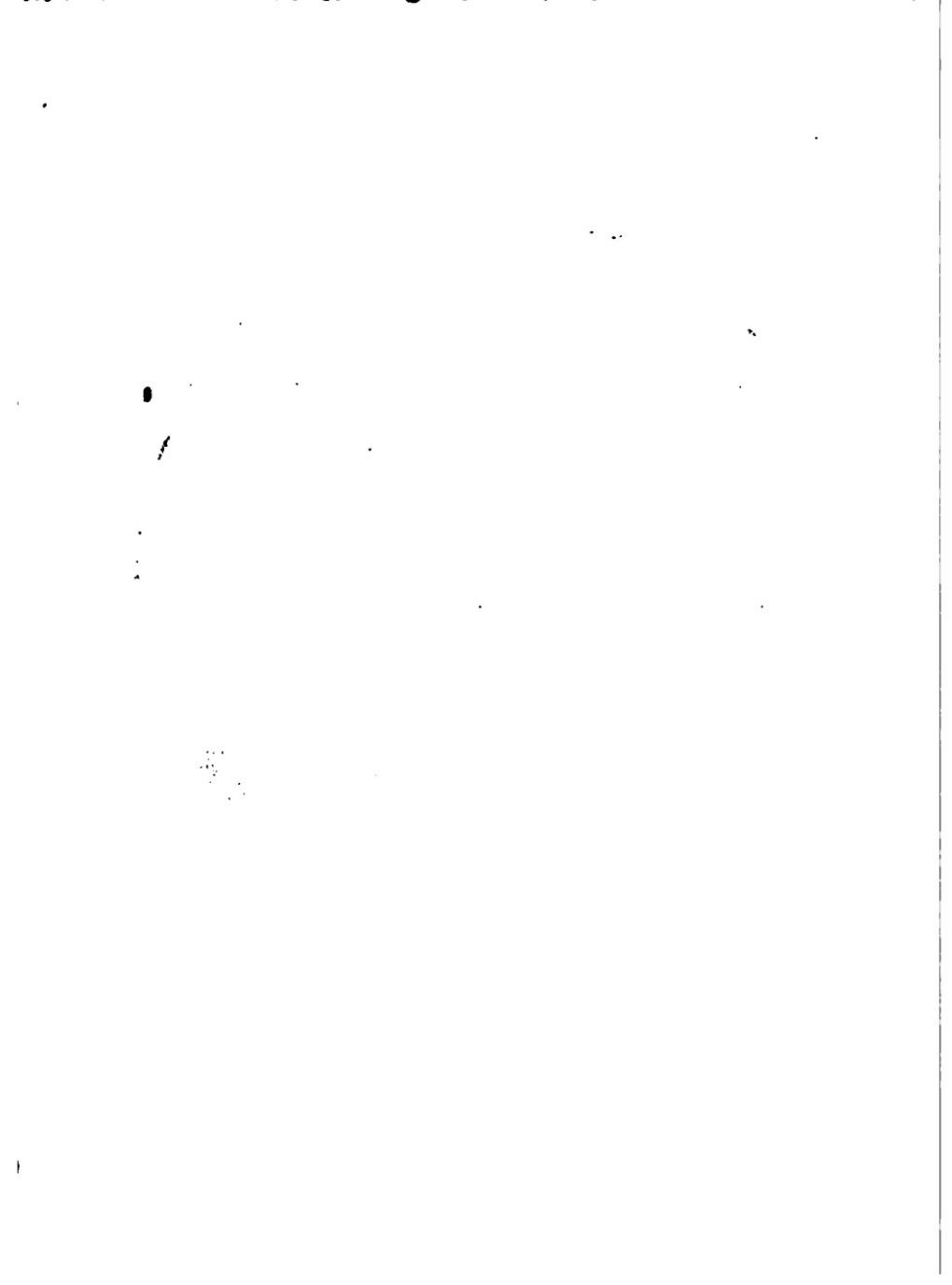
Story of a Niddy and an Alligator.



LLIGATORS, my young friends, are very fearful customers. When their mouth opens it seems wide enough to swallow a sack of potatoes, and when it comes to with a *snap*, it is no joke to the poor unfortunate who happens to be within its "nut-crackers," as the sailors term its hideous jaws. Many are the stories told of them; sometimes they will snooze on the banks of rivers, and you will see them by hundreds shoving up their brown noses, which look like bundles of wood, through the slimy waters, watching for anything that comes in their way, from a pig to a buffalo—for all is fish that comes to their net. At other times they will make short excursions on shore, and as their capacious jaws are very hungry and not over nice, and will swallow a great deal without any delicacy of palate, they often make ludicrous mistakes at what they snap up. On one occasion, when Port Essington, the northernmost settlement in Australia, was settled, the crew of H. M. Ship *Fire*



Story of a Middy and an Alligator.



Fly, taking possession, lived for some time on shore, and at night slept in hammocks slung from the trees. A young middy taking up his quarters in the above mode near the beach, for the benefit of the sea-breeze, was surprised in the night by certain strange tuggings at his hammock, which awoke him out of his first sleep. Finding himself nearly rolling over, he held on, and looking down from his bed, saw a huge alligator pulling with all his might at his blanket, a portion of which hung down to the ground. The middy rose up for the purpose of firing at the monster, and as he did so the blanket gave way and the whole was immediately swallowed by the alligator, as a *whet* probably. A shot, however, well directed at the animal's eye, laid him low, and when he was dissected, the blanket was found whole and undigested in his stomach, with a sailor's monkey jacket, a fur cap, a silk handkerchief, and a valuable poodle dog, belonging to the first lieutenant. Therefore, my young friends, should any of you go to the South, keep clear of the alligators, for they are, as I said before, very apt to *take* you in and do for you, as do the Americans, who are like alligators in more senses than one.



Something about the City of Amsterdam.



CERTAINLY was never more delighted than during my trip to Holland. There was such a variety of change at every step, so much of the grotesque, of the beautiful, of the odd and the interesting, that Holland and its exhibitions delighted me beyond measure; while the honest character of the Dutch, their cleanliness, and their scrupulous adherence to the truth, charmed measmuch as their interesting country.

Holland is the country of shipping, of water, of embankments, of sluices, and of pictures. Amsterdam, its principal City, is situated at the confluence of the river Amstel, with the arm of the Zuyder Zee, called the Y, or eye, which forms the port. It is built somewhat in the shape of a Crescent or of the letter D, the straight line forming the water and the curved line the land boundary. The walls are surrounded by a canal, and four great ones run through the city lined by houses, while various smaller canals intersect the town in various directions,

dividing it into 95 islands, united by no less than 295 bridges. The principal canals are from one to two miles long. These are lined with handsome houses equal to any seen in the finest streets of London or Paris. The whole city is founded upon piles. The canals are usually about three to four feet deep, and I should have liked them better had they been cleaner, for as the barges pass along them they stir up the mud in such a way as to leave a trace of their passing by a very unpleasant scent. Sometimes, however, the sea is let in which partially cleanses the canal, and then the unpleasant exhalations are for a while stayed ; and in winter, when the water is frozen, it is delightful to see the Hollanders travelling to market, skating with their wares on their heads.



In early times, Amsterdam was a strong fortress ; its twenty-six bastions and its moats made even Louis XIV. cautious of

attacking it, but in 1787, when threatened by a Prussian army of only a moderate size, it was obliged to surrender after the capture of the fortified villages in the vicinity. In consequence of the changes which have taken place in the mode of conducting sieges, it can be defended only by the inundation of the surrounding country.

One of the principal buildings in Amsterdam is the Exchange, which was built between 1608 and 1613. It rests upon five vaulted arches, underneath which the river Amstel flows into the Damrach water. It is 246 feet long, and 140 wide. The East India House, of which a whole wing used for granaries fell down some years ago, and is now in progress of restoration.

There is, in Amsterdam, a Society established by the merchants, called *Felix Meritis*: this promotes the study of every thing that can occupy and instruct the mind. There is also the Society *Doctrina et Amicitia* devoted to the liberal arts and sciences: and numerous reading rooms, which prove the taste of the inhabitants for science and learning.

The palace, formerly called the Stadthaus, is a large edifice, standing upon more than thirteen thousand piles. It contains, or rather did contain, a good many excellent pictures, but these have recently been sold off and distributed through Europe. The present king sometimes resides at the palace, but it is not of so much importance as formerly.

The churches in Amsterdam are very numerous; among them the Dutch Reformers have ten; the French one; the English one; the Roman Catholics eighteen; and even the Greeks and Americans have each a church. The most splendid of all the churches is the new church upon the Damm, in

which the pulpit and organ are masterpieces. Here you see the ornaments of the Admiral de Ruyter, of the valiant Von Galen, and of the great poet, Vondel ; here also, after so many storms, the fabric of the state was strengthened by the adoption of the constitution, and by the allegiance sworn to



the late sovereign. The Oude Kerke in the Wadmoes Straat is remarkable for three very fine windows of painted glass, executed as memorials of several Dutch admirals, and containing a list of the persons killed in Amsterdam by the Anabaptists in 1535. The organ of this church is also highly esteemed, and said to be scarcely inferior to that of Haarlem. It seemed very curious to see the church doors of Amsterdam, they put me in mind of the entrances of our theatres, as they give a kind of programme of the sermon, singing, &c. ; and the ministers of religion brought me back to the days of the Common-wealth, for the dress is exactly like that of the

puritans in the time of Charles I, a black cloak, short breeches, buckle shoes, black stockings, and above all, a ruff.

Everybody goes to see the Museum or picture gallery, which is placed in the Trippenhaus. It is open to the public, Thursday and Friday, and you give the keeper a guilder, for which he gives you a catalogue. It is quite a national affair, as nearly every picture is Dutch, and some of them are the finest of what is called the *Dutch School*. Among those that struck me the most forcibly was that beautiful one by Gerard Dow, prints of which you have no doubt seen, called the Evening School. It is a painting, in which the effect of candle-light is wonderfully pourtrayed—no less than five different lights are introduced into the picture, and variously thrown upon the twelve figures that compose it. There is also a beautiful landscape with cattle, by Paul Potter, and the Bear Hunt, said to be very fine. I saw also a very pleasing picture by a painter named Schalken. It represents two boys, one eating soup and the other an egg, with his face slabbered over by the yolk, and called “Every one to his liking.” One of the best pictures, however, to my fancy, was a view of Amsterdam, taken from the Schreyershock Tower, by W. Vanderveld. The same artist has also several pictures of fights between the English and the Dutch, in which the Dutch were victorious, and also several pictures of “Sea Calms,” painted with wonderful effect.

There were also some other famous pictures by a Dutch Artist, named Jan Steen; one is of a barber at a window, and a boy blowing a horn to let the people know the rolls are ready, and another of the Fête of St. Nicholas. The feast day is devoted by kind parents to making presents of bon-

bons to their children who behave well, while the naughty ones are left without anything, and receive a whipping. The story is excellently told in the picture, it would make you laugh heartily if you were to look at it.

But there are matters even more worthy of admiration in Amsterdam than pictures ; these are the numerous charities or charitable institutions with which it abounds. There are Alms-houses of various kinds, one for Protestant old men and women looks more like a palace than lodgings for poor people. There are very numerous Orphan Asylums. There is also a class of Provident Institutions here called *Provenieds Huiser*, for the comfortable maintenance of aged persons of either sex, who pay a small sum proportionable to their age, that is persons between the ages of from 50 to 55 years pay 2,000 guilders, which is about £200 of English money, those between 55 and 60 pay 1,500 guilders, and those above 70 years pay 500 guilders for admittance ; and being once admitted are supported in respectability to the end of their days. These are excellent institutions, and Peter Parley would like to introduce such an institution into this country.

There is another Society which I should also like to see attempted in this country. It is called in Holland, "The Association for the promotion of the public good." Its object is the instruction and improvement of the condition of the young by education, by books, and book-societies, by popular writings, by lectures, savings' banks, and by bestowing medals on such as have risked their lives in preserving those of others. The Society is very successful, and was extended to Belgium, but since the revolution in that country it has been totally suppressed by the priests.

I walked about Amsterdam for many days, and nothing delighted me more than the bustle displayed on the Harbour, and the Key (or Quay) along the margin of the exterior of the Y. The two great dikes, nearly parallel with the shore, serve the double purpose of protecting a part of the town from inundation, and of gaining from the river, space for the formation of prodigious docks or basins, which are capable of holding 1,000 large vessels. It is delightful to walk about among the forests of masts, and to see the sailors, and the various pedestrians pursuing their various callings among the hum of voices, and the "ship calls" of those bringing their vessels in or out of the harbours. At the extremity of one of these dams stands the herring-packing tower, and in front of this, during the season of the herring fishery, all the business connected with the examining, sorting, and re-packing of the fish for foreign markets is transacted. Of course this is a very busy scene. To the east of this are the National Dock Yards, and there are now several vessels-of-war on the stocks. On the whole, my visit to Amsterdam was a most pleasant one, and I should strongly advise my young friends, such of them as are old enough, to save up their pence, and take a week's a trip to Holland. What they may see at Rotterdam I will detail at another time.



Method of catching Deer by the Indians,

AND HOW THEY CATCH BUFFALOES.



THE Indians—that is the North American Indians, of whom I have more than once said many words—are very expert and adroit at all things relating to fishing, hunting, shooting, and tracking wild animals. Their ways of impounding deer, are so very curious, that I wish to relate them to you.

When Indians design to impound deer, they look out for one of the paths in which a number of them have trod, and which is observed to be still frequented by them. When these paths cross a lake, or a wide river, or a barren plain, they are found to be much the best for the purpose; and if the path runs through a cluster of woods capable of materials for building the pound, it adds considerably to the commodiousness of the situation.

The pound is built by making a strong fence of bushy trees, without observing any degree of regularity, and the work is continued to any extent, according to the pleasure of the builders. I have seen some that were not less than a mile round, and am informed that others are still more extensive. The door or entrance to the pound is not larger than a common gate, and the inside is so much crowded with small circular hedges, as very much to resemble a maze ; in every opening of which they set a snare made with thongs of parchment or deer skins.

One end of the snare is usually made fast to a growing tree ; but if no one of sufficient age can be found near the place where the snare is set, a loose pole is substituted, which is always of such a size and length, that a deer cannot drag it far before it gets entangled among the other trees, which are all left standing, except what is found necessary for making the fence, hedges, &c.

The pound being thus prepared, a row of small brush-wood is stuck up in the snare on each side of the door or entrance, and these hedge-rows along the open path of the lake, river, or plain, where neither stick nor stump besides, is to be seen. These poles of brush-wood are generally placed at the distance of fifteen or twenty yards from each other, and range in such a manner as to form two sides of an acute angle, growing gradually wider in proportion to the dimensions of the pound, which, as I am told, is sometimes not less than two or three miles, while the deer-path is exactly along the middle between the two rows of brush-wood.

Indians employed in this service always pitch their tents on or near an eminence that affords a commanding prospect

of the path leading to a pound ; and when they see any deer going that way, men, women, and children walk along the lake, or river-side, under cover of the wood, until they get behind them, then step forth to open view, and proceed towards the pound in the form of a crescent.



The poor timorous deer finding themselves pursued, and at the same time taking the two rows of bushy poles to be two ranks of people stationed to prevent their passing to the other side, ran straight forward in the path till they get into the pound. The Indians then close in, and block up the entrance with some bushy trees which they have cut down, and which they place ready for the purpose.

The deer being thus enclosed, the women and children walk round the pound to prevent them escaping over the fence, while the men are employed in massacring such as are entangled in the snare, and shooting with bows and arrows those which remain loose in the pound. This method of hunting, if it deserves the name, is sometimes so successful, that many families subsist by it, without having occasion to remove their tents above once or twice during the whole course of the winter.

Such is the way, my young friends, in which the Indians catch deer. I shall now inform you of the method they adopt to catch buffaloes.

HOW THE INDIANS CATCH BUFFALOES.



The Omawhaw Indians hunt the Bison in the following manner. The hunters, who are in advance of the main body on the march, employ telegraphic signals from an elevated position to convey a knowledge of their discoveries to the people. If they see Bisons, they throw up their rifles in a peculiar manner, as a signal for a halt.

The hunters then return as speedily as possible to the camp, and are received with some ceremony on their approach. The chiefs and magicians are seated in front of the people, puffing smoke from their pipes, and thanking the Master of Life with such expressions as—"Thanks Master of Life. Thank you Master of Life. There is smoke. I am poor and hungry, and want to eat."

The hunters then draw near the chiefs and magicians, and in a low tone of voice inform them of their discovery. When





questioned as to the number, they reply by holding up some small sticks.

An old man, or crier, then harangues the people, informing them of the number—exhorting the women to keep a good heart—telling them that they have endured many hardships with fortitude, and that their present difficulties will soon end, as on the morrow the men will go in pursuit of the Bisons, and bring them plenty of meat.

Four or five resolute warriors are appointed at the Council of Chiefs, held the night previous, to preserve order among the hunters on the following day. The crier is there, however, with a whip or club to punish those who misbehave on the spot, or whose movements tend to frighten the game before all are ready, or previously to their arrival at the place whence they are to sally forth.

The next morning all the men not superannuated, depart at an early hour, generally mounted, and armed with bows and arrows. The superintendents and officers above mentioned accompany the swiftly-moving cavalcade on foot, armed with war-clubs, the whole preceded by a footman bearing a pipe. When they come in sight of the herd, the hunters talk kindly to their horses, using the endearing names of father, brother, uncle, &c., begging them not to fear the Bisons, but to run well and keep close, taking care at the same time not to be gored by them.

Having approached the herd as closely as they suppose the animals will permit them, without alarm, they halt, that the pipe-bearer may perform the ceremony which is thought necessary to success. The pipe is lighted and he remains a short time with his head inclined, and the stem of the pipe

extended towards the herd. He then puffs the smoke towards the Bisons, the heavens, the earth, and the cardinal points successively. These cattle are distinguished by the terms sunrise, sunset, cold country, and warm country.

This ceremony ended, the chief gives the order for starting. They immediately separate into two bands which, wheeling to the right and left make a large circuit with a view to enclose the herd at a considerable interval between them. They then close upon the animals, and every man endeavours to signalize himself by the number he can kill.

And now it is that the Indian exhibits all his skill in horsemanship and archery, and when the horse is going at full speed the arrow is sent with a deadly aim and great velocity into the body of the animal between the shoulders, where, should it bury itself to a sufficient depth, he rides up and withdraws it from the side of the wounded and furious animal. He judges by the direction and depth of the wound whether it be mortal, and when the deadly blow is inflicted he raises a triumphant shout, to prevent others from engaging in the pursuit, and dashes off to seek new objects for destruction until his quiver is exhausted, or the game has fled too far.

Although there is an appearance of much confusion in this engagement, and the same animal receives many arrows from different archers before he is mortally wounded or despatched, yet, as every man knows his own arrow, and can estimate the consequence of the wounds he has inflicted, few quarrels ever occur as to the right of property in the animal.

A fleet horse, well trained, runs parallel with the Bison at the proper distance with the reins thrown on his neck, turns

as he turns, and does not lessen his speed until the shoulder of this animal is presented and the mortal wound has been given; then, by inclining to one side, the rider directs him towards another Bison. Such horses are trained exclusively for the chase, and are very rarely subjected to the carrying of burdens.

The effect of training-in the Indian horses is well shown in a circumstance related to me by an eye-witness. A sergeant had been sent forward with a number of horses, and while on his way came up with a herd of Bisons. As soon as the loose horses discovered the herd, they immediately set off in pursuit, and surrounded the Bisons. At length the sergeant was obliged to send two men forward to drive the Bisons from the route before they were able to proceed.



King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.



HERE was nothing more common than for our Old English Ballad writers to chronicle the pranks of our Kings in their various rides and walks among their subjects when in disguise. The same was the practice of the early French, Spanish, and German Writers, and many of the "Ballads" called National in these countries, may be found in our own—among those is the following, called "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury." Burger, the German, has a version of the same story, in which the King is transformed into an Emperor, but it is a long-winded affair, as German Poems mostly are, and deficient in the quaint and homely points of our original. The subjoined, weeded from its grossness, seems to have been abridged and modernised about the time of the civil wars, from one much older, entitled "King Henry and the Bishop of Canterbury." There is also another ballad on the same subject, called "King Olfrey and the Abbot." *Olfrey* being no doubt a corruption of *Alfred*. However, to our ballad, which is a capital one for reading or recitation, as our old friend William Bell doth testify.

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

An ancient story Ile tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called king John ;
And he ruled England with maine and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury ;
How for his house-keeping, and high renowne,
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
The abbot kept in his house every day ;
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee,
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were knownde,
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne ;
And I trust, your grace will doe me no deere,
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must dye ;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about,
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet :
But if you will give me but three weekes space,
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And this is the longest time thou hast to live ;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee.

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford ;
But never a docter there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he mett his shepheard a going to fold :
How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home ;
What newes do you bring us from good king John ?

" Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give ;
That I have but three days more to live :
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
Among all his liege men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soone he may ride this whole world about :
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke."

Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
 That a fool he may learn a wise man witt?
 Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
 And I'll ride to London to answeres your quarrel.

Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,
 I am like your lordship, as ever may bee :
 And if you will but lend me your gowne,
 There is none shall knowe us at fair London towne.

Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,
 With sumptuous array most gallant and brave ;
 With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
 Fit to appeare 'fore our fauler the pope.

Now welcome, sire abbot, the king he did say,
 Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day ;
 For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
 Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
 With my crowne of golde so fair on my head,
 Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
 Tell me to one penny what I am worth.

" For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
 Amonge the false Jewes, as I have bin told ;
 And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
 For I thinke, thou art one penny worser than hee "

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel, *
 I did not think I had been worth so littel !
 —Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
 How soone I may ride this whole world about.

" You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
 Until the next morning he riseth againe ;
 And then your grace need not make any doubt,
 But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

* Meaning probably St. Botolph.

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
I did not think, it could be gone so soone!

—Now from the third question thou must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke.

“ Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry :
You thinke I’m the abbot of Canterbury ;
But I’m his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee.”

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,
Ile make thee lord abbot this day in his place !
“ Now naye, my liege, be not in such spedee,
For alacke I can neither write, ne reade.”

Four nobles a weeke, then I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee ;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good king John.



First Attempts at Ballooning.



HIS is the time for Ballooning, get your soap-suds, your tobacco pipe, and your lather ; blow, blow, away. There ! you have a fine globe of soap and water ; blow, blow, larger and larger. It is now as big as an apple ; blow, blow, again, see it is as large as—but 'tis burst ; try again, now we have it, larger and larger. Behold the

beautiful rain-bow painted on its sides, those beautiful prisms, smiling like hope—snap—it has burst ! This is the way with earthly joys and of many earthly speculations. But let us talk about ballooning.

If my young friends were to make use of hydrogen gas, instead of their breath, to inflate their soap bubbles, they would then have real gas balloons. To do this is very easy. Get some iron-filings, put them into a common wine-bottle, pour on them half-a-pint of water, into which put about half an ounce of sulphuric acid ; the gas will then come off in abundance during the effervesence that ensues, and may be

easily collected in a bladder, having the small end of a tobacco pipe inserted at its orifice. Then dip the bowl into the soap-suds, and squeeze the bladder, and your bubbles will be filled with hydrogen gas, and will immediately rise high in the air, and if they can get out of doors they will rise out of sight. This will be a more amusing sight than your common soap bubbles, which do not rise so high ; and, some people would say, a vast deal more Philosophical.

But to the origin of Balloons. The celebrated Friar Bacon, who lived about 600 years ago, is spoken of as the first to describe a machine which would enable a man to rise into, and sail through the air. It was to consist of two hollow balls or globes, which were to be filled with light air, but whether it was ever practically tested by him is not known. But in 1766, Mr. Cavendish discovered hydrogen gas, and in 1782, Mr. Cavallo made trial of this gas, and in the same year, Messrs. Mongolfier found out the means of raising balloons by means of heated air. A large bag of silk was made, and straw being burnt at its open end, while it was suspended above the heated air, being lighter than the surrounding atmosphere it ascended, and this was, practically, the first balloon.

Some time after this ascent, M. Robert made a balloon of thin silk varnished. It was filled with hydrogen gas. It was then conveyed to the Champ de Mars, and, in the presence of an immense multitude, ascended and floated in the air for three quarters of an hour, descending in a field fifteen miles from where it was sent up.

It was not a great while after this that Mongolfier was invited to Paris, and there he made an oval balloon of linen,

lined with paper. It was very large, being more than twelve times the height of a man, and forty-three feet wide. It was at first injured by a storm, but in a few days after it was placed before the King's Palace, the Tuilleries. It was inflated by burning hay and straw under its orifice, and was able to raise a weight of 500lb. A basket was fastened to it, which contained a duck, a cock, and a sheep: the balloon was allowed to ascend. It reached the height of 1,500 feet, and then fell about two miles from Versailles. None of the animals were hurt by the descent, and the sheep was found quietly feeding near the spot where the descent made.

It was not a very great while after this that Mongolfier made a very strong balloon, and a Frenchman, named De Rogier, volunteered to go up. When the machine was inflated he seated himself in the car, and rose in the balloon to the height of 300 feet, which was as high as the rope would let him ascend. After remaining for some time he gradually descended.

The success of this and some other experiments gave him confidence, and at last, in November, 1683, he undertook, in company with the Marquis d'Arlandes, to make a voyage through the air. The balloon was visible during the whole time of the journey, and it carried them a distance of five miles from the city, where they descended in safety.

The persons who had preferred the use of hydrogen gas to heated air for inflating balloons, now determined to try their method on an enlarged scale. They made a large balloon, and having filled it with gas, two persons went up in it to the height of two thousand feet, and continued high in the air for nearly two hours, when they descended twenty-seven miles

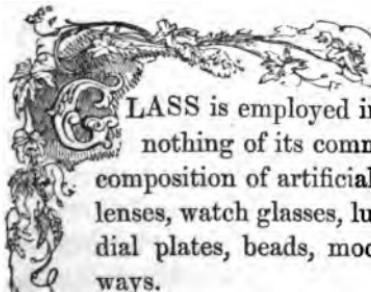
from Paris. The balloon still having the power of ascending ; one of the voyagers again ventured up, and soon reached an elevation of nine thousand feet ; and after seeing the sun descend and the moon rise, he opened the valve and descended safely in a field only three miles from Paris.

In the following year, M. Blanchard ascended for the first time. He filled his balloon with hydrogen gas. When it began to mount high in the air, his companion lost his presence of mind, and, by some imprudent act, caused it to fall with a heavy shock. But, Blanchard, who afterwards became a very celebrated aeronaut, was not discouraged. He took the sole management of the balloon, and rose to the height of a mile. After having been for two hours driven through different currents of air, for it was in the month of March, he descended in safety.



The Industrial Arts and Manufactures of Great Britain.

APPLICATION OF GLASS TO VARIOUS OBJECTS.



GLASS is employed in a great many ways; to say nothing of its common uses, it is employed in the composition of artificial gems, in the manufacture of lenses, watch glasses, lunette glasses, barometer tubes, dial plates, beads, mock pearls, and in many other ways.

It is somewhat strange, that for a very long period before glass became of general use, it was employed in the production of ornaments. The ancient Egyptians, and also the Greeks and Romans had glass beads and imitation gems in great variety, as had also the ancient Britons. Specimens of these are frequently found in tombs. Amulets, and other instruments of idolatry were also made of glass, and Peter Parley saw some very beautiful specimens in the unique cabinet of Mr. Wyncoppe, who has done so much for our Medieval antiquities in the town of Woodbridge.

Modern times carry out these inventions in a more perfect manner. We have now the most exquisite imitations of the diamond, and of every other precious gem ; and the beautiful colors of the ruby, the topaz, the emerald, the sapphire, the beryl, the turquoise, and the satin gloss of the pearl, are wonderfully imitated. They are composed of the finest description of glass, which varies in its manufacture from common glass only in particulars, the general principle of each being the same ; various ingredients being used to produce purity and clearness in substance, or to give the requisite colors. Salt of Tarter, white lead, and borax, are used with the sand and soda in the production of what is technically called *paste*, a substance of a most beautiful brilliancy, imitative of the diamond.

The colors of the various imitation gems are produced by mixing with the other ingredients, the oxides of various metals. The imitation topaz is prepared by adding a little oxide of antimony to the base ; the Amethyst, by the addition of a small portion of manganese with a little purple precipitate of cassius ; the Beryl, from antimony and a little cobalt ; the opal and yellow Artificial Diamond, from chlorate of silver. Opaque glass is produced by the addition of the oxide of tin, as is the enamel of a watch face.

In the manufacture of beads, some glass is made in the form of a tube about the thickness of a tobacco pipe. One of these tubes being taken and heat being applied, the tube is stretched, and the longer it is pulled out the smaller it becomes. When it is cool it is cut into little pieces. For the purpose of rounding them, these pieces are thrown into a bowl containing certain proportions of sand and wood-ashes ;

in this they are continually stirred about until the small hole in the middle of each piece is filled with the mixture. They are then emptied into an iron vessel, and stirred over a charcoal fire till the beads become hot, their little angles being now softened by the heat, a little more stirring rounds them down, and that which was before of a cylindrical form, is now nearly spherical, but with a hole in it. The beads are then sifted that the dust may be shaken out of them, they are then sorted by other sieves, the larger being separated from the smaller, and lastly, they are strung by children on threads. Such is the history of a glass bead.

A very considerable manufacture of glass for the formation of beads is carried on at a place called Murano, near Venice.

Another, and a more costly description of glass beads, made in imitation of pearls has long been produced in France. In the 16th century, glass beads were made at Venice, and coated with a kind of pearl-coloured varnish, but the imitation was not very good, and they were superseded by little balls of wax covered with pearl-like enamel, but these would not resist moisture, or heat.

The history of the invention of artificial pearls is as follows:—A poor bead-maker of Burgundy, named Jaquin, having observed that by washing a small fish, the *Cyprinus Alburnus*, i. e. the blay or bleak fish, the water contained numerous fine particles, having the colour of silver in a beautiful pearly lustre, immediately conceived that this pearl-like powder might be employed in the manufacture of artificial pearls.

M. Jaquin having made arrangements for getting this pearly matter from the scales and skin of the fish by scraping,

he set by the water in which the scrapings were thrown ; and after standing a certain time a sediment fell to the bottom. He next poured off the water from the sediment, and the latter appeared as a creamy liquid, having that very delicate silvery appearance which distinguishes pearls. With this he coated some balls of plaster-of-paris, and the close resemblance to pearls was immediately acknowledged, but the heat and moisture of the human body was found to injure the surface of the beads. To remedy this defect he made some hollow beads of glass and coated them on the inside with the same mixture, and then was produced a good artificial pearl.

The beads for pearls are made after the following manner :—A very fine and narrow tube of glass is taken, one end is placed in the flame of a lamp and the operator blows through it from the other end, when the end of the tube is melted it takes the shape of a little globe or globule. The blower breaks it off and then proceeds with another, with such remarkable rapidity, that sometimes six thousand are produced by one man in a day.

The pearl essence is then heated, and a single drop is taken on the end of a small tube and inserted in its hole ; it is then shaken by the hand, or by a machine, until the interior surface is coated with the pearl mixture. It is then left to dry. The cavity of the bead is then filled with a waxy preparation, which answers two purposes, namely, to strengthen the bead and to make its weight more near that of the real pearl.

WATCH GLASSES.

To manipulate these, the glass is blown into hollow spheres, each being about eight inches in diameter, and

weighing about twelve ounces. These globes are delivered to the watch-glass maker, without undergoing the annealing process, who proceeds to divide each sphere into the largest possible number of sections of the requisite size. To do this, he seats himself, and taking the globe in his lap, with a piece of heated wire or tobacco pipe, he traces a circle out upon the globe, and quickly wetting the line thus traced, the glass cracks and divides along the line with the most remarkable precision, and the hollow pieces fall from the glass globe; these are then clipped at the edges. The edge of the glass is then pressed regularly in towards the centre, by means of a tool adapted to the process, by which means the proper degree of concavity is given to them. The edges are then ground evenly off, and the watch-glass is ready for sale.

LENSES.

The glass, of which a lens is composed, is chosen with reference to the purpose to which it is to be applied, and according to its refractive or dispersive powers, and its selection is therefore left to the optician.

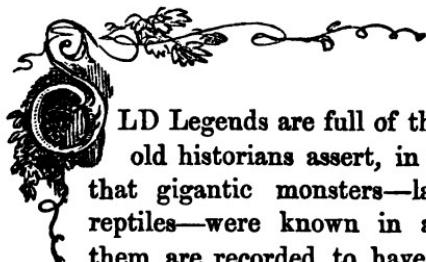
The grinding of lenses is a matter of the greatest nicety. The piece of glass chosen for a lens must, in the first instance, have its two opposite surfaces perfectly parallel; it is then cut or clipped into a circular form by means of scissors or pincers, the edge is smoothed on a common grindstone, and afterwards the whole lens is most delicately and accurately fashioned by a convex tool and guage worked by hand, and by other methods which are very difficult to describe on paper.

The uses of the various descriptions of lenses which are manufactured, need scarcely be adverted to. The common spectacle or reading-glass is one of the most useful of all instruments. By the lenses of the microscope, we are enabled to observe the otherwise imperceptible arrangements of chemical action or organic life; and by those of the telescope, we become acquainted with the more distant worlds; and lenses may therefore be termed the greatest triumphs of glass-making.



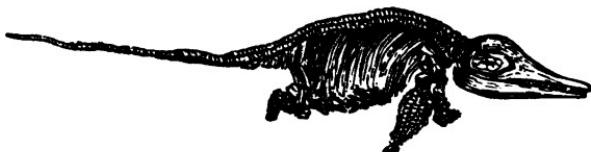
Something about Dragons,

WITH THE CURIOUS AND COMICAL STORY OF THE "DRAGON OF WANTLEY,"
MADE READABLE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.



LD Legends are full of the stories of Dragons, and old historians assert, in the most positive terms, that gigantic monsters—land monsters—enormous reptiles—were known in ancient times. Some of them are recorded to have stopped armies in their course, and others to have devastated provinces, and alarmed their inhabitants most grievously. They were generally called Dragons, and are usually depicted as having snake-like bodies, of enormous length, fierce eyes, enormous jaws armed with pike-like teeth, while they had short wings on their shoulders, and generally four creeping legs like those of the crocodile, at the extremities of which were great crooked claws, with hooked talons a foot long. The stories concerning such monsters remind one of the modern discoveries of geologists—for the

beds of ancient stone, which have been of late years laid open to view, abound in gigantic frogs as large as bulls ; crocodiles of colossal forms, by far larger than any of the present day ; the skeleton of an enormous animal allied to the fish and lizard,



called *Ichthyosaurus*, of which the cut shows the form, and the bones of which may be seen in the British Museum. Another kind of reptile was called the *Plesiosaurus*, to mark a nearer approach to the lizard. The first of these had the beak of a porpoise, the bulk of a crocodile, the head and breast of a lizard, and the vertebræ of a fish. The other had a very long neck, paddles like the turtle, the head of a lizard, the teeth of a crocodile, and the neck of a serpent. There was also another monster called the *Pterodactyle* or *Wing-fingered*, a flying-reptile, whose toes terminated in hooks like those of the bat, which used to pitch on trees, and cliffs, and fly about in the dusky twilight ; all these and some others were inhabitants of this earth, before man was created. But it has been imagined that some might have remained within, what is called the historical period, and, if so, there may be some truth in the stories of dragons, and such monsters as are generally looked upon as fabulous. However, with these matters I have little now to do ; but in bringing forward some Legends, Ballads, and remarkable Histories of Ancient Times, I cannot help adverting to these matters by the way.

Most of my young friends have read Don Quixote, which is as they may remember, a droll satire upon the ridiculous knight-erranting of the Chivalric days. The humorous ditty which follows, called the Dragon of Wantley, is to old metrical romances in Ballads of Chivalry, what Don Quixote is to prose narratives of that kind—a lively satire on those extravagant fictions. In the writing of the poem, the author has brought in most of the common incidents which occur in romance. The description of the dragon—his outrages—the people flying to the Knight for succour—his care in choosing his armour—his being dressed for fight by a young damsel, and most of the circumstances of the battle and victory, allowing for the burlesque turn given to them, are what occur in every book of chivalry, whether in prose or verse. In the old Ballad, some coarse expressions occur, but these have been carefully weeded out, without in any way detracting from the humour of the piece. The Ballad was probably written in the beginning of the last century.

The Dragon of Wantley.

Old stories tell, how Hercules
A dragon slew at Lerna,
With seven heads and fourteen eyes,
To see and well discern-a;
But he had a club, this dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er done it, I warrant ye:
But More, of More Hall, with nothing at all,
He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each shoulder;
With a sting in his tayl, as long as a flayl,
Which made him bolder and bolder.
He had long claws and in his jaws
Four-and-forty teeth of iron,
With a hide as tough as any buff,
Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse
Held seventy men in his belly?
This dragon was not quite so big,
But very near, I'll tell ye.
Devoured he poor children three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one sup he eat them up,
As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat,
Some say he ate of trees,
And that the forests have he would
Devoured up by degrees:
For houses and churches were to him geese and
turkeys;
He ate all, and he left none behind,
But some stones, alack—that he could not crack,
On the mountain you will find.

In Yorkshire, near fair Rotherham,
The place I know it well,
Some two or threo miles, or thereabouts,
I vow I cannot tell;
But there is a hedge, just on the hill edge,
And a house not swallowed stands by it,
O there and then was the dragon's den,
You could not choose but espy it.

Some say this dragon was a witch,
Some say a dragon of evil,
For, from his nose, a smoke arose,
And with it a burning anivel,



J.P. WALE.



Which he cast off when he had a cough,
In a well which he did stand by,
Which made it look just like a brook
Running with burning brandy.

Hard by, a famous knight there dwelt,
Of whom all towns did ring,
For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick,
cuff, and huff,
Call very bad names, do any kind of thing.
By the tail and the main, with his hands atween,
He swung a horse till he was dead;
And that which is stranger, he for very anger,
Eat him all up but his head.

These children, as I told, being eat,
Men, women, girls, and boys,
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,
And made a hideous noisic;
O sore is More of More Hall,
Thou peerless knight of these woods,
Do but slay the dragon, who wont leave us a lay on,
We'll give thee all our goods,

Tut, tut, said he, no goods I want,
But I want, I want, in sooth,
A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk and keen,
With smiles about the mouth,
Hair black as sloe, skin white as snow,
With blushes her cheeks adorning,
To anoint me to-night, ere I go to fight,
And to arm me in the morning.

This being done, he did engage,
To hew the dragon down,
But first he went, new armour to
Bespeak at Sheffield town;
With spikes all about, not within but without,
Of steel so sharp and strong,
Both behind and before, on his legs and all o'er,
Some five or six inches long.

Had you but seen him in this dress,
 How fierce he looked, and how big,
 You would have thought him to have been no less,
 Than some muscovy pig.
 He frightened all ; cats, dogs, and all,
 Each cow, each horse, and each hog,
 For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
 Some shocking old wizard incog.

To see this fight, all people then
 Got up on trees and houses,
 On churches some, and chimneys too,
 But there put on their trousers,
 Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he rose,
 To make him strong and mighty,
 He drank by the tale, six pots of ale
 And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins,
 Nor art doth strength excel,
 Which made our cunning champion
 Creep down into a well,
 Where he did think, this dragon would drink,
 And so he did in truth,
 And as he stooped low, he rose up and cried—boh
 And hit him in the mouth.

Oh ! quoth the dragon, pigs take thee without,
 Who disturbed me in my drink ?
 And then he turned and sneezed at him,
 Good lack ! how did he wink !
 Beshrew thy soul, thy body's foul,
 Thy breath smells not like balsam,
 This sneezing of thine, is far from divine,
 Sure thy diet is unwholesome.

Our politick knight on the other side,
 Crept out upon the brink !
 And gave the dragon such a drive,
 He knew not what to think !

By Jove, quoth he, say you so, do you see,
And then at him he let fly,
With hand and with foot, and so they went to it,
And the word it was, Hey boys, hey !

Your words, quoth the dragon, I don't understand,
Then to it they fell at all,
Like two wild beasts, so fierce, if I may
Compare great things with small;
Two days and nights with this dragon did fight,
Our champion on the ground,
Though their strength it was great, their skill it was real,
They never had one wound.

At length the hard earth began to quake
The dragon gave him a knock,
Which made him to reel, and straitway he thought,
To lift him as high as a rock,
And thence let him fall. But More of More Hall
Like a valiant son of a flail
As he came like a lout so he turn'd him about,
And gave him a kick on the tail.

Oh! quoth the dragon, with his wings a wagging
And turned six times together
Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing
Out of his throat of leather,
More of More Hall—O thou rascal
Would I had seen thee never;
With the thing at thy heel, thou hast cleft my tail
And I am undone for ever.

Murder, murder, the dragon cry'd,
Alack, alack, for grief;
Had you but miss'd that place, you could
Have done me no mischief.
Then his head he shaked, trembled, and squeaked,
And down he laid and cry'd,
First on one knee, then on his back tumbled he
So groan'd and kick'd and died.

Something about the City of Paris.



PARIS is the metropolis of France, as everybody knows; and is one of the richest and largest cities in Europe. It is situated in a valley, on both sides of the river Seine, which is, thereabout, the breadth of the Thames at Richmond. The river crosses from east to west, after forming three considerable islands. The communication between the banks of the river and the Islands, as well as between the different sides of the river, is effected by a great number of bridges, many of which are remarkable for the beauty of their construction. The environs do not exhibit the same variety as those of London; instead of the gardens, parks, and country seats, which surround our great metropolis, Paris on several sides presents large tracts of unenclosed corn-fields. The stream of life in the great streets, crowds of waggons, carriages, and horsemen, is not so great as in the neighbourhood of our metropolis. Most of the streets, however, are wide, watered by numerous fountains, and full of magnificent hotels and shops.

The finest approach to Paris is by St. Germain, a broad straight street, lined with lofty buildings, leading from Neuilly to the City, where the view is terminated by the Arc de l'Etoile, which stands on an elevation. From this to the charming Champs Elysées extends a walk about a mile-and-a-half in length, planted with fine elms, and lined on both sides with handsome houses and beautiful gardens.

I shall not have space to say much about the history of Paris. It was originally founded on the island on which the Church or Cathedral of Nôtre Dame now stands. Here it offered a temporary resistance to the Roman detachment sent against it by Cæsar. In 486, the Franks conquered it, and made it the capital of the kingdom. It was considerably improved under Charlemagne. In 1165, Bishop Maurice de Saly nearly completed the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, as it is to be seen. In 1418, Paris was visited by famine and pestilence, by which 100,000 persons perished in three months. In 1420, Paris was taken by the English, who retained it for some years, and shortly after their expulsion by Charles VII., the City again became depopulated by plague and famine.

In succeeding ages Paris has been greatly improved. The foundation of the Royal College was laid by Francis I., and under Louis XIV. was effected the great improvement of levelling the walls or boulevards, and planting on them beautiful trees. These are since covered by the finest streets in Paris, which completely encircle the City. Napoleon the Great, anxious to make Paris the finest city in the world, improved, extended, and beautified the city to an enormous extent. He cleared the Place de Carrousel and adorned it with

a triumphal arch, and completed the Louvre, filling it with sculptures and paintings of great beauty and value. In 1814, Paris was taken by the Allied Powers, who dismantled the Louvre, and sent back to their respective owners all the rare pictures and works of art which Napoleon, as a conqueror, had formerly taken from his enemies. Then came the accession of Louis XVIII; then the revolution and dethronement of Charles X; then the revolution and dethronement of Louis



Phillipe; then the Republic under Lamartine, and his colleagues; then the coup d' etat of Louis Napoleon; and now the establishment of the Empire, by one who has proceeded in his course with great diligence of purpose, clear-headed prudence, and great daring, and not destitute of humanity directed to proper objects.

But to say a few words about Paris itself. It would take a volume to describe it; and all that poor old Peter Parley can

do, is to give a few *on dits* on the surprising things my young friends may see there, should they be so fortunate as to go this summer, which they can very easily. The principal things to see are the churches, the palaces, and the gardens ; and of these I shall say a few words, leaving my young friends to consult Peter Parley's "Peep at Paris," for more extended information.

The Palace of the Tuileries is one of the principal edifices of Paris. It was so called because a tile-kiln stood on the site of its erection. It was commenced in May, 1546 ; Henry IV. enclosed the building ; and in 1660, began the grand Gallery which adjoins it—the Louvre. Here we have enormous domes, galleries, and ante-chambers, filled full of the most beautiful works of art. The Gallery of Paintings occupies the first floor of the wing of the Louvre, built by Henry II. and Charles IX. The grand staircase which leads to it is wonderfully fine. The first room contains some of the earliest paintings of the middle ages, which are very curious. The next, called the Grand Saloon, contains the best pictures of the French, Flemish, and Italian schools ; the total number being 1,406. The Salle de Bijoux, or Jewel Room, contains a collection of ancient cups, vases, jewels, armour, &c. Among these are a remarkable Arabian basin, of great antiquity and curious workmanship, covered with handsome chasings. It was used at the baptisms of Philip Augustus, and the Count de Paris. In the Museum of Greek and Roman Antiquities are a great number of entertaining objects, vases, statues, busts, bronze instruments ; and the ceilings of the rooms are superbly decorated. The Egyptian Museum contains the antiquities that were obtained during Bonaparte's

invasion of Egypt. Behind these Museums is a suit of nine rooms, called La Galerie Française, which contains a choice collection of the paintings of the French school. Close to these apartments is the chamber of Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV.; and adjoining is the bedroom of Henry IV., where the king slept when he inhabited the Louvre, and in which the alcove remains, containing the royal bed in which the body was laid after the assassination. The next room is the apartment of Henry II. In the centre is a glass-case, containing a suit of armour that once belonged to that king, and worn by him on the day he lost his life by the piercing of his eye by the Count of Montgomery's spear, when tilting.

The Musée de la Marines is very interesting, and I should much like to see something equal to it in our country. It consists of six rooms full of nautical matters, models of ships, ports, rivers, dykes, bridges, &c. Another room, called the Salle des Sauvages, contains a variety of matters connected with savage life, and some relics of the ship of La Perouse.

Under the same roof we have the Musée des Antiques, full of antiquities of the most beautiful kind, and numbers above 250 statues, 200 busts, 200 bas reliefs, 233 vases, candelabra, &c., being more than 1,000 in all. The modern sculpture is arranged in fine halls, and contains the finest specimens of French sculpture, and few by foreign artists. Beside these, there is a suite of five rooms, called the Standish Collection, in which are the most rare and beautiful books, MSS., antiquities, and rarities of every kind, left by a gentleman named Standish, to France, because us English would not find a place for his noble and unique collection.

Besides the Louvre and Tuileries, the French capital boasts of many wonderful places, each of which would take many days to see, and a few of which I shall allude to ; but before I do so, I must say a few words on the Palace of Versailles, which is, perhaps, the most astonishing place in the whole world. Versailles is an elegant town, built to accord with the palace, a few miles from Paris. It is approached through an open space, called the Place d'Armes, eight hundred feet broad, on the eastern side of which are the royal stables, affording accommodation to 1,000 horses. On the front of the palace, as you approach it, you read in letters of gold, "*A toutes le Gloires de la France,*" which Mr. Smith put up before he came to this country in a fishing-boat.

It would be impossible to describe this palace in PETER PARLEY's ANNUAL ; the book, containing a mere catalogue of the pictures, was over 700 pages. One division of it is what is called the Historical Museum—a series of rooms, containing more than a thousand large pictures. Then there is a Statue Gallery of eleven great rooms, and numerous others, some containing the portraits of all the celebrated men of France. There is said to be eight miles of pictures on the walls, and it will take you the whole day to walk through, without stopping to examine them. Besides all this, there is the Chapel, which is a most glorious place to look at ; the apartments of the Emperor, the throne-room, the grand gallery, the hall of mirrors, the cabinets, Salon de la Paix, marble staircase, and grand gallery of the Empire. The rooms of the King or Emperor are what is called consecrated to the life and deeds of Louis XIV. The Salon de la Guerre is also *consecrated* to his military glory. This leads

to the Grand Galerie des Graces, one of the finest rooms in the world, being 242 feet in length, 35 in width, and 43 in height. It is lighted by 17 large arched windows, which correspond with opposite arcades, filled with looking-glasses. The ceilings glow with a profusion of gold, and paintings of the richest and most beautiful description, and it was here that the French court used to display itself in all its magnificence.



After passing through a variety of "Salons," such as the billiard-room, the clock-room, the stag-court, the saloon of peace, the royal bedrooms, and several private apartments, we come to a spacious gallery, formerly called *La Salle des cent Suesses*, now the *Salle de 1792*. This contains portraits of all the great military characters of the Revolution, down to the present time, and includes Louis Napoleon. From these, we soon come upon the grand gallery of the battle pieces, which is an immense apartment, nearly 400 feet in length, and nearly 50 in breadth, and the

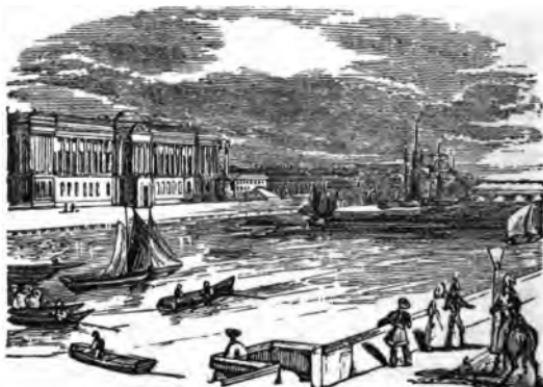
same in height. On the walls are pictures of large dimensions, representing great military triumphs, commencing with the battle of Tolbac, gained by Cloris in 496, and ending with that of Wagram, and carried on through the Algerine exploits up to the present time. Behind this gallery runs another, filled with statues and busts of celebrated personages, from 1500 and 1752. Descending to the ground-floor, a small staircase leads to the gallery of monuments, a collection of medals in plaster, of monumental statuary, from the tombs of celebrated personages. Then comes another collection of portraits, and then, in a long suite of rooms, facing the gardens, three hundred pictures are to be seen, illustrative of the military history of Napoleon from 1796 to 1810. Midway, is the hall of Napoleon, containing the various statues and busts of that great troubler of the world.

The gardens, orange groves, fountains, and other wonders of this palace are surprising, and it would take as many volumes as Peter Parley ever wrote, which is now something near a hundred, to detail particulars. However, I happened to be at the gardens on the fete of St. Louis, and there I saw the play of the grand fountain, which is a sight I shall never forget. All at once, at a given signal, many dozen fountains opened their play, and I saw spouts of water ascending in every direction, noble cascades falling, and such a sparkle of the crystal fluid all around me as to make me think I was in fairy land. The whole, however, was dissipated in the course of an hour ; the sun went down, and all was then a gloom.

The streets of Paris are of all sorts and sizes. The principal one is called the Boulevards, which is erected, as I before told

you, on the site of the old walls of Paris. Here we have ranges of fine buildings, equal, if not superior to any in our Regent-street, interspersed with churches, cafés, hotels, and other public buildings. Trees were planted before the houses, at regular distances, which threw a most agreeable shade in summer, but these have, from time to time, been cut down by the various revolutionists, and at the present all in the "tree way" is incipient. The next principal street is the Rue St. Honoré, which is something like our Cheapside, only narrower and longer, and full of shops of every kind—the houses being very lofty. All the principal streets are generally crowded with people, and their various lively cries and grotesque manners give infinite variety to the scene. The cafés, or coffee-houses, are of the most splendid description, some of them having the appearance of palaces within, from the profusion of gold and mirrors with which they are ornamented.

The river-side is very different from the river-side of



London ; and the quays, as they are called, are full of noble buildings. On one side is an immense line of colonnades, formed by the gallery of the Louvre, which connects that palace with the Tuileries. On the opposite side of the river is the Hotel des Monnaies (the mint). Opposite the south side of the Louvre is the royal bridge, and the new bridge a little lower down crosses the two arms of the Seine, where they form an island. Although this is called the new bridge, it is the most ancient in Paris. It is generally thronged by people of every description, rich and poor, carriages, horses, carts, fruiters, pedlars, people with high tins on their backs selling lemonade—others sitting in smoke, surrounded by hot sausages and fried fish. Upon the centre of the bridge is a fine statue of Henry IV., which is worthy of all admiration.

Not far from the bridge, on the southern shore, is a low stone building, called the Morgue. Inside of this is a stone chamber, having an iron grating before it. The building is what in England would be called a dead-house, and it is here that all bodies found dead are brought. When I looked through the grating there were six dead bodies in it, of persons who had been drowned or otherwise disposed of.

Nor far from the Morgue is the church of Nôtre Dame, which assumed its present form as a Christian church about the year 1010. Its architecture is very extraordinary. The western face presents a venerable portico, containing three grand portals ; the centre one is of modern architecture, the other two are ancient. Two towers surmount the building, each of which is 20 feet in height. The choir is superb ; in the centre is a brazen eagle, seven feet high. Two pilasters of wood support two angels in bronze ; on the outside of the

choir the events of the New Testament History are represented.

Another of the principal buildings of Paris is the Palais Royal, a splendid edifice, built in 1629 by Cardinal Richelieu, which in 1692 became the property of Philip, Duke of Orleans. It consists of a palace divided into several compartments, and a capacious oblong enclosure surrounded by piazzas or arcades, which make a covered walk along three of its sides, while above the ground floor runs a gallery, from which entrance is obtained to the magnificent houses that surround the space which encloses six acres. The shops of the Palais Royal are brilliant, and all, or nearly all, devoted to articles of fashion or luxury, jewellery, clocks and watches, silks, carpets, and ribbons, &c., and abounding in the most sumptuous cafés and restaurants, whose cordials are the choicest—their bills of fare often enumerating a hundred dishes, above twenty kinds of dessert, and as many of liqueurs. Some of these places rival the finest of our English palaces.

On the banks of the river opposite the new bridge, is the Town Hall of Paris, called the Hôtel de Ville, and here we have a most superb structure. The Grand Hall or Salle de Trone occupies the whole length of the centre of the building. The refreshment room is also very grand, and full of gold ornaments and pictures. The side of the building next the river contains the dwelling of the Prefect of the Seine or Lord Mayor of Paris, which is very elegantly fitted up. Opposite the principal entrance of the Hôtel de Ville is a square enclosure, called the Place de Grève, so famous in French history for deeds of blood, over which I would gladly draw a veil. Not a great way from the Hôtel de Ville is the Bibliothèque

du Roi, or Royal Library, which is of great antiquity, dating as far back as the reign of King John. It contains about 100,000 volumes in Greek, Latin, and Oriental languages. Among these are the MS. of Galileo ; the M.S. of Telemachus, in Fenelon's own hand ; M.S. of Josephine ; and original M.S. of a great many French and Italian authors. The collection of engravings comprises a million and a half of impressions divided into 8,000 portfolios. There are 55,000 portraits, including every celebrated character for the last 600 years. On the ground floor is a room containing the celebrated Zodiac of Denderch and other Egyptian Antiquities, and a great number of matters which it would very much interest my young friends to see and examine.

Another interesting spot in Paris is the Père la Chaise, or great burial ground of Paris. It is situated on the slope of a hill, and was set apart by Père la Chaise, confessor to Louis XIV., for the burial of the dead. Here I saw the tombs of Abelard and Heloise, and those of several other eminent persons. To inspect the spot would be the work of many days. Many of the tombs have the form of a little chapel, within which is a small alter trimmed up with votive offerings and flowers. Many are the inscriptions commencing—to my dear child—to my dear father—to my dear mother.—Many of the crosses and tombs are decorated with flowers, which are frequently restored by those who survive, and the whole scene recalls tender but sorrowful feelings. There are many other things to be seen in Paris, which I will relate to my young friends in a succeeding article.

The Parish Girl.

A dew-drop in the sunny beam ;
A withered leaf in Autumn's blast ;
A flower on its broken stem,—
The little dream of life is past.

You linden alley spreads along,
With leafy shadows broad and fair ;
Oh ! take me from the worldly throng,
And lay the child of sorrow there.

And lay me where the brooklet flows
Thro' violet banks of purple bloom ;
And weep not when the wintery snows
Are whitening o'er my early tomb.

For I am sick of ling'ring here,
These scenes of want and woe to see ;
The earth is broad, the earth is fair,
But in it is no room for me.

That little stream that warbles by,
Will find a home in ocean's breast ;
Those clouds within the western sky,
Will fold their wearied wings to rest.

But I a houseless wanderer roam,
By day in want, by night in fears :
A stranger's hearth—my only home,
My only couch—a bed of tears.

Mysterious law ! whose stern decree
My life to shame and sorrow gave,
Your wings of darkness close o'er me,
And give—'tis all I ask—the Grave.

Bonhall, Sept. 1, 1853.

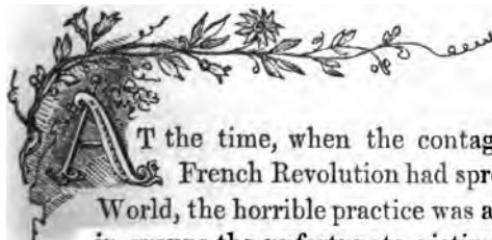
J. M.





The Creole and his Daughter?

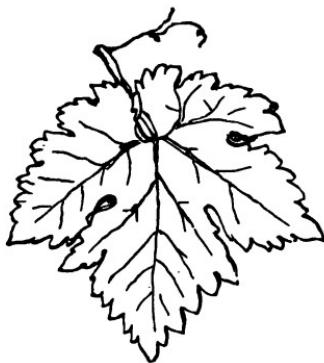
The Creole and his Daughter.



At the time, when the contagious example of the French Revolution had spread as far as the New World, the horrible practice was adopted of assembling in groups the unfortunate victims who were ordered to be executed, and then firing indiscriminately upon them with cannons, loaded with grape shot. Jaques Fancoiur was a Creole of St. Domingo, and was guilty of no other crime than that of being rich and preserving the inheritance of his forefathers. He was, therefore, hunted out for murder by the wicked revolutionists, and brought into the public market-place for the purpose of slaughter.

The eyes of the poor old man had been blindfolded as he stood among a crowd of other unfortunate beings, expecting every instant the signal of death. When, however, the order to discharge the artillery was about to be given, a little girl rushed forward with a loud cry of "My father! oh, my father!" and making her way through the victims, threw her

little arms about her parent's neck, and waited for the moment of dying with him. In vain were all threats and entreaties; neither the representations of her danger, nor the commands of her father, could intimidate her. In reply to the latter, she earnestly repeated, "Oh, my father, let me die with you!" What power has virtue over the most ferocious mind. This unexpected accident disconcerted the commander of the massacre—doubtless he was a father too. The voice of admiration and exclamations of pity, which he heard from all sides, touched his heart, and under some specious pretext, the Creole was delivered from the expected punishment and, accompanied by his child, was re-conducted to prison, whence he soon after obtained his release. After that happy escape he was often heard to relate, with feelings of tender emotion, the heroic action of his little girl, when only ten years of age.



SOMETHING ABOUT

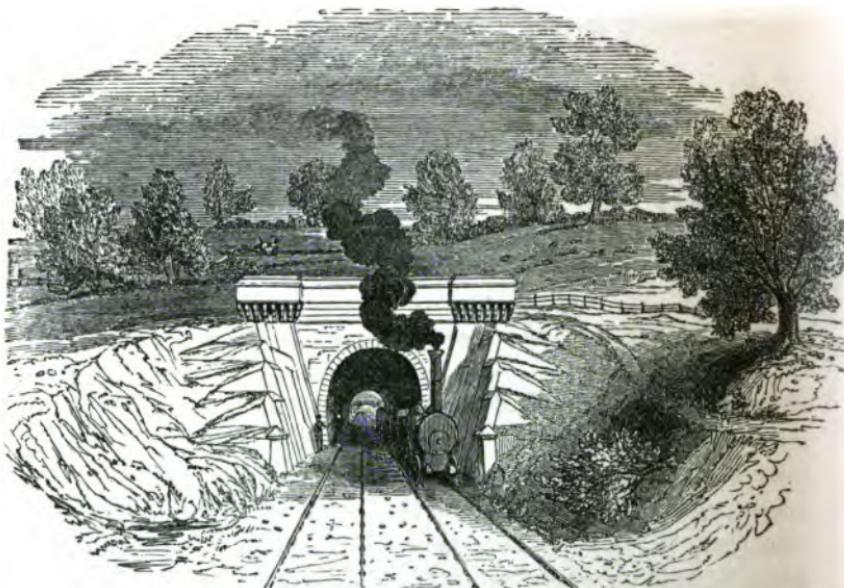
CONSTRUCTION OF RAILWAYS.



HE transport of goods and passengers from one part of the country to another, is an object of such vital importance in a great manufacturing or commercial nation, that the construction of Turnpike ways and Canals has in times past engaged, more or less, the attention of the legislative assembly of all civilized

nations. The Turnpike-road is not particularly confined to any level, and therefore can traverse the country in all directions nearly on a level with the adjoining land, but considerable skill is required on the part of the engineer who constructs it. Canals have now engaged the attention of scientific engineers for about 200 years, and have been brought to considerable perfection. They are important on account of their being able to carry heavy goods, at a cheap rate, when time is of little importance ; but from the rate of travelling not exceeding 2 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, and their route being so very circuitous, they are not at all applicable for carrying pas-

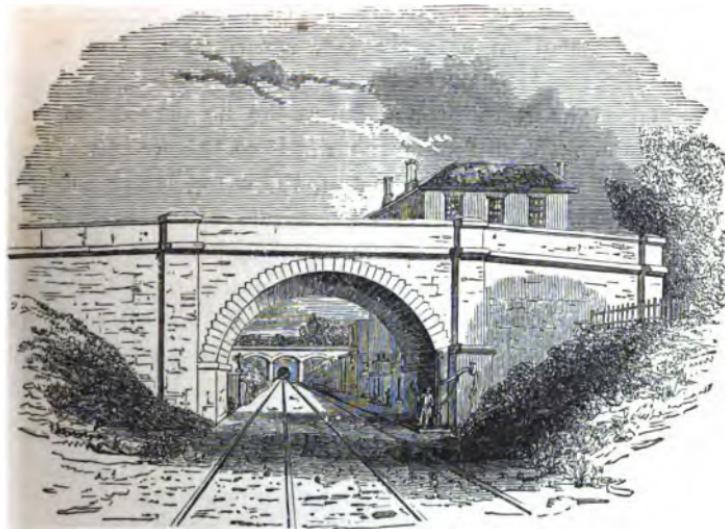
sengers. The well-known hydrostatic principle of water always finding its own level, renders it necessary that a canal should be upon as near a level as it possibly can, but where necessary to change a level, it is done by means of a lock, and where a ridge of high land cuts the intended course of the canal, and the ground on each side is nearly on the same level, tunnelling is resorted to. The name of the immortal Brindley is justly



recorded as the first engineer who executed a tunnel in this country. It was on the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal from Horsley to Manchester. A canal however, is not only nearly confined to a level, but it must also be to the lowest level.

otherwise there will be a deficiency of water to float the boats navigating on it.

The introduction of railways for the transport of passengers and goods is a vast advance upon the canal system. Their principal advantage is, that both goods and passengers can be carried, by the assistance of the locomotive engine, with very great rapidity. Like the canal, the railway is confined to



almost a perfect level, but this happens from different causes.—The operating causes as regards railways are the retarding forces to a carriage travelling on a road, the friction of the axles, and the obstacles the wheels have to pass over. The latter is reduced to a mere fraction upon our best railways, and the friction of the axles is, on them, the principal force that has to be overcome.

Now it has been ascertained that the force necessary to cause 1 ton weight to travel on a railway is 8 lbs. The same retardation would be occasioned, or the same force would be necessary to cause the same weight to travel up an inclined plane that rose one foot in 280. Supposing the resistance occasioned by friction to be removed, or, in other words, the resistance occasioned by the ascent of a carriage up an inclined plane rising 1 foot in 280, it would just double that with which it would travel on a level; for, according to the laws of mechanics, the force necessary to cause a body to travel up an inclined plane is in proportion as the height of the plane is to its length, and so is the power to the weight. Eight pounds, or 1-280th part of a ton, therefore, being the resistance occasioned by 1 ton on a level, an additional 8 lbs., or 1-280th part of a ton would be occasioned by the ascent of 1 foot in 280. Thus, we see, that the ascent of 1 foot in 280 would double the power necessary; the 1-280th of a mile would be 19 feet, from which we see, that a small inclined plane will materially augment the resistance. These little calculations are necessary for us to understand before we proceed to enter on the construction of a railway.

METHOD OF EXAMINING A COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH IT IS DETERMINED TO FORM A RAILWAY.

When it has been determined to construct a railway between two places, and where it is expected that the trade in each division will be pretty nearly equal, it will be done according to either of the two following plans:—

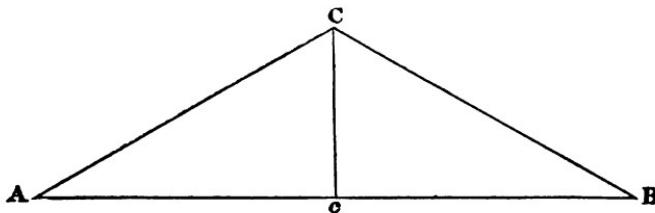
The first, that of variable gradients—consists of a series

of planes more or less inclined to the horizon, along which the engines travel, without any further assistance, except on some of the steepest inclined planes.

The second consists of obtaining level gradients as long as possible, and, where it is necessary to change the level, it is done by the intervention of an inclined plane, with assistant engines, either stationary or locomotive. The respective merits of these two plans we shall now discuss.

It is asserted that, in a railway constructed upon the system of variable gradients, the power necessary to convey goods between the two places will be the same as if the two places were connected by a single plane; or, supposing the two extremities of the line to be upon the same level, then the power would be the same as though the whole line were level; but this is not correct when the inclination of the plane exceeds the angle at which the carriages will roll down of themselves; as, for example:—

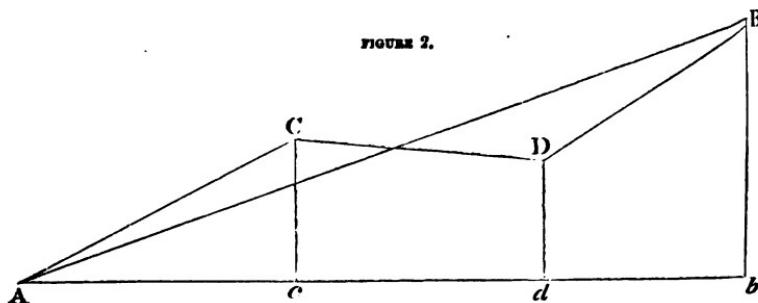
FIGURE 1.



In figure 1, let *A* and *B* be two places between which it is desirable to form a railway, but that it is necessary to rise to the elevation of *C*, and then descend on the opposite side. Let *A C* and *C B* be each equal to one mile, and the rise *C c* equal to 95 feet, then the power necessary to carry 1 ton from

A to *B* will be as follows:—From *A* to *C* 1 mile = 8lbs., friction + 4lbs., effect of gravity = 12lbs.; from *C* to *B* 1 mile, 8lbs., friction — 4lbs., effect of gravity + 4lbs., making + 12lbs. = 16, which is the same as though the road between *A* and *B* were level, at the rate of 8lbs. per ton per mile, because the additional resistance occasioned by the effect of gravity in ascending from *A* to *C*, 4lbs., would act as a propelling power when the goods descended from *C* to *B*, and therefore must be deducted, which would cause the whole power to be 16lbs. for the 2 miles, or 8lbs. per mile as on a level.

FIGURE 2.



Again, in figure 2, let *A* and *B* be the two places; then let *A C*, *C D*, *D B*, each equal 1 mile; *C c* = 9.5 feet, *D d* — 4.75 feet, and *B b* = 14.25, then the power necessary to convey one ton of goods from *A* to *B* will be as follows: 8lbs. per ton + 4lbs., effect of gravity = 12lbs.; from *C* to *D*, 1 mile = 8lbs. friction, — 2lbs., effect of gravity = 6lbs.; *D* to *B*, 8lbs. + 4lbs. effect of gravity = 12lbs., making 12 + 6 + 12 = 30lbs., at the rate of 10lbs. per mile, all same as raising from *A* to *B* in one plane, *A* to *B* being 3 miles, and

to b 14.55 feet, which would be 24lbs. friction, at the rate of 8lbs. per mile, and 6lbs. effect of gravity, at the rate of 2lbs. per mile, making 10lbs. per mile, the same as before. The effect of gravity in ascending one plane being counteracted by descending another; but this is not the case where the inclination of one plane exceeds 19 feet per mile, the inclination at which a body will descend the plane by its own gravity; because, suppose the planes $A\ C$ and $C\ B$, figure 1, to be each 1 mile, and the elevation $C\ c$ to be 31 feet, then the power necessary to carry one ton of goods from A to B will be as follows:— A to C = 8lbs. friction, gravity = 16lbs. = 24lbs.; but the resistance from A to C being only 8lbs. friction, we can only make use of 8lbs. out of the 16lbs. from the effect of gravity, 8lbs. of which is consequently lost; so that we see that the compensation for the effect of gravity is lost if the inclination of a plane exceeds 19 feet per mile, when the effect of gravity exceeds the friction.

On a railway constructed with variable gradients, the resistance of the load varies according to the angle of the plane on which it happens to be travelling, and as it follows that the engine must have sufficient power to overcome the greatest resistance, it will become necessary to employ an engine of greater power and weight than on a level road, where assistance is made use of to ascend the planes: it also follows, that the rate of travelling will vary also, because when an engine of sufficient power to overcome the resistance of the steepest inclined plane, at the rate of 30 miles an hour, which would be the most rapid rate of travelling; the engines are, therefore, exposed to considerably more wear and tear than if they were kept going at a regular speed. In addition

to which, a locomotive engine is not so well adapted to raise a weight as to overcome the friction, because when an engine ascends an inclined plane, the pressure on the plane is diminished, and consequently the adhesive power between the rails and the wheels of the carriage; and if the resistance should surpass the power of adhesion, all locomotion would cease.



Now, a railway, my young friends, constructed upon the principle of a series of level planes connected by steep inclined planes, has considerable advantages over one of variable gradients. In the first place, the engines act upon much more advantageous principles upon a level than they do

on inclined planes. Secondly, there is less loss of time in ascending to the necessary elevation at once, and then running a considerable distance upon a level, because the assistant power may be sufficient to maintain the regular speed on a level. Now, it will be seen, that on the first plane we can only obtain an average speed, whereas, on the latter, the engines travel at an uniform speed, and, therefore, admit of being made so that they will be less subject to wear; hence considerable advantages are procured by the latter over the former plan.



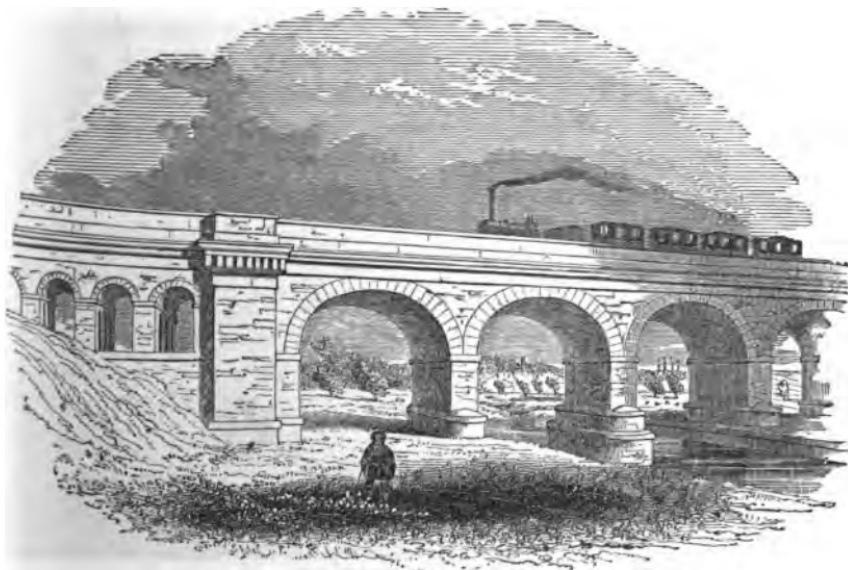
As it is necessary to employ a more powerful engine on a railway constructed upon the plan of the variable gradients,

so also, it requires a stronger rail to carry it ; whilst the rails will wear no longer, in point of traffic, than if the engine were lighter and the rails lighter, as the time they will last is according to the time they will carry the engines, which generally form the greatest load supported upon the same number of wheels in the train, but where powerful locomotive engines are used to assist on inclined planes, the rails require to be made stronger than the other part of the line ; that strength is only governed by the weight of the assistant engine, and only requires to be laid on that part where the assistant engine travels.

The next thing to be done, after the system of levels is agreed upon, is to trace a line for the railway, upon a survey of the country or map, in which we proceed in the following manner :—

The dry land is that portion of the earth sufficiently elevated to rise above the level of the ocean ; indeed we should naturally suppose that the general face of the country would rise from the sea-shore to the central parts, by noticing that all rivers flow towards the sea, some descending many feet perpendicularly, as in the case of waterfalls. It also follows that as rivers are nothing more than the drainage of the country through which they flow, they will in all cases occupy the lowest land in the neighbourhood, on account of all the water finding the lowest level. Thus, if we find two rivers whose direction is nearly parallel to each other, we may conclude that we have some high land between them. Also when the course of a river is very circuitous, we may consider that the country through which it flows is hilly. If we find that two rivers commence in the same place but proceed in two opposite directions

towards the sea, we shall find rising land from the sea to that part in the course of each river. With the assistance of these principles to guide us, and a good map, some idea may be formed as to the course we should follow to obtain a line of gradients that may suit our road. In the map used, all the rivers, ridges of high hills, brooks, &c., should be accurately marked.



Thus, the situation of the two places having been considered as to their probable difference of level, the country between should next be considered, and, if it is supposed to consist of high land, the lowest level will be indicated by the drainage, and if hilly, a gap in the chain may be found through which

we can conduct our line. Should the intervening land be marshy and have high land at the back, the best way would be to cross the marsh with a level embankment, and to ascend to sufficient height to obtain a long level by means of a steep inclined plane, in preference to ascending by a long inclined plane with a small inclination per mile, as I have before described. In this manner we ascertain the general nature of the country through which we have to pass, but as the land is generally undulating, the only way to find the best levels is by means of the levelling instrument in the field, with the assistance of judges and the eye, or where any particular level is required with the least cutting and embanking, the line which that line would follow on a map is found by cross levelling.

Having obtained a line that contains the least difference of level, it must be further reduced by means of embanking and cutting. The base of a railway is the breadth of the top of an embankment, or the bottom of a cutting, exclusive of the drains, and varies from fifteen to thirty feet; embankments and cuttings have their sides sloped, at about the rate of one foot perpendicular to one foot six horizontal. The cuttings have a drain on each side about two feet deep, and the embankments a brick drain at right angles to their length, where occasion may require.

Where a ridge of high land intersects the intended line of railway, that cannot be otherwise avoided, tunnelling is resorted to, and is approached by means of a cutting at each end. Tunnels should always be avoided where it is possible, both on account of the expense of constructing them, and the public feeling which is not greatly in favor of them. Where

the railway crosses a brook or stream, a bridge must be constructed for it, for the railway to pass, and where it intersects a turnpike road, an arch is constructed either over or under the road, as it is exceedingly inconvenient that they should cross upon the same level.

Such, my young friends, are a few remarks concerning railways—sufficient, I hope, to make you acquainted with the subject.



The Industrial Arts and Manufactures of Great Britain.

THE ART OF STAINING AND PAINTING GLASS.



HE art of colouring glass is nearly as ancient as that of its manufacture. Strabo, Seneca, and Pliny, all give evidence of the fact of glass being tinged with various colours in early times. From the Egyptian mummies, we have various specimens of it, as well as in the composition of mosaic decorations at a much later period ; and from the chemical examination of many ancient specimens by Klaproth, it appears that ancient glass was indebted to metallic oxides for its various hues, as it is at the present day. The metallic oxides used for the various colours have been already alluded to.

The ancients employed methods of converting coloured glass into representations of natural objects, which were extremely beautiful ; but the manner of producing this is now lost. They had a method of blending together, in one piece, numerous parts of an object, such as of a bird or flower, with such perfect assimilation as to be almost equal in beauty to

the most perfect miniature of our days. The object was represented through the whole body and substance of the glass, so that if cut transversely the flower or ornament would still be shown in all its symmetry of parts. Such paintings have on both sides a granular appearance, and seem to have been formed in the manner of mosaic works, of single pieces, but so accurately united that a powerful magnifying glass is unable to perceive any junctures. Numerous antique specimens of this kind of glass are to be found in the British Museum.

Leaving this description of coloured or stained glass, we come to that particular application of it among the splendid monuments of Gothic architecture, constituting as they do the pride and glory of the middle ages. Since the Reformation, the art of glass staining has been little encouraged, and was considered as an obsolete art by some; however, there were some very fine specimens of stained glass windows produced by Jervis Forrest during the last century, while in the present, the art seems to be again revived, and many of our modern churches boast of very superior productions.

The nature of making coloured glass by means of the oxides of various metals has already been adverted to, and from it we gather, that when certain metallic substances are made, through the agency of heat, to combine with colourless glass, the result is a stain which penetrates more or less deeply into the very substance of the glass itself.

The colouring materials are, in all cases, metallic; gold is employed for purple, a mixture of gold and silver give a rose-colour, iron a brick-red; iron, copper, and manganese, in various proportions, form browns and blacks; blue is obtained

from cobalt. Pure silver possesses the extraordinary property of staining glass yellow, when brought into contact with it at a dull-red heat.

Many compositions are used with these colours as fluxes, in order to promote their fusion when exposed to the heat of the furnace. A fluxing compound very generally used is made by the union of thirty-two parts of flint glass with twelve parts of pearl-ash, and two parts of borax. The fluxes and the colouring materials being thus ground together into a menstruum, this is further diluted and refined with volatile oil, such as turpentine, balsam of capivi, or gum-water, and the artist now proceeds to paint the colourless glass.

A pane of glass, with its pattern attached, is mounted upon the easel, and the figure is painted on the glass with the above prepared colours by means of long-haired sable pencils. The figure intended to be represented may be copied from a pattern laid underneath the glass, or from a design previously prepared. The shading and colouring are sometimes performed on opposite sides of the glass.

When all the tints are laid on and are thoroughly dried, the glass is ready for the first burning. The painted panes are taken separately and placed in a box of iron plate, called a muffle. This muffle is furnished with shelves of iron plate, covered with powdered lime, to prevent the glass coming in contact with the hot metal surface. The muffle is now placed within a furnace, and the contents are gradually brought to a dull, red heat, by means of a fuel that does not produce flame, for which purpose coke and charcoal are usually employed. The heat produced must be exactly sufficient to fuse the flux, by which means the colouring material

becomes firmly united to one surface of the glass. Hollow tubes pass out from the furnace into the air, through which the process of burning-in the colours can be observed; and it requires the watchful eye of experience to detect the precise moment when the process is complete. The fire is then damped, and allowed to go out gradually, and in ten or twelve hours, the glass slowly cooling and annealing all the while, the process is completed.

When the glass is removed from the muffle, the colours are scraped and brushed separately. If any faults or flaws appear, the colour is again applied, and a second burning is adopted. The second burning also removes spots or stains, and serves to heighten the colours. The colouring matter of the most valuable stains, which has been scraped or brushed from the glass, is again susceptible of use, as only a small portion of that laid on is absorbed by the glass. The process of the second or third firing is conducted in a similar manner with the first.

In many painted windows the subjects exhibited are those of figures in robes, &c. In these, the face and other parts are painted on a piece of glass of the required form, but the drapery, &c., are cut out from pieces of glass to which various stains have been applied. These irregular pieces are built up in the picture, the joints being made with glazier's lead, care being taken to throw such joints into the shaded parts of the picture.

In addition to the above modes of staining glass, another mode is resorted to when possible. It consists of melting common glass, or its ingredients, mixed with the colouring matter, in a melting pot, in the same way that ordinary glass

is made. Here the resulting panes are coloured throughout their substance, and the glass is called pot-metal.

Another mode consists in flashing ; that is uniting a thin layer of coloured glass with another layer which is colourless. The coloured layer is sometimes included between two layers of uncoloured glass. Such glass is thus prepared :—

The glass-blower has two melting-pots in the furnace—one containing plain and the other coloured glass, each in a melted state ; he dips his rod first into the plain glass and then into the coloured, a portion of which adheres to the lump first taken up. If it is desired to enclose the coloured film between two colourless layers, he again dips his rod into the colourless glass. He then proceeds with the process of blowing and whirling, as in the ordinary manufacture of the ordinary crown glass for windows.

It is a singular fact that the art of glass painting, practised with such success during former ages from one end of Europe to the other, should gradually have fallen into such disuse, that, in the beginning of the last century, it came to be generally considered a lost art. In the course of the eighteenth century, however, the art again began to attract attention, and many attempts were made to revive it. It was soon found by modern artists that, by employing the processes always in use by enamel painters, the works of the old masters on glass might, in most instances, be successfully imitated ; but they were totally unable to produce any imitation whatever of that glowing red, which shed each extraordinary brilliancy over the ancient windows that still adorn so many of our churches. For this splendid colour they possessed no substitute, until a property peculiar to silver

alone among all the metals, was discovered, which will presently be described.

The art of enamelling on glass differs little from the well-known art of enamelling on other substances. The colouring materials, which are exclusively metallic, are prepared, as has been before remarked, by being ground up with a flux—that is a very fusible glass, composed of silex, flint glass, lead, and borax; the colour, with its flux, is then mixed with volatile oil, and laid on with a brush. The pane of glass, thus enamelled, is exposed to a dull, red heat, just sufficient to soften and unite together the particles of the flux, by which means the colour is perfectly fixed on the glass. Treated in this way, as we have said above, gold yields a purple, gold and silver a rose-colour, iron a brick-red, cobalt a blue, mixtures of iron, copper, and manganese brown and black. Copper which yields the green in common enamel painting is not found to produce a good colour when applied the same way to glass, and viewed by a transmitted light; for a green, therefore, recourse is often had to glass coloured blue on one side and red on the other. To obtain a yellow, silver alone is employed, which, either in the metallic or any other form, possesses the singular property of imparting a transparent stain, when exposed to a low, red heat, in contact with glass. This stain is either orange or red, according to circumstances. For this purpose a flux is used; the prepared silver is merely ground up with ochre or clay, and applied in a thick layer upon the glass. When removed from the surface, the silver is found not at all adhering to the glass; it is easily scraped off, leaving a transparent stain, which penetrates to a certain depth. If a large proportion of ochre has been employed, the stain is

yellow, if a small proportion it is orange-coloured ; and by repeated exposure to the fire, without any additional colouring matter, the orange may be converted into red. This conversion of orange into red is a matter of much nicety, in which experience only can ensure success. Till within a few years this was the only bright red in use amongst modern glass painters ; and though the best specimens certainly produce a fine effect, yet it will not bear comparison with the red employed in such profusion by the old artists.

Besides the enamels and stains above described, artists, whenever the subjects will allow of it, make use of panes coloured throughout their substance in the glass-house melting-pot, because the perfect transparency of such glass gives brilliancy of effect which enamel colouring, always more or less opaque, cannot equal. It was to a glass of this kind that the old glass-painters owed their splendid red. This, in fact, is the only point in which the modern and ancient processes differ, and this is the only part of the art which was ever really lost. Instead of blowing plates of solid red, the old glass-makers used to flash a thin layer of red over a substratum of plain glass. Their process must have been such as we have already described as in use at present, so as to obtain on the surface of the glass, a very thin stratum of the desired colour. That such was the method in use, an attentive examination of old specimens affords sufficient evidence.

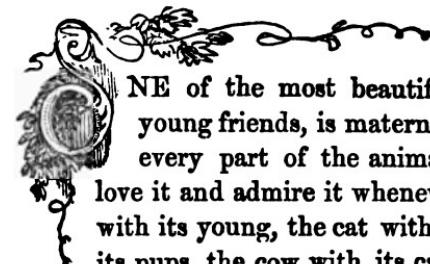
The material employed by the old glass-makers to tinge their glass red was the protoxide of copper ; but in the decline of the art of glass-painting, the manufacture of red glass of course ceased, and all knowledge of the art became so entirely extinct, that the notion generally prevailed that the colour in

question was derived from gold. In 1793, the French Government actually collected a quantity of old red glass from the destruction of church and cathedral windows, with the view of extracting the gold by which it was supposed to be coloured.

The difficulty of the art of making this glass consists in the proneness of the copper to pass from the state of protoxide into that of peroxide, in which latter state it tinges glass green. One curious circumstance deserves to be noticed, which is, that glass containing copper, when removed from the melting pot, sometimes only exhibits a faint greenish tinge; yet, in this state, nothing more than simple exposure to a gentle heat is requisite to throw out a brilliant red.



Maternal Affection.



ONE of the most beautiful things in nature, my young friends, is maternal affection. We see it in every part of the animal world, and we ought to love it and admire it whenever we see it. The bird with its young, the cat with its kittens, and bitch with its pups, the cow with its calf—how enduring is their affection, and how touching to see its exemplification in a thousand little instances. But more than all these is the affection of a woman for her child. Little do you know it, for you are perhaps not old enough to understand the depths of a mother's love, or of that holy and enduring affection with which she will undergo neglect, ill-treatment, even disdain—for her offspring. The following story will illustrate the strength of maternal affection generally found among savage nations.

In the year 1814, a trader married a beautiful squaw of one of the most distinguished families in the Omawhaw nation. This match, on the part of the husband, was induced by the following circumstances :—



• Maternal Affection.



Being an enterprising and active man, he had introduced the American trade among the Missouri Indians, among whom he had gained great influence by his bravery and upright conduct. At length, however, perceiving that his influence was on the decline, in consequence of the artifices of rival traders, and that his customers were gradually forsaking him, he resolved to regain the ground he had lost, by marrying into some powerful family of the Omawhaws.

He selected a squaw whose family and friends were such as he desired. According to the Indian custom, he addressed himself to her parents, told them that he loved their daughter, that he was sorry to see her in the state of poverty common to her nation, and although he possessed a wife among the white people, yet he wished to have one also among the Omawhaw nation.

He said, if they would give him their daughter in marriage he would promise to treat her kindly, and as he had commenced a permanent trading establishment in their country, he would remain a part of his time every year with them, as the nature of his occupation required. His trading-house should be her home, and that of her people during her life, as he had never intended to abandon the trade.

In return, he expressed his expectation that, when he should have become connected with them by marriage, the nation would give him the refusal of their peltries, in order that he might be able to fulfil his engagement with them. He further promised that, if the match proved fruitful, the children should be made known to the white people, and would probably be qualified to continue the trade after her death.

The parents then retired to communicate the proposal to

their daughter. They told her that the trader was a great man—greater than any of the Omawhaws ; that he would do much for her and for them, and they hoped she would accept his offer.

She said that all they mentioned was no doubt true, and that she was willing to become his wife.

The bargain being thus concluded, the trader made presents according to the custom of the nation, and conducted his interesting prize to his house.

The next spring he departed for the settlements, leaving her, of course, at the trading-house.

The ensuing autumn she had the pleasure to see him return having now become most ardently attached to him. Upon his visit the following season, she presented him with a fine daughter, born during his absence, and whom she had reared with the fondest attention. With her infant in her arms, she had daily seated herself on the bank of the river, and gazed down, that she might gain the earliest notice of his approach.

Thus time passed on. The second year the father greeted a son. At this time he obtained his squaw's reluctant consent to take their daughter with him on his return voyage to the country of the white people. But no sooner had he commenced his voyage, than her maternal fondness overpowered her, and she ran crying and screaming along the river-side in pursuit of the boat, tearing her long hair, and appearing almost bereft of reason.

On her return home, she gave away everything she possessed, cut off her hair, and went into deep mourning. She often said that she knew that her daughter would be better

off with her father among the white people than at home, but she could not help regarding her own situation to be the same as if the Wahconda had taken away her child for ever.

One day, being out in the field with six other squaws, her little boy being secured in his cradle-like board, which she had carefully leaned against a tree at a short distance, they were discovered by a war-party of Sioux, who rushed towards them with the hope and expectation of securing all their scalps.

In her surprise and fright, she fled precipitately; but, suddenly recollecting her child, she swiftly returned full in the face of the Sioux, snatched up her child, and turned to save its life, more precious to her than her own. She was closely pursued by one of the enemy. She succeeded in reaching a fence which separated her from the trading-house. A moment's hesitation here would have been fatal, and, exerting all her strength, she threw the child with its board as far as she could on the opposite side, and then, with the agility of a fawn, sprang over herself.

Four of the squaws were tomahawked. The others, of which the mother was one, escaped, having borne off her child uninjured.

When the trader arrived at the settlement, he found that his white wife had died during his absence. Some time after he married another, a very amiable young lady. The second season after this event, his wife accompanied him on his annual voyage up the Missouri to his trading-house, the abode of his squaw.

Previous to his arrival, however, he sent a messenger to prevent his squaw from appearing in the presence of his wife.

She was accordingly sent off to a village of her nation about sixty miles distant.

But she could not remain there, and soon returned with her little boy on her back, and remained in a tent near the trading-house. She sent her son to his father, who treated him with much affection.

The next day the trader sent for the squaw, and after making her some presents, directed her to accompany her friends who were on their way to the hunting-ground.

She departed without a murmur, as it not uncommon for the Omawhaws to send off one of their wives, while they remain with the favourite one.

About two months after, the trader sent for her. Overjoyed at what she considered her good fortune, she lost no time in presenting herself before her husband, whom she tenderly loved. But great was the disappointment that awaited her. The trader demanded the surrender of her child —renounced any future conversation with herself, and directed her to return to her people, and dispose of herself in any way she chose.

Overpowered with her feelings at this demand, and at being thus cast off, she ran from the house, snatched up her child, sprang with him into a little boat on the river, paddled to the opposite side, and made her escape with the boy into the forest.

The night was cold, and attended with a storm of snow and hail. Reflecting upon her disconsolate situation, she resolved to return again in the morning, and with the feelings of a wife and mother to plead her cause before her husband, upon whom she believed she had claims paramount to those of any other individual.

Accordingly she presented herself before him, and addressed him as follows :—

“ Here is our child ; I know you love him, but he is still more dear to me. You say you will keep him for yourself, and drive me from him. But no ! I will remain with him. I can find some corner into which I can creep in order to be near him, and sometimes see him. If you will not give me food, I will still remain until I starve before your eyes.”

The trader then offered her a considerable present, desiring her at the same time to go and leave the child ; but she said,—“ Is my child a dog that I should sell him for merchandize. You may beat me, and ill-use me, but still I will remain. When you married me you promised to treat me kindly. I was then a young girl, and might have married an Omawhaw chief ; but now I am an old woman, and no one will regard me. Do not, do not take my child from my breast. I cannot bear to hear it cry, and not be present to relieve it. Let me at least retain him till spring, when he will be able to eat, and then—if it must be so—take him from my sight, that I may have to part with him at once.”

Seeing that she would not be induced to leave her child, the trader informed her that she might remain there if she pleased, but her son should be immediately sent down to the settlement.

The affectionate mother hearing this savage determination from the trader—looked for a while at him with a tearful gaze, and in an agony of grief clasping her baby to her heart, sank down as it were lifeless to the earth.

“ Now is the time,” said the trader, and attempting to move the child from her impassioned embrace, two of his attendants

assisted him in the wicked work, but the mother suddenly revived from her swoon, and throwing herself back in an attitude of defiance, seized a boar-spear which happened to be within her reach, cried out wildly, "Touch him not or you die."

The trader stood for a moment paralyzed, but quickly recovering himself, called out, "Down with her," and one of his slaves advanced, but the mother was too nimble for him, and evading his grasp, stuck the point of her spear into his side, and with the quickness of lightning, sprung backwards towards the forest.

The trader immediately called for his gun, and some others of his household joining him, the whole immediately went in chase of the fugitive woman, determined to shoot her rather than let her escape.

The way lay through the almost impenetrable forest, but the cries of the child guided them in the direction the mother took. They followed on with their guns cocked and made ready.

At last they came to the top of the ravine. The mother scaled its sides with the agility of a fawn, bearing her child in her arms. The trader followed—but before they had reached the top, they saw the poor squaw on the branch of a tree, which had fallen across the roaring stream, and which served as a bridge, attempting to pass over to the other side. "There she is," cried the unfeeling man. "Fire!" His followers fired and he fired—but the mother and her child were unscathed, and she disappeared in the bush on the other side of the stream.

The trader and his men hurried after her but the temporary





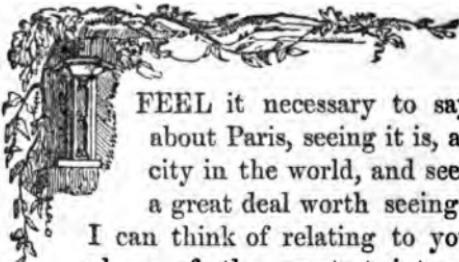
bridge which bore easily the weight of one person, would not bear the weight of three, and as all in their hurry of pursuit rushed upon it at one time, the whole came down with a loud crash, and the trader and his attendants were precipitated into the stream below, a fearful fall of more than a hundred feet.

In the fall the trader was killed ; the three servants or slaves, more fortunate, escaped with severe bruises, but they desisted from farther pursuit. The poor squaw returned to her tribe with her child in safety, and, in process of time, the child grew up to be a man, and became the stay and prop of his mother's age.

This was as it should be, and I trust that those who read this story will never forget how holy and pure a thing is maternal love ; and ever remember how much a mother will do for her child.



Something more about the City of Paris.



FEEL it necessary to say a few words more about Paris, seeing it is, after London, the first city in the world, and seeing that there is in it a great deal worth seeing—more, indeed, than I can think of relating to you here. One of the places of the greatest interest in Paris, is that Institution, which is the receptacle of old soldiers, and which is to Paris what our Chelsea Hospital is to London ; I mean the Home of Invalids.

This place was founded by Louis XIV., and was eight years in building. It contains accommodation for eight thousand veterans, who have fought and bled for their country. The building is composed of five courts, and as you enter, on the right and left are four grand *salles à manger*, or dining-rooms. The officers have separate rooms, but they dine in mess. These dining-rooms are ornamented with rude designs, in fresco, of fortified towns and places in Holland, Flanders, Spain, &c.

Above the dining-rooms are the sleeping apartments, con-

sisting of eight spacious rooms, and below them on one side is the larder, in which there are several stupendous cooking-apparatuses. Not far from this, which is devoted to food for the body, is a room which presents food for the mind, *i.e.*, a library which contains 30,000 volumes, and here is a portrait of the Emperor, Napoleon III. In a room close by is a large quantity of models of the principal strongholds of France.



There are three chapels connected with this Institution, the altar-pieces of which are very imposing. Here too, are hanging the flags of conquered nations. There are a great many African trophies. In various parts of the church are monuments to celebrated military men. The centre chapel is surmounted with a fine dome, 328 feet in height to the top. The entire pavement underneath is laid with various devices relating to the Empire. There are six minor chapels under the dome, adorned with Corinthian pilasters. The last addition is the Tomb of Napoleon the

Great, which is daily resorted to by hundreds of persons, especially old soldiers of the Empire. From the centre dome is suspended a collection of colours, said to amount to three thousand.

My next visit was to the Luxembourg, a noble building constructed by Marie de Medicis, wife of Henry IV. The Hall of the Councils of State—the French House of Lords, or Chamber of Peers is exceedingly well adapted for deliberation. The peers' chairs are arranged in semi-circles, and in the middle of the dais, in a recess, are placed the chairs of the president and secretaries. The ceiling of this room is finely painted. In front of the president's chair is the bust of the Emperor.

There is a noble library connected with this palace, and a gallery of paintings containing the finest works of French artists. The garden connected with the palace is very beautiful, and is luxuriantly ornamented with orange trees. A large sheet of water spreads itself in front of the building, and beyond it is the botanical garden connected with the school of medicine. The observatory close by is a square building with octagonal towers. The north hall is adorned with good paintings representing the signs of the Zodiac. On the ground floor is a well, 170 feet deep, formerly used for viewing the stars in the day time. On the first floor are various telescopes and astronomical instruments, in the second floor are other matters connected with the science of astronomy, maps, &c., calculating tables, the dial of an anemometer which indicates the direction of the wind, and two pluviometers for showing the quantity of rain which falls at Paris. At the bottom of the well are a series of caverns which commu-

nicate with the subterranean galleries formed by the ancient quarries, and extending under all parts of Paris. In these caverns are some very beautiful stalactites, formed by the water filtering through the rocks.

The next place I reached was the Bourse or Exchange, where all the great money transactions are made. It is a very fine building, and thought to be one of the most elegant



in Europe. Over the entrance is inscribed "*Bourse et Tribunal de Commerce.*" In the centre of the building, on the ground floor, is the grand place of meeting of the stock-brokers, merchants, and agents. It is of the Doric order, the basements of which, as well as the sides of the hall, are of marble. In the arcades are inscribed some of the principal mercantile cities in the world. Some of the paintings are very good, they are what are called mono-chrome drawings, that is drawings in one colour, which look like bas reliefs. One represents France receiving due tributes of the four quarters of the world. Then we have the City of Paris, with the genius of commerce, and other allegorical groups.

Not very far from the Bourse is the Halle au Blé or Corn

Market, which is built of cast iron. It has a circular roof, formed by supporting columns, and an arcade of twenty-five arches placed round the inner area, and behind these are various spacious galleries, upon which are piled sacks of flour and corn. The place, it is said, will contain at least thirty thousand sacks. On the outside of the edifice and attached to the wall is an astronomical column, which Catherine de Medicis ordered to be built in 1572. It is of the Doric style of architecture, and is 95 feet high.

Another celebrated place in Paris is the Palace of Justice, an immense pile of buildings, opposite the river near the Pont Neuf, and was originally the residence of the Kings of France. It is here that the judicial courts are held. In the centre court is a fine monument to that upright minister, Malesherbes.

On one side of the palace is seen the church of St. Chepelle, which is a beautiful specimen of the gothic style of architecture, and its windows are filled with beautiful stained glass of very ancient date, much of it being more than 600 years old. This church, with its relics, is said to have cost St. Louis a quarter of a million of money. Among the relics are the crown of thorns, worn by our Saviour, (as asserted,) bought for a sum equal to twenty thousand pounds. There is, besides, Moses's rod, and some of the precious manna, and over these a lamp is kept burning night and day.

Close to these buildings is the Conciergerie, a celebrated prison, which is appropriated for the reception of prisoners who are under trial. It is a dark, grim-looking place, and as you enter among the portals it strikes you with awe. At

the end of one of the courts is a long dark gallery where the Princess Elizabeth, the sister of Louis XVI. was confined. Another room was the prison of Robespierre ; in another, now transformed into an expiatory chapel, Marie Antoinette



was confined. The dark vaults beneath, are very numerous, and you cannot quit them without a shudder. There, 239 persons were inhumanly murdered in the year 1792.

I next visited the celebrated Catacombs, which are immense receptacles for the bones of the dead. They were formerly stone quarries, and extend under the surface of at least one-sixth portion of the whole of Paris. The quantities of stone which were taken out of these quarries for building have been estimated at 10,000,000 cubic metres, and with this stone was built a great part of the city of Paris. They remained void spaces till about the year 1780, when Lenoir, General of Police, thought of converting them into sepulchres for the dead ; and then all the bodies from the different

churchyards in Paris were removed into them ; they were brought by night, on funeral cars, covered by a pall, while priests followed, chaunting the service of the dead. At first the bones were heaped up without any order ; but, in 1810, they were all cleaned and arranged—the arm-bones being put in one place, and the thigh-bones in another ; they were intersected by rows of sculls, *tastefully* arranged—for the French display taste in everything.

Another object of great interest in Paris, or rather a little out of Paris, is the Church of St. Denis, which is about six miles to the north of the city. It is a noble church, and may be called the Westminster Abbey of France. Here lie the bones of St. Denis, and here are the tombs of Guesclin and Turenne. Here are to be seen the standard of Clovis, the sceptre and sword of Charlemagne, the portrait and sword of the Maid of Orleans, the bronze chair of Dagobert, and an immense number of relics and curiosities, but many more were dispersed at the Great Revolution. The tomb of St. Dagobert is a beautiful specimen of pointed architecture, and close by it are the magnificent tombs of Louis XII. and Henry VI. On the opposite side is the tomb of Francis I., and on the side of the northern door, a column to the memory of Henry VII., who was assassinated in 1589, on the other side is one to the memory of Francis I.

This abbey was elaborately restored by Louis Phillippe, and the effect of the painted glass, gilding, tracery, and various architectural displays is wonderful. Below the church the scene is, if anything, more interesting, for there are hundreds of monuments to dead kings and heroes. Their remains once rested there, but, in the fury of first Revolution,

the sacred ashes were all dug up, and scattered to the winds.

The principal church within the city of Paris, is that of the Madeleine ; it is built in the form of a Grecian temple, and is 326 feet in length, 150 in breadth, and about 800 feet high. The bas relief in front represents the Madeleine at the feet of Jesus, supplicating the forgiveness of sinners, supported by Faith, Hope, and Charity. Below the pediment are a pair of beautiful bronze doors, ornamented with bassi reliefs of the judgment of God, and other subjects. The interior of this celebrated church is very elegant and beautiful ; the high altar is most grand, and the sculpture upon it represents a Magdalen carried to heaven by angels ; on pedestals on each side of the front angles is an archangel in prayer ; around the chapel, in arched spaces under the ceiling, are frescos, illustrating the life of the Madeleine. It is impossible to describe all the paintings and ornaments that glow from the splendid roof and sides of this wonderful edifice, and of the beautiful pillars, arches, friezes, entablatures, all glowing with gold, and rich with the most beautiful coloured marbles : this church alone is worth the trouble of going to Paris to see. The roof is composed entirely of iron and copper—not a splinter of wood being used in the whole construction ; and, as a whole, is a most beautiful specimen of architecture.

I next went to view the porcelain manufactory at Sevrés, the museum of which delighted me exceedingly. It contains an enormous quantity of foreign china, and of the materials used in the manufacture in general. In addition to the productions of modern art, there are Etruscan vases and antique

pottery of all kinds, Greek, Roman, and Gallic. Some of the cabinets contained beautiful specimens of the porcelain of China, Japan, and India; others those of England, Saxony, Spain, the Netherlands, Portugal, &c. There are other cabinets full of articles made on the spot, and the whole is a fine treat to witness.

Another wonderful place in Paris is the Jardin des Plantes. (Garden of Plants.) This, however, is an ill-chosen name, as the whole establishment includes natural history, anatomy, and mineralogy. The botanic Garden contains upwards of 20,000 plants, arranged according to the system of Jussieu. Every specimen is labelled. In another part of the garden are to be seen the most beautiful trees of New Holland, the Cape of Good Hope, and America. There is also a menagerie, which is, however, a poor affair compared with the one we have in the Regent's Park. At the end of the garden is the museum, containing a large collection of works in Natural History. There are a large number of M S S., and paintings of fruits and flowers which are very good; they are upon vellum, and fill a hundred portfolios, with upwards of 6,000 drawings.

The cabinet of zoology is 390 feet in length, and here are 500 species of stuffed mammalia, 5,000 fishes, 1,800 reptiles, and 25,000 invertebrated animals, besides shells, tubipores, madrepores, millepores, corallines, and sponges, in all nearly 20,000 specimens.

The most celebrated feature of the Museum is the cabinet of comparative anatomy, which is said to be the richest in existence. On the ground-floor are the skeletons of various marine animals, and many skeletons of the human species,

from all quarters of the globe; and after these are skeletons of nearly the whole of the known quadrupeds. A suite of nine rooms, contain the *heads* of birds and fishes; another room contains nothing but teeth. Another room contains a collection of sculls, and casts of the sculls of celebrated characters; and another, preparations of the internal parts of animals, or models in wax. In another room are the several periods of the formation of the chick within the egg.

The collection of minerals and fossils is very good, and numbers above 70,000 specimens. The botanical gallery is a general display of herbs, and would have astonished old Culpepper. It contains nearly 100,000 specimens. Below the upper shelves of the ores is a collection of woods of all kinds, with specimens of the bark, leaves, roots, and fruit; and in the centre of the rooms, under glass-cases, are models of all the fungus family, in wax. There is also a collection of fossil plants, from the coal formations. The total number of specimens of dried plants is 1,000,000.

There are many other noble sights to be seen in Paris; and I regret my space will not allow me to say more concerning them; and as the trip to Paris is a very cheap one, I should advise all my young friends to buy a little volume on the subject, not long since published, called "Peter Parley's peep at Paris," which they may take as their hand-book, and go to see Paris for themselves to advantage.



The King and the Miller of Mansfield.



HAVE often remarked that it has been a favourite subject with our English Ballad-makers to represent our Kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, beside this story of "the King and the Miller," we have others, such as "King Edward IV. and the Tanner;" "King Henry VIII. and the Cobbler;" and "James I. and the Tinker." One of the best for young people is the following.

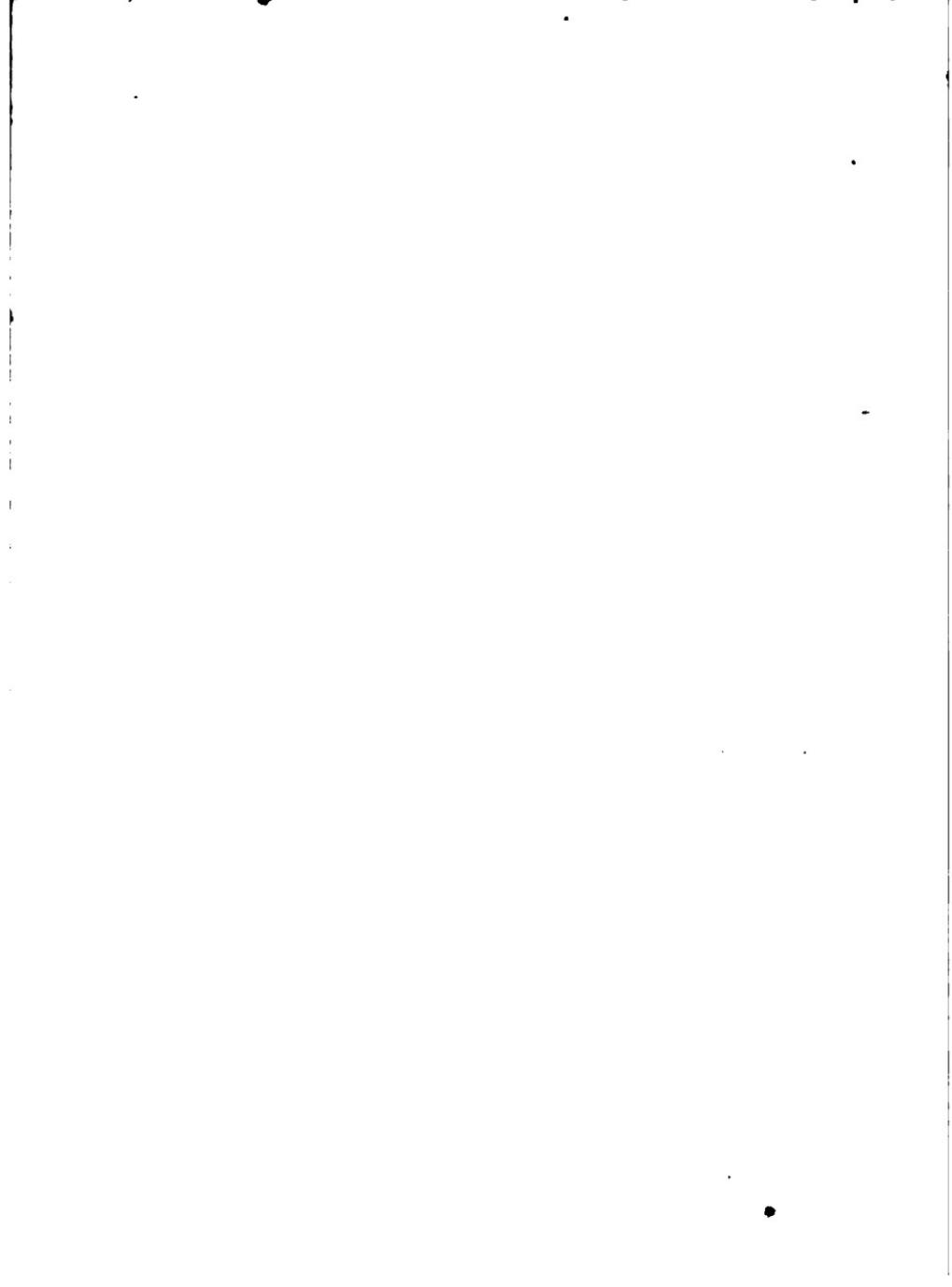
The King and the Miller of Mansfield.

PART THE FIRST.

HENRY our royal king, would ride a hunting
To the greene forest so pleasant and faire ;
To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping ;
Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire ;
Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd
For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summers day rode the king pleasantly,
With all his princes and nobles eche one,
Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gallantlye.
Till the dark evening forc'd all to turn home.





Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearilie all alone, up and downe,
With a rude miller he mett at the last,
Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham ;
Sir, quoth the miller, I meane not to jest,
Yet I thinke, what I thinke, sooth for to say,
You doe not lightly ride out of your way."

Why, what dost thou think of me? quoth our king merrily,
Passing thy judgment upon me so brief?
Good faith, say'd the miller, I meane not to flatter thee ;
I guess thee to bee but some gentleman thiefe ;
Stand thee backe in the darke ; light not adowne,
Lest that I presentlye crack thy knaves crowne.

Thou dost abuse me much, quoth the king, saying thus ;
I am a gentleman ; lodging I lacke !
Thou hast not, quoth th' miller, one groat in thy purse ;
All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe !
*I have gold to discharge all that I call ;
If it be forty pence, I will pay all.

If thou beest a true man, then quoth the miller,
I'll sweare by my toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all night ;
Here's my hand, quoth the king, that was I ever—
Nay! soft, quoth the miller, thou may'st be a sprite.
Better I'll know thee ; ere hands we will shake ;
With none but honest men hands will I take.

Thus they went all along unto the millers house ;
Where they were seething of puddings and souse ;
The miller first enter'd in, after him went the king ;
Never came hee in so smoakyne a house.
Now, quoth hee, let me see here what you are !
Quoth our king, look youre fill, and doe not spare.

• The King says this.

I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face ;
 With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye.
 Quoth his wife, by my troth, it is a handsome youth,
 Yet it's best, husband, to deal warily.
 Art thou no run away, pry'thee, youth tell ?
 Show me thy passport, and all shall be well.

Then our king presentlye, making lowe courtesye,
 With his hatt in his hand, thus he did say—
 I have no passport, nor never was servitor,
 But a poor courtyer rode out of my way ;
 And for your kindness here offered to mee,
 I will requite you in everye degree."

Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretlye,
 Saying, it seemeth, this youth's of good kin,
 Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners ;
 To turn him out, certainlye, were a great sin."
 Yea ! quoth hee, you may see, he hath some grace
 When he doth speake to his betters in place.

Well ! quoth the millers wife, young man ye're welcome here,
 And, though I say it, well lodged shall be,
 Fresh straw will I have laid, on thy bed so brave,
 And good brown hempen sheets likewise, quoth she.
 Aye ! quoth the good man, and when that is done,
 Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own sonne.

Nay first, quoth Richard, good-fellowe, tell me true,
 Hast thou noe creatures in thy gay hose ?
 Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado ?"
 I pray, quoth the king, what creatures are those ?
 Art thou not somewhat scabby, my friend, sayeth he,
 If thou beest, surely thou lyest not with mee.

This caus'd the king suddenlye, to laugh most heartilye,
 Till the teares trickled fast downe from his eyes ;
 Then to their supper were they set orderlye,
 With hot bag-puddings and good apple-pyes,
 Nappy ale, good and stale, and in a browne bowle,
 Which did about the board merrilye trowle.

Here, quoth the miller, good fellowe, I drinke to thee,
And to all good fellows, wherever they bee !
I pledge the, quoth our king, and thanke the heartilye,
For my good welcome in everye degree,
And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne !
Do then, quoth Richard, and qnicke let it come.

Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me some lightfoote,
And of his sweetnesse a little we'll taste.
A fair ven'son pastye brought she out presentlye ;
Eate, quoth the miller, but, sir, make no waste.
Here's dainty lightfoote. In faith, sayd the king,
I never before eat so daintye thing.

I wis, quoth Richard, no daintye at all it is,
For we doe eat it everye daye.
In what place, sayd our king, may be bought like to this ?
We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay ;
From merry Sherwood, we fetch it home here ;
Now and then we make free with our king's deer.

Then I thinke, sayd our king, that it is venison.
Eche foole, quoth Richard, full well may know that :
Never are wee without two or three in the roof,
Very well fleshed, and excellent fat ;
But, prythee, saye nothing wherever thou goe,
We would not for two pence, the king should it knowe.

Doubt not then, sayd the king, my promist secresy,
The king shall never know more on't for mce.
A cupp of lambs-wool they dranke unto him then,
And to their bedds they past presentlie.
The nobles, next morning, went all up and downe,
For to seeke out the king in everye towne.

At last at the millers "cott," soon they espy'd him out,
As he was mounting upon his faire steede,
To whom they came presently, falling down on their knee ;
Which made the millers heart wofully bleede,
Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang'd, by the rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed :
The miller downe did fall, crying before them all,
Doubting the king would have cut off his head.
But his kind courtesye for to requite,
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight.

PART THE SECOND.

WHEN as our royll king came home from Nottingham,
And with his nobles at Westminster lay ;
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken,
In this late progress along on the way ;
Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
The miller of Mansfield's sport liked him best.

And now, my lords, quoth the king, I am determined
Against St. Georges next sumptuous feast,
That this old miller, our new confirm'd knight,
With his son Richard, shall here be my guest ;
For, in this merryment, 'tis my desire,
To talke with the jolly knight, and the young squire.

When as the noble lords saw the kinges pleasantness,
They were right joyfull and glad in their hearts ;
A pursuivant there was sent straighte on the business,
The which had often-times been in those parts.
When he came to the place, where they did dwell,
His message orderlye then 'gan he tell.

God save your worshippe, then said the messenger,
And grant your ladye her own hearts desire ;
And to your sonne Richard good fortune and happiness ;
That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire.
Our king greets you well, and thus doth he say,
You must come to the court on St. George's day.





Therfore, in any case, fail not to be in place !

I wis, quoth the miller, this is an odd jest ;
What should we doe there ? faith I'm halfe afraid !

I doubt, quoth Richard, to be hang'd at the least
Nay, quoth the messenger, you doe mistake ;
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake.

Then, sayd the miller, By my troth, messenger,

Thou hast contented my worshippe full well.

Hold ! here are three farthings, to 'quite thy gentleness,

For these happy tydings, which thou dost tell.

Let me see, hear thou mee ; tell to our king,

We'll wayt on his mastershipp in everye thing.

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicitye,

And, making many leggs, tooke their reward ;
And his leave taking with great humilitye ;

To the kings court againe he repair'd,

Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,

The knights most liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus, 'gan the miller say,

Here come expenses, and charges indeed,
Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend all we have,

For of new garments we have great need ;

Of horses and serving-men we must have store,

With bridles, and saddles, and twentye things more.

Tushe, Sir John, quoth his wife, why should you frown,

You shall ne'er be att no charges for mee,
For I will turne and trim up my old russet gowne,

With everye thing else as fine may bee ;

And on our mill-horses swift wee will ride,

With pillowes and pannells, as we shall provide.

In this most statelye sort, rode they unto the court,

Their jolly sonne Richard rode foremost of all ;
Who sat up, for good hap,* a cocks feather in his cap,

And so they jetted downe to the kings hall ;

* For good hap, i. e. for good luck.

The merry old miller with hands on his side ;
His wife, like maid Marian, did mince at that tide.

The king and his nobles that heard of their coming,
Meeting this gallant knight and his brave traine ;
Welcome, sir knight, quoth he, with your gay lady ;
Good Sir John Cockle, once welcome againe,
And so is the squire of courage soe free,
Quoth Dick, A bott's on you ! do you know mee ?

Quoth our king, gentlye, how should I forget thee ?
Thou wast my owne bed-fellowe, well it I wot ;
Yea, sir, quoth Richard, and, by the same token,
Thou, with thy loud snoring, didst beat my old sow.
Thy groaning, and grunting, and twisting about,
Didst make me well wish, of my bed, to be out.

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
While the king taketh them both by the hand ;
With the court-dames and maids, like to the Queen-of-Spades,
The millers wife did soe orderlye stand.
A milk-maids courtesye at every wold,
And downe all the folks were set to the board.

There the king royally, in princelye majestye,
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight ;
When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,
And, in a bowle of wine dranke to the knight ;
Here's to you both, in wine, ale, and beer,
Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.

Quoth Sir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle,
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire ;
But then, sayd our king, now I think of a thing,
Some of your lightfoote I would we had here ;
Ho ! ho ! quoth Richard, full well may I say it,
'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it.

Why art thou angry? quoth our king merrily;
 In faith, I take it now very unkind:
 I thought thou wouldest pledge me in ale and wine heartily.
 Quoth Dicke, You are liker to stay till I have din'd:
 You feed us with twatling dishes see small:
 Zounds, a blacke pudding is better than all.

Aye, marry, quoth our king, that were a daintye thing,
 Could a man get but one here for to eate;
 With that, Dicke straite arose, and plukt one from from
 his hose,
 Which, with heat of his boote 'gan to sweate.
 The king made a proffer to snatch it away;—
 'Tis meat for your master: good sir, you must stay.

Thus, in great merriment, was the time wholly spent:
 And then the ladyes prepared to dance,
 Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard, incontinent,
 Unto their places the king did advance.
 Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,
 The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.

Many thankes for their paines did the king give them,
 Asking young Richard, then, if he would wed,
 Among these ladyes free, tell me which liketh thee?"
 Quoth he, Jugg Grumball, Sir, with the red head:
 She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed;
 She hath sworn I shall have her alive or dead.

Then Sir John Cockle, the king call'd unto him,
 And of merry Sherwood made him o'er seer,
 And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearlye;
 Take heed, now, you steale no more of my deer
 And once a quarter, let's here have your view,
 And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu!"



Something about the City of Berlin.



ERLIN is the capital of the Prussian Dominions, the principle residence of the King, and seat of the highest Council of the Kingdom. It is situated in the province of Brandenburgh, on the River Spree, a small stream with a sluggish current, which however, by means

of canals, communicates with the Oder and the Baltic on one hand, and with the Elbe and the German Ocean on the other. It is about twelve miles in circumference, has a population of more than a quarter of a million, and has 22 squares and market-places, 15 gates, 27 parish churches, 37 bridges, and more than 7,000 houses. It consists of 5 towns. 1 Berlin Proper; 2 Kolin or Cologne; 3 Friedrichswerder; 4 Neu or Dorotheenstadt: and 5 Friedrichstadt.

The City originally received its name from the dreary wildness of the country, and is situated in the midst of a barren plain of land, destitute of either beauty or fertility. But these things are nothing in the eyes of, what people call, "great men," who sometimes think they can do anything.

Berlin was, up to the reign of Frederick William I., a small town confined to the left bank of the Spree. But Frederick the Great being desirous to possess a capital, proportionate to the rapid increase of his dominions, at once issued his mandate, and enclosed a loose space within four walls, and ordered



it to be filled with houses. As the population was scanty, the only mode of complying with the wishes of the Sovereign, was by stretching the houses over as wide a space as possible. In consequence, some of the principal buildings are only two stories high, and many have as many as twenty windows in one line. The streets are also made very broad, and although a good many people may be seen in them, they generally appear meagre; and the flatness of the ground, and the sandy soil produce many inconveniences, for the water in the drains instead of running off, stops, and stagnates in the streets, and as most of these are unprovided with pavements, the noxious odours are very disagreeable.

Yet, notwithstanding, its many disadvantages, Berlin is a fine city. Some of the most splendid buildings are concentrated in a very small space. In the Friedrichswerder is situated the palace inhabited by the present King; the splendid arsenal, in the yard of which, the 365 famous heads of dying warriors, in relief, by Schluter, serve as key-stones in the arches of the windows.

Most of the buildings are situated in the street named "Unter den Linden," from a double avenue of lime trees, which form a shady walk in its centre, while on each side of it runs a carriage road. It is the principal and most frequented street in the City, and the view along it terminated by the celebrated Brandenburg Gate is very fine. This



gate is said to be the most splendid portal in Europe. It is 195 feet in width, and was built in 1789 by Langhans, in imitation of the Propylaea at Athens, but on a much larger scale. Above it is the famous car of Victory, which

was carried to Paris as a trophy by Napoleon, but was recovered by the Prussians after the Battle of Waterloo, who bestowed upon the goddess an eagle and an iron cross, which she now bears.



The Royal Palace, or Schloss, is a very notable building. Within, it is sumptuously furnished. One of the most splendid of its apartments is the Rittersaal. (Knights' Hall.) There is a royal throne, and a sideboard covered with massive old plate of silver and gold. The most interesting rooms are, those inhabited by Frederick the Great. In the attic story of the palace is the Kunst Kabinet, or Cabinet of Art, the collections of which are well worth seeing. One room is occupied by a collection illustrative of the manners and customs of different parts of the world, especially of savage nations. Among the curiosities here shown is a model of a Chineese lady's foot, and a filigree silver case, like a clove, nearly three inches long, worn by ladies of rank in China to protect their finger-nails, which it is the fashion to let grow to that length. Here, too, is a cigar smoked by the ladies of Lenia, a foot and a half long. There are also Australian,

Japanese, South American, and Turkish curiosities, and a model of the mines of Freiburg.

The historical collection is more interesting. It contains the model of a windmill, made by Peter the Great, with his own hands, while working as a ship carpenter in Holland. Also the scarlet dress of a Doctor of Civil Law, given to the present King of Prussia by the University of Oxford, who have styled the king, on it, Frederick William II., instead of III. There are also two cannon balls, each with one side flattened, said to have been fired by opposite parties in the siege of Magdeburg, and to have met together in the air like loving brothers. Some of the relics here preserved are truly national. There is a cast, taken after death, from the face of Frederick the Great; the bullet which wounded him at the Battle of Rossbach; a wax figure of him, clothed in the very uniform he wore on the day of his death; the coat is rusty and tarnished; the scabbard of the sword is mended with sealing-wax, by his own hand; his books, and his walking cane, and favourite flute; with his pocket handkerchief, a dirty rag, very tattered, and patched in many places. There is also this great king's whole wardrobe, consisting of two coats, as many waistcoats, and three pairs of breeches.

In the same apartment is a glass case, containing the stars, orders, and decorations presented to Napoleon I. by the different sovereigns of Europe. England, however, did not humble herself by thus contributing to his vanity. They were taken by the Prussians after the Battle of Waterloo, in his carriage, from which he escaped so narrowly, that he left his hat behind him, which is also preserved here; and as from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step, in another case we

have a collection of tobacco pipes, made by the father of Frederick the Great. They are most of them such as a Billingsgate fishwoman would disdain to use.

The king's favourite residence is a very modest mansion, not far from the royal palace. In its interior decorations all is plain, and in keeping with good taste. The furniture, pictures, &c., are the productions of native artists or manufacturers. The bed-room of the king is fitted up in the plainest manner. He sleeps on a little narrow bed of painted wood, without curtains. Adjoining is the bed-room of the queen. I saw it with her toilette spread out, and her bible upon it. All this appeared to me better and more fitting for the perishable creature—man—than the most imposing splendours of the palace.

One of the handsomest edifices in Berlin is the new Museum, which was finished in 1830. Before its entrance is a gigantic basin of polished granite, 22 feet in diameter. The block out of which it is formed was a vast isolated boulder, known as the great Markgrafenstern or land-mark, nearly 30 miles from Berlin. It was conveyed from thence in a flat-bottomed boat, along the river Spree, to Berlin, and there polished by means of a steam-engine.

The Museum consists of vases, bronzes, sculptures, paintings, and curiosities. Among the bronzes is an extensive series of Roman penates, or household gods, and added to these are great quantities of Roman arms, armour, spears, back and breast-plates, greaves for the legs, and sacrificial axes. The vases are in number nearly 2,000, and are exceedingly well classified, according to their country and shape. In the sculpture gallery are some fine groups or single figures.

Among the latter is that of the *Boy Praying*, said to be one of the finest antique bronzes in existence. It was found in the bed of the Tiber. There is also a bust of Julius Cæsar, like one which was once in our British Museum, but which has vanished like many other things, and Peter Parley would like to know where it is gone to. In the side apartments, leading out of the sculpture gallery, are the collections of china, with works in baked clay. Among them is a beautiful altar-piece, and a high relief in clay, *representing the Trinity*.

The picture gallery is not equal to those of Munich and Dresden, but it has very good specimens of all the celebrated masters, especially of the German and Italian schools. There are many pictures of sacred subjects by Raphael ; "Leda and the Swan;" "Io and the Cloud," by Correggio. Of the Flemish and Dutch schools are the twelve paintings which formed the side wings or shutters of the famous altar-piece, known as the "Star of the Spotless Lamp," and are decidedly some of the finest paintings in the gallery. By Rubens, is a picture of the "Resurrection of Lazarns;" by Van Dyke, a portrait of a "Daughter of Charles I." Among those of Teniers is the celebrated one of the "Temptations of St. Anthony," a very strange picture; under the figure of the Saint, Teniers has pourtrayed himself, and his wife; an old woman with horns and claws was the face of the painter's mother-in-law. A fine painting of Rembrandt, representing Adolph of Guelderres shaking his clenched fist at his father, a powerful representation of uncurbed passion. Two divisions of the gallery are occupied with works in the earliest period of art, which may be regarded as the antiquities of painting, and these are very interesting.

The Royal Library has many curiosities, and among them are Luther's Hebrew Bible, the copy from which he made his translation, with marginal notes in his own hand ; the MS. of his translation of the Psalms : the Bible and Prayer-book which Charles I. carried to the scaffold, and gave to Bishop Juxon just before his execution ; Guttenberg's Bible, the first book upon which movable types were used in Europe ; a MS. of the Four Gospels, given by Charlemagne to Wittekind. There are also the two Hemispheres of metal, with which Otto Guericke made his experiments on the air, and led to the invention of the air-pump.

The University was established in 1809, and ranks very high, particularly as a medical school. There are nearly 2,000 students. The Museum of Natural History is within its walls, and the Zoological department is one of the richest and most extensive in Europe. The minerals are also very fine ; among them is a piece of amber, weighing 13lbs., said to be the largest known, and worth 10,000 dollars ; it was found in a field, at a place called Schlappacken, twenty German miles from the Baltic. There is also a splendid fiery opal, brought from South America by Humboldt. The anatomical museum is very excellent, particularly in comparative anatomy. The Egyptian Museum contains many Egyptian antiquities, such as mummies, scarabæi, and, in addition, a collection of arms, implements, and utensils of all sorts, highly illustrative of the whole economy of the Egyptians, as it existed three or four thousand years ago ; and these are in such perfect preservation as to give a wonderful insight into the state of arts and habits, condition and civilization of the Egyptians of that remote period. Speci-

mens of a great many trades are to be seen; garments nearly as fine as muslin; a *pair of braces*, said to have belonged to an Egyptian monarch; and other domestic matters, with writing materials and musical instruments; but, perhaps, the most interesting of the whole is the contents of the tomb of an Egyptian high-priest, discovered and opened in the Necropolis of Thebes. The body was enclosed in a triple coffin; by the side of it were the sacred wand, or priest's rod; the scull and leg-bones of an ox, branches of sycamore, and two models of Egyptian vessels, such as navigated the Nile, 3,000 years ago, neatly finished and completely rigged, having on board a dead body, and a party of mourners accompanying it to the tomb.

I will leave the arsenal to those who are fond of wars and fighting, and speak of the iron foundry, which is so celebrated for its black iron trinkets, usually called "Berlin Ware." Here are large foundries for casting, and a great variety of articles are produced, as busts, statues, bas reliefs, copies of pictures, monumental slabs, joists, beams, and rafters for houses, and iron balls. In short, the castings are of all kinds, from a colossal figure to the most minute filigree ornament of a lady's toilet, which cannot be equalled by any European factory. At the time when the final struggle commenced between Prussia and Napoleon, the patriotism of the Prussian ladies was particularly conspicuous. With the noblest generosity they sent their jewels and trinkets to the royal treasury, to assist in furnishing funds for the expense of the campaign. Rings, crosses, and other ornaments of cast iron, made in this manufactory, were given in return to all those who had made this sacrifice. They bore the inscription,

"Ich gab gold am eisen," "I give gold for iron ;" and these Spartan jewels are to this day much treasured by the possessors and their families.

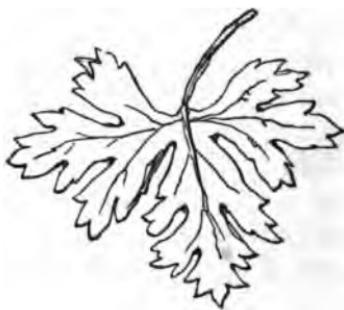
Having said so much of Berlin, I must say a few words concerning Potsdam, the Prussian Versailles, which is, in distance, 40 miles by the rail from Berlin. It lies on the right bank of the river Harel, which here expands into a lake, with fine wooded, sloping banks. It is a town of palaces, for many of the private houses resemble public edifices. The principal building is the "Church of the Garrison," where Frederick the Great is buried beneath the pulpit, in a plain metal sarcophagus above ground. It originally bore upon it his sword, but this was stolen by Napolean. Over the tomb, on each side of the pulpit, now hang the eagles and standards taken from the thief.

In the royal palace, within the town, is shown the apartments of the great Frederick, which remain nearly as they were when he was alive. Here are shown his writing-table, blotted all over with ink ; his ink-stand, music-stand, book-case filled with French works, and the chairs and sofa which he used, their silken covers torn off, probably, by the claws of his dogs. Adjoining the bedroom is a small chamber with double doors, provided with a table which ascends and descends through a trap-door in the floor, while plates and dishes are removed by another trap-door. Here the monarch used to dine *tete-a-tete* with a friend, without being overheard or overlooked.

Near to Potsdam is the palace of Sans Souci, on the top of a flight of steps, like terraces. Here it was Frederick delighted to live. At the extremity of the terrace are the

graves of his favourite dogs and of his horse, among whom he desired in his will that himself should be buried. This spot was the favorite resort of the old warrior. Here he was brought out in his arm-chair, surrounded by his dogs, a short while before his decease, to bask in the sun. Within the building may be seen his bed, where he breathed his last, and a clock, which seemed to have stopped at 20 minutes past 2, the hour of his decease.

To the North of Potsdam lies another palace, called the Marble Palace; but more deserving of notice is the Russian colony or Sellare, consisting of about a dozen houses, built entirely in the Russian fashion, and given by the King to a party of Russians sent by the Czar. The little Greek church attached to this colony is very beautiful, and well worth seeing. There are many other matters worth seeing at Potsdam; but here I must conclude.







Deadly struggle with a Wolf.

Deadly Struggle with a Wolf.



THE American personal histories are full of exploits of young men enamoured of forest life. Some twenty years ago, one of these, named Charles Cheney, left the village at which he was brought up, and plunged into the untrodden wilderness. There he lived for years on what his gun brought him, and many were the exploits and adventures that befel him in this savage way of living.

On one occasion, he had a most serious affray with a wolf. As he came upon the animal, ravenous with hunger, and floundering through the snow, he raised his rifle and fired; but the wolf making a spring, just as he pulled the trigger, the ball did not hit the vital part; this enraged her still more, and she made at him furiously.

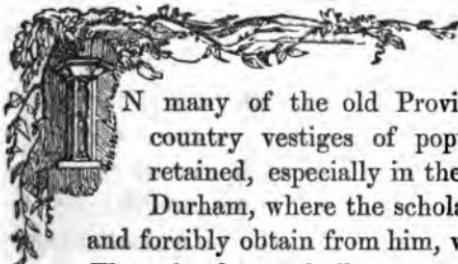
Cheney had now nothing but an empty rifle, with which to defend himself, and instantly clubbing it, he laid the stock over the wolf's head; so desperately did the creature now fight, that he broke the stock into fragments without disabling her. He then seized the barrel, which making a better bludgeon, told with more effect.

The bleeding and enraged animal seized the hard iron

with her teeth, and endeavoured to wrench it from his grasp; but it was a matter of life and death with Cheney, and he fought savagely; but, in the meantime, the wolf by stepping on his snow-shoes as she closed with him, threw him over. He then thought the game was up, unless he could make his dogs, which were scouring the forest round, hear him.

He called, therefore, loud and sharp after these noble animals, and soon a young hound sprung into view; but no sooner did he see the condition of his master, than he turned in affright, and with his tail between his legs, fled into the woods. But at this critical moment, the other hound burst, with a shrill savage cry and a wild bound upon the struggling group, sinking his teeth to the jaw-bone in the wolf, he tore her fiercely from his master. Turning to grapple with this new foe, she gave Cheney an opportunity to gather himself up, and fight to better advantage. At length, by a well-directed blow, he crushed in her skull, which finished the work. Such are a few of the difficulties and dangers of forest-life my young friends, and those who like such, may go and take them; as for myself, I am now getting too old for this kind of work, and indeed I was never fond of blood and slaughter in any shape.

Barring Out.



N many of the old Provincial Schools of the country vestiges of popular superstitions are retained, especially in the Grammar School of Durham, where the scholars bar out the master, and forcibly obtain from him, what they call, *orders*.

There is also a similar custom at the School of Houghton-le-Spring, in the County of Durham; but the exploit, which I am about to relate to my young readers, took place at a large Boarding School, in the vicinity of Canterbury, which was an old foundation school, and presided over by the very Prince of Pedagogues.

The School, which for obvious reasons I shall not name—except by calling it the “High Grammar School of Little Puddington,” was situated in one of the best parts of the town—close to the church, the market-house, and the theatre. It was a commodious building, of the “Queen Anne style of architecture,” as Fibbs calls it, a quadrangular red-brick, stone-cornered erection, enclosed in a small court-yard by high walls, with a high iron gate curiously twisted, supported

by two square brick pilasters, each having on its top a very large round stone ball, and being a little lop-sided, owing to an ungracious attempt once made by some of the scholars to tip the balls off their bases. A large play-ground stretched from the rear of the building, and at the centre of one of its sides, having a covered way leading from the house, was the school-room—a commodious building of strong brickwork—matching, in style of architecture, with the House—and having two windows, one each side of its central entrance, well protected by perpendicular iron bars from the attacks of the midnight robber. The interior of the school-house was fitted up with the usual paraphernalia of desks, forms, boxes, maps, globes, &c.; at its further end was the rostrum of the *Magister*; and below this those of the three ushers, or assistants, as they are now called; and in accordance with *forms* and concomitant regulations, the school had proceeded through the usual studies in Latin, Greek, and Algebra, without many variations in the daily task work, under a good old clergyman, who made the yoke easy and the burden light of his scholars, till he died in his eightieth year, rather suddenly, after a merry-making of the scholars. The whole establishment then underwent a complete metamorphosis by the election of a new master to the endowment, who had entered upon his onerous duties at the Midsummer quarter of the year, and had been formally acquainted with his scholars for about five months, when the little affair took place I am about to relate.

The new pedagogue was a very different person from the old one. He was of what they call stiff, clear-starch principles, and hectorean ideas, a rigid disciplinarian, and a disciple

of the cane. Being short, and rather podgy, he had, of course, all those numerous airs of self-importance which people, little in person and little in mind, usually take upon themselves. He was as remarkably fond of riding a tall horse out of doors as he was of riding the high horse in the school-room, and prided himself greatly upon his skill in horsemanship. He rode, *a la militaire*, with long stirrups, bolt upright, with one arm dangling down by his side; and he carried the same military ideas through the whole of the "*propria que maribus*," with all other matters of the scholastic kind, to the infinite mortification of his hundred and twenty-four scholars, who, having both a contempt as well as a hatred for their preceptor, became very rebelliously inclined. The contempt arose from the vanity and ridiculous pomposity displayed by him on all occasions, little and great; and the hatred, from the long tasks, the numerous floggings, the severe penalties, and the few holidays; and these feelings had been smouldering in the minds of the pupils for many weeks, when a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, curly-headed boy, named Alexander, who was considered the captain of the school, from his gallant principles and noble bearing, thought of the old and almost obsolete custom in that part of the country, called "Barring Out."

This custom generally took place about the time of Christmas, and consisted in keeping the master out of the school-room for three days, by barricading every avenue to the place, and defending it like a besieged city. It was the custom in such cases, if the master could be successfully kept at bay, for terms of capitulation to be offered by the boys, in relation to the discipline of the school, the quantity of tasks

to be imposed, and the number of the penalties and foggings to be inflicted ; and being accepted by the master, on his honour as a gentleman, the unbarring took place, and a jolly revel terminated the proceedings. On the other hand, if the pupils failed in holding out the school-house against their assailants for the period of three days, the master admittedly had a right to dictate his own terms on all those matters which have been mentioned. He obtained also the momentous right of castigating at will the actors in the rebellion—a labour which they always took care to save him in cases where they were successful, by making that point the subject of a very explicit condition in the act of capitulation. This document, it may be observed, was commonly drawn up in a formal and very diplomatic style; securities for the fulfilment of all its stipulations being provided on both sides, and signatures affixed by the *Magister* and his scholars, or by plenipotentiaries appointed by the latter, for the purpose. The “high-contending parties” were then at peace for the year.

This old custom was revived at the suggestion of Henry Alexander, the head of the Greek class, and, as I said before, a boy of heroic courage and enterprise. He communicated the *idea* to a chosen few, and offered to be the leader of the undertaking, if the others would promise on their *honour* to give him their support. The chosen few consisted of his co-mates in Greek—the Greek class itself. They at first were startled at the proposition, but called it capital—then they declared themselves ready to a *man*—then they considered—then they hesitated—then they grew cold, and then again grew bold. The captain told them that they were under a

most insupportable tyranny, and that they ought to strike for freedom. Now almost every effort for that sacred cause had succeeded, from the Exodus of the Israelites to the last fight of the Greeks under Lord Byron. He adverted to Epaminnondas and Leonidas: talked of the tyrants Tarquin and Cæsar, and how they had fallen by patriotic arms; and, lastly, urged that they had only to be unanimous, and the rod of the scholastic despot would be for ever broken.

The Greek class, in the end, entered most enthusiastically into his views, and, on the next day, a secret muster was had of the other boys at the bottom of the orchard, when the whole plan was detailed, and the machinery put in a state of forwardness, the whole of the school-boys giving their hearty coacurrence. Some, however, preferred to wait till the breaking-up; but this was stoutly opposed by the *captain*, who urged that the whole should be put in practice the very next day, or the day after at the latest. "On a previous occasion," he said, (for Master Henry had been at this fun before,) "some officious little urchin had told the master the whole plot, several days having been foolishly allowed to intervene between the planning of the project and its execution; and, to the astonishment of the boys, they had found the master at the desk two hours before the usual time, and had the mortification of being congratulated on their early attendance, with an order to be there every morning at the same hour."

To prevent the recurrence of such a defeat, the boys determined upon organising their plan the very next night, and accordingly agreed to assemble at a well-known tombstone in the neighbouring church-yard. Our leader took his stand at one end of the stone, with the head boys who were in the

secret at the other, and on each side of him. "My boys," he said, "we are met here upon a most important occasion ; in defence of our rights and liberties, and in the cause of light tasks and more holidays—for all of you know how we have fretted and fumed over long tasks—how we begin at six o'clock in the morning, and are not done till eight o'clock at night—how we have only half-an-hour for play and breakfast, an hour for play and dinner, and only half-an-hour for play and supper ; and how we are forbidden to speak after we go to bed ; and how we go to bed in the dark ; and how the shutters of our dormitory are shut close when there is any moonlight." ("We avow it, we know it," said the boys.) "Then, I have to ask you," said the captain, "whether we are to endure it like mongrel curs, or whether we ought not to fight like true-bred bull-dogs?" ("We ought, we ought," said the boys, not being very particular in this general answer as to which the propositions they acceded.) "Then," continued the captain, "are we not noble Grecians, are we not patriots by our very studies ? Do we read of the fall of Thermopylæ, or of the heroic retreat of the ten thousand, for nothing ? No ; the ideas of liberty that have been wrought in us by our tyrants we will turn against themselves ! We will go forward, like Greeks. The boys of the Greek form will be your captains, and I am to be your captain-general. Those who are cowards had better retire, and go back to their future floggings ; but you, who have pluck, had better go with the friends of liberty, and not be flogged for nothing. If we are to be flogged, let us be flogged in a worthy cause. Come here, then, my boys, and sign your names ; and let us, to show that we are in

earnest, sign it with our blood !” The captain-general immediately pulled out a pen and a sheet of paper, and having tied some bits of string about the finger-ends of two or three of the boys, with a pin he drew blood to answer for ink, and signed himself first, and all the Greek boys immediately after him; some others followed in succession. The little boys, however, slunk away, and some of the more timid ones. Upon the whole, eighty names were obtained, sufficient to defend the school-room against the Pedagogue: and then the captain-general, with an air of great importance, thus addressed his colleagues :—

“ Friends and Schoolmates,—We have now ratified a great act that is to be; we have signed with our blood our will to strike for freedom, and no more to be the slaves of school tyranny. We are a Greek Phalanx. ‘When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war.’ We must screw ourselves up to heroic deeds and do all that becomes men. We must think of Achilles, and Hector, and Brutus, and Curtius, and Hannibal, and Scipio—for they were all boys once, as we are. I have the key of the school, and shall be there before the cock crows or the old cormorant leaves his roost. He will not arrive till nine, and every one of you must be there before seven, so as allow time for barricading the doors and windows. Go to Mr. Barritt, the cake man, and lay in a good store of his buns, sausage rolls, three-cornered puffs, and other kinds of provender. Let every one bring something with him with which to carry on the war of freedom. Let us have shields also defend us, and bows and arrows, and clubs, and bats and balls, for our weapons; and, above all, a good supply of turnips or potatoes, or both, for our ammunition—

and also plenty of water to drink, for we shall have some hot work, depend upon it. Let everything be done secretly and with order. Be careful, every one of you, to obey me exactly in what I tell you to do. Now, march home directly, and try to sleep as if nothing great was on the tapis."

A half-subdued cheer from the heroes followed these worthy remarks and directions, and the boys immediately vanished from the place of meeting, and having dined and gone through their afternoon severe tasks they retired to their dormitories. The Greek boys being all collected together could hold conference during the hours appropriated to slumber, and Alexander, being captain of the sleeping ward, of course offered no objection to their treasonable consultations. After a few minutes spent in resolving themselves into a committee of ways and means, it was proposed by the Captain that some should be sent out on a foraging expedition, for the purpose of laying in a supply of potatoes or turnips to be used as missiles of defence in the forthcoming siege. Four of the elder boys were therefore speedily let down from the bedroom windows, by means of united blankets, and directed to go and forage for the missiles already alluded to. There was a turnip-field close by belonging to the school, and there were potatoes in store in a dirt-pit in the same locality, and some three or four bushels of each were quickly removed to the school-room, and were quietly and snugly placed at the bottom of an old closet used for lumber. The boys then went in search of all the sticks and other barricading implements they could find, and brought broomsticks, mopsticks, old brooms and mops, stakes used in the garden to prop hollyhocks, hurdles of iron and wood,—in short, all kinds of useful matters

were, at the gloomy hour of midnight, collected for this great enterprise, and, after an hour's foraging, the Greek class returned shivering to their beds.

Little sleep was had that night, as the thoughts of the boys were entirely upon what was to be done on the coming morning. Some slept, some dreamed, others lay thinking and tumbling about like ships at anchor, but in heaving billows ; but at last the dim gray of the morning began to peep sullenly in at the windows, with all the dingy, leaden, uncomfortable look common to the last month of the year. At half-past six o'clock there was just light enough to see noses by, and the major part of the boys got up and dressed themselves, ready for the fray. The Greek boys led the way out of the dormitory, and, after their usual ablutions rushed into the schoolroom, and by far the greater part of the remainder followed them. In a very few minutes the doors were closed, and the carpenters' tools of the boys (many of them had such things in their play-boxes) were now brought into requisition. The noise of the hammer, the creak of the gimlet, the clatter of boards and chairs was heard by those without ; the windows were blockaded ; desks, forms, and other matters were piled up against every point of ingress, and the whole made as secure as possible. The thoughtful general had, however, taken care to leave certain loop-holes in the upper part of the works, for the annoyance of the enemy, and a few were made at the lower part of the door, for several of the boys had bows and arrows, and it would have been bad generalship not to have provided for their use. There were also the long shot—the potato, and the round shot,—the turnip to be employed ; and, what was better still, so

far as making a noise in the world went, there was Harry Tate's old brass cannon, which would carry a ball as big as a bonce-eye, although the captain had carefully ordered that nothing but harmless missiles should be used.

Thus defences and arms being mustered, and other military necessaries brought into operation, a review of the troops in defence of the citadel was made by the captain-general, who divided his forces into three divisions, appointing a captain and lieutenant to each. They were posted at the several doors and windows, the old brass cannon was loaded and fired as a signal of defiance, and three hearty cheers given by the little army ; while the captain-general, hoisting a red pocket-handkerchief on a pole, thrust it out of one of the panes of the window near the door, as a token of " War to the Potato ! "

The noise of the old brass cannon and the cheering of the boys reached the ears of the Magister, as he sat at his breakfast in his private room. Rising up to the window he looked towards the school-room, and when the red flag met his eyes, and the cheers of the boys reached his ears, and when he saw, in addition, none but little boys in the play-ground, and observed that the said little boys jumped about in an ecstacy of delight, clapping their hands in wildest glee, his natural or scholastic instinct told him " what was o'clock." " As sure as I am a living schoolmaster," thought he, " there is rebellion—rise rebellion, and I must proceed to die in my duty. *Per acuta belli.* But let me recollect the beautiful and sublime words of Claudian :

—————' *Peraget tranquilla potestas,*
Quod violenta nequet ; mandataque fortius urget,
Imperiosa quies.'"

So saying, and with a loud voice, the Magister descended to the garden or play-ground, his usher following in his wake at a respectful distance, and the little boys, gathering in a cluster behind, as if they only felt safe under the shade of his reverend person. As soon as the Grecians saw the pedagogue coming, another roar of the cannon was put in requisition, the "bloody flag" was riggled about through the hole in the window-pane most valorously, and another astounding cheer shook the roof of the old school-room.

The Master drew near the door, and, for a moment, a solemn silence prevailed. "What is amiss my young friends?" said he, in the most bland manner possible, "what game is this you are playing? Remember the words of Seneca—

'Per se scelera semper sceleribus certum est iter.'"

The captain-general now appeared at the window, and taking in the red flag, as speedily run out a white pocket-handkerchief, with the great name of PARLEY written thereon, which seemed to have a most significant effect. "Since you deign to call Parley to your aid," said the captain-general, "we condescend to treat, and to state our terms. 1st. No school studies beyond nine hours a day. 2. Play hours three hours a day. 3. 'Death to Dampers.' 4. No more Skillagalee. 5. Holidays on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. 6. No cuttings over the head. And 7. No black-holes."

"Hurrah," said the boys, both within and without, while, at the end of the cheering, the captain-general cried—

'Principiis obsta; sero medecina paratur'

'Cum mala per longos convalevere moras.'

"If you don't open the doors and let me enter," said the

Domine, his choler rising before the breath of Ovid thus sacrilegiously quoted, "I will cut every one of you to pieces."

"You must get in first, though," said the captain-general. "Our motto is 'no surrender' till our just rights be obtained."

"Is it?" returned the Pedagogue, trying to dissemble his rage. "Squeers," said he, turning to the usher behind him, "bring me a crowbar and a pickaxe, and you will see——"

"If you please, sir," said one of the little boys, who stood trembling and tittering behind, "they have got the crowbar and pickaxe inside."

"Villains!" said the Master, "then bring me the great kitchen poker!"

"If you please, sir, they have got that too," said the same little shivering urchin.

"Then—then, bring me—bring me—the——" and here the Pedagogue seemed at his wits' end for a weapon; while his fiery eyes gleamed with passion, and his whole frame shook. "But," he continued, "I will soon force you to yield, you rebellious young monkeys;" and making way to the door, he struck it with the whole force of the sole of his foot. At the same moment a wet mop, thrust out at the broken pane from which the flag of defiance had waved, met him full in the face with a splash, the captain-general crying out,

"In hoc mopo spes mea."

At the same moment the ushers ran to the rescue, and endeavoured to seize the mop, which was, however, so cleverly handled as to remain in the possession of the "Barrers."

Some of the household servants, seeing the affray, now came running from the house armed with various instruments for breaking open the door, but, the moment they advanced, were met with such a shower of potatoes as utterly to over-



whelm them with confusion, and cause them to retreat—while loud cheers from those within the school-room testified to the ardour with which they carried on the combat.

"This is the most impudent and audacious affair that has ever occurred in my school," cried the Pedagogue, "and let what will come, I am determined to subdue this refractory spirit. Boys," said he, "take warning in time—beware of what you are doing. It is an illegal act, and I call upon you, in the Queen's name, to surrender."

"God save the Queen!" called out the Captain, "three cheers for the Queen of England, the friend of school-boys, and the enemy of tyrants. Hurrah!" And they did hurrah,

to the sad mortification of the Domine, who stood biting his nails with vexation.

"I am determined to have the door open;" said the Master. "Squeers, go to the wheelwright's shop, and tell Bendall to send me the great mallet with which he drives the spokes of the wheels in, and if that does not make an entrance, I will find some other method. In the meantime, I call upon you boys to surrender at discretion. I hereby promise pardon to all but the actual ringleaders—the captain, and the Greek class. Come, my boys, see your own interests, and for the honor of the school, open the door, before I have recourse to those violent measures which are at my command."

"Submit you to our conditions," replied the captain. "Concede our seven points—the rights of the pupil, and we will open the door. Otherwise, we will laugh a siege to scorn, and defend ourselves to the last extremity—won't we, boys?" "Yes, we will! Hurrah!"

The great mallet of the wheelwright was now brought, and a most ponderous weapon it was. The Domine took it in his hands and approached the door, but just as he raised it for a tremendous blow, one of the boys, who had provided himself with a syringe—and loaded it with ink, squirted it with such dexterity, that the poor Domine's face was suddenly changed from red to black, while himself was nearly blinded.

"*Extremis malis, extrema remedia,*" ejaculated the captain-general.

"*Hic niger est. Ille niger est.*"

"You Master Alexander, from the top of your shoulders to the bottom of your jacket—" he would have said more, but a

new-laid egg cut short the sentence, and the moan together, and added yellow to the black, in such a manner, that the poor Domine was fairly beaten from the field, owing to the ridiculous figure he made in the eyes of his pupils. "Break down the door, I say; break down the door! batter it till doom's-day, but break it down;" and he shook his fist in the wildest anger at the "Barrers."

"*Iræ furor brevis est,*"

called out the captain, as the Domine retreated to the house to get his face washed.

The ushers and the rest of the boys now surrounded the door, and began to parley with those within. "You had better give it up," said Squeers. "You will have all the constables of the village here, and the riot act will be read, and the militia, and the yeomanry will be called out, and you will all be slaughtered."

"Let them come," cried Alexander;

"They come like bloody sacrifices in their train,
And to the fiery eye of bloody wars,
All hot and bleeding will we offer them."

"No, we have a sacred duty to perform, and we will not forsake the cause of our schoolfellows, will we, boys?"
"No, no! Hurrah."

The affair of the "Barring out" had soon spread through the village, and persons began to assemble in the roadway at the bottom of the school premises, "to see the fun," as they called it; and some applauded the doings by calling out, "Go it youngsters," while others wishing to curry favor with the school-master, hazarded the term "infamous, disgraceful," but yet seemed by their looks to relish the joke. The boys of the

National School were just mustering, and hearing of the rebellion, came down in a posse of more than two hundred, and as soon as they saw what was going on, took side with the "Barrers," and cheered them prodigiously—calling upon them "not to give in," and seemed as if they felt inclined to rush to their rescue—should they be in any extraordinary extremity.

The Pedagogue now returned with a clean face, having, in his train, the wheelwright, and the blacksmith, and several of their supernumeraries, armed with crowbars and hatchets. As soon as the boys saw them approach, they prepared the more vigorously for the defence, and the barricades were strengthened by every means in their power. Many of the panes of the windows were immediately broken from within, to afford the opportunity of sending forth their missiles; and several of the boys, stringing their bows, sent the arrows flying amongst the advancing squadron, to their sad discomfiture, one of them sticking in the back part of the Domine's person, which caused him to kick and dance, to the great delight of the whole school.

But blacksmiths and wheelwrights are not so easily discomfited. They approached the door, in spite of the missiles, and the showers of turnips and potatoes, and the continued squirtings of ink, which were sent upon them in their operations. They battered at the door with their huge hammers, and wrenched it with their crowbars, and in a few minutes it fell in with a loud crash; while the captain-general and his little army drew themselves up in martial array, and stood with their right shoulders forward over the barricades.

"We are conquered," cried the captain, "but not sub-

dued. Let us not fly like cowards, but,—as a superior force, made up by base foreign aid, has been brought against us, and low-born plebeians are pressed into the conflict—we yield—but not dishonorably, and march out with all the honors of war."

And so, in good order, the "Greeks" marched out, with a fine military bearing. The captain advanced politely to the Domine and lowering his sword, for he had contrived to provide himself with that imposing implement of war, said, in a very profound tone,

"Naturam expella furca tamen usque recurret."

"You provoking young scoundrel, I shall have to pardon you for your good Latin," said the Domine, inwardly delighted that he had triumphed, and feeling in his triumph a magnanimity steal over him. Being, moreover, touched by his conscience regarding his severity and task-work—being also rather apprehensive that to make a culpable matter of the affair, must lead to the expulsion of some of his best scholars, and, perchance, to the withdrawal of many others, and the breaking up of his school.—He replied with a most polite bow to the Captain,

"Quid quid delirant reges plectuntur achivi."

"But come," said he, "I do not wish to be severe with you, my boys—boys will be boys. I know you have been brave boys—but very foolish boys. But I am as ready to forgive, as you are to err.

"Temeritas est florent aetatis prudentia senectutis."
and, therefore, I forgive you. We will all go together in to our studies, and, except a few forfeitures to the poor-box, I shall take no further notice of what has past."

"Three cheers for our amiable *Magister!*!" cried the captain-general. Which three cheers were most vociferously given, with "one cheer more." And, after this manner, the "Barring Out" ended—to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned.



GLORY.



HE French people use this term very freely—the English very sparingly. It is said that in the whole of the Duke of Wellington's dispatches it never once occurs—but that in those of Bonaparte, in every page. Young persons being, however, very apt to admire the word as being expressive of something remarkably transcendent, PETER PARLEY would wish to give a few extracts from the journal of a friend of his, once a prodigal son, who ran away from his father, at the age of nineteen, for the sake of Glory—which will exemplify what Glory is.

This young man, whom I shall call Gustavus, was ruined by not having anything to do. He was the only son, and was also heir to a very large fortune. He had a pony to ride, and money to spend, and he soon got into idle company, smoked, went to horse-races, prize-fights, and theatres, and, at last, getting all the money he could together, in the impatience of restraint, ran away from his home, and entered the army.

His sufferings began soon after he joined the regiment, and were various and multiplied. He was often beat by

the sergeant for the fault of others ; and the habits of the common soldiers, much as he had been used to bad company, disgusted him with their brutality. But I will let him speak for himself.

"In July, 1806, I embarked for the Cape of Good Hope ; I soon after went to La Plata, and was engaged with the Spaniards at Monte Video. This was the first time I had ever seen bloodshed ; I was not 18 years of age ; I had not been eight months from home ; my limbs bending under me with fatigue in a sultry clime ; the musket and accoutrements I was forced to carry, very heavy. At last the battle commenced, and the shot came flamingly upon us ; I asked my old serjeant what I was to do, and he replied, with an oath, ' Kill all you can, and keep yourself alive ; ' this was a difficult task. A cannon ball passed through us when we were drawn up in column, and killed more than a score ; and a shell blew up a barn in which we had taken temporary refuge, and the blood and stones flew about on every side, but we were ordered to advance and to charge at the point of the bayonet, and drove a regiment of the enemy close upon a square quadrangle of wall, from which they had no chance of escape, and more than six-hundred poor fellows were bayoneted against that wall, and we could hear the points of the bayonets scratching the stones after they had passed through their bodies, and it was horrible to see them dying in convulsions, and with oaths and savage exclamations.—' Such is Glory.' "

After an account of the Battle of Vimiera, he gives the following horrid picture as a sort of after-piece :—"On my return from the pursuit at Monte Video, the birds of prey

were devouring the slain. Here I beheld a sight, for the first time, even more horrible, the peasantry prowling about, more ferocious than the birds and beasts of prey, finishing the work



of death, and carrying away whatever they thought worthy of their grasp. Avarice and revenge were the cause of these horrors. No fallen Frenchmen that showed the least signs of life was spared. They even seemed pleased with mangling the dead bodies. When light failed them they kindled a great fire, and remained round it all night, shouting like so many savages.—‘Such is Glory.’”

The pillage of the castle of the Duke of Ossuna next took place; he says, “I blush for our men. This beautiful palace, full of the wonders of art, refinement, and luxury, was thought no more of than so much waste paper. Every thing that would burn was converted into fuel, and even the fires were

placed against the walls that they might last longer and burn better. Many of our men slept all night, wrapped in rich tapestry, which had been torn down to make bed-clothes, but from this we were disturbed by bursting shells that scattered furniture, glasses, and human limbs far and wide, and we were pursued by the French through a horrid pass, up to our knees in mire, and were forced by turns to drag the baggage; the French troopers came up on our rear who rode through long lines of these poor, defenceless wretches, and slashed them with their sabres just as a school-boy slashes thistles. The blood flowed from hundreds—some sank down never to rise again, others hobbled on with maimed limbs, cursing and groaning dreadfully.—‘ Such is Glory.’ ”

“ After we had gained the summit of Monte del Castro,” he continues, “ and were descending, I was aroused by a crowd of soldiers. My curiosity prompted me to go to them. I knew it must be no common occurrence that could attract pure sympathy. Judge of the feelings I want words to express. In the centre lay a woman, young and lovely, though cold in death, and a child, apparently about 6 months’ old, *attempting to draw support from the breast of its dead mother*. Tears filled every eye, but no one had the power to aid, while we stood around gazing on the interesting object, then on each other, none offered to speak, each heart was so full; at length General Moore rode up, and seeing the sad catastrophe, with tears in his eyes, ordered the poor child to be given to him : he rolled it in his cloak amidst the blessings of every spectator. Never shall I efface the benevolence of his look from my heart, when he said,—‘ Unfortunate infant, I will be thy mother.’ This indeed *was* Glory.”

After the siege at Hieskings, the young soldier was attacked by an epidemic, and taken to the hospital. He gives an account of the barbarities of the hospital men. He says, " All the time I was in the hospital my soul was affected by the distresses of my fellow sufferers, and shocked at the conduct of the hospital men. Often have I seen them fighting over the expiring bodies of their patients, their eyes not yet closed in death, for articles of apparel that two had seized at once ; cursing and oaths mingled with the dying groans and prayers of the poor sufferers. How dreadful to think my turn might be next. There was none to comfort, none to give a drink of water with a pleasant countenance."

In the next attack of a fort, near Lisbon, he says :—" To it we fell, pell mell, French and British mixed together. It was a trial of strength in single combat—every man had his opponent, many had two. I got one up to the wall on the point of my bayonet ; he was unhurt ; I could have spared him, but he would not spare himself. He cursed and defied me, nor ceased to attack my life until he fell, pierced by my bayonet. His breath died away in a curse and menace. This was the work of a moment ; I was compelled to this extremity. I was again attacked, but my antagonist fell, pierced by a random shot. We soon forced them to retire over the wall, cursing their mistake. For nine nights I had never laid down except for a few moments, and, during a good part of that time, it had rained hard ; we were upon ploughed land, which was rendered so soft that we sunk over the shoes at every step. The manner in which I passed the night was this : I placed my canteen upon the ground, put my knapsack above, and sat upon it, supporting my head upon

my hands, my musket between my knees, resting upon my shoulders, and my blanket over all, ready to start in a moment, at the least alarm. We could not advance one hundred yards without seeing dead bodies of the enemy stretched on every side, horribly mangled. Their retreat seemed more that of famished wolves than of men ; murder and devastation marked their way—every house was a sepulchre—a cabin of horrors. Our soldiers used to wonder why the French were not swept from earth by Heaven, when they witnessed these cruelties. In a small town called Safrea, I saw twelve dead bodies lying in one house upon the floor, consisting of its inmates, wantonly slaughtered, and every house contained traces of their wanton barbarity."

The following hair-breadth escapes exhibit a striking picture of war :—" In forcing the French through the town, during our first advance, a bayonet went through between my side and clothes to my knapsack, which stopped its progress. The Frenchman to whom the bayonet belonged fell, pierced by a musket-ball from my rear-rank man ; whilst freeing myself from the bayonet, a ball took off my right shoulder-wing and killed my rear-rank man, who fell upon me. In our retreat back to the town, when we halted to check the enemy, who bore hard upon us in their attempts to break our line, often was I obliged to stand with a foot upon each side of a wounded man, who wrung my soul with prayers I could not answer, and vexed my heart with supplications to be taken out of the way of the cavalry ; while my heart bled for them, I have shaken them rudely off. A French dragoon, who was dealing death around, forced his way up to near where I stood ; every moment I expected to be cut down ;

my musket was empty ; there was not a moment to lose. I got a stab at him beneath the ribs, upwards ; he gave a back stroke before he fell, and cut the stock of my musket in two. Thus I stood disarmed ; I soon got another, and fell to work again ; but, presently a shell struck the ground close to me, turned my heels over my head, and killed a lad at my side."

At Formes they were miserably off for provisions. "One of our men," the narrator says, "by name Thomas Cadwell, found a piece of meat near the hospital ; he brought it home and cooked it. A good part of it was eaten before one of our men, perceiving him, said, 'what are you eating, Tom ?' Tom said, 'it was a piece of meat he had found, and very good meat it was.' The others looked at it, and knew it to be the hind part of a man. Tom would have it for a long time that it was pork. After he was convinced he threw it away, but he had then eaten his fill of it." And this is what the world calls Glory.

I could follow this military hero through many other scenes equally appalling, but refrain, having no desire to harrow up the feelings of my young readers beyond the point of making them lovers of peace rather than of war, and to show them that what is called glory—a Military Glory—is a very poor thing after all.



Harvest Home.

"The last ingathering of the crop
Is loaded, and they climb the top,
And there, huzza, with all their force,
While Ceres mounts the foremost horse.
'Gee up !' the rustic goddess cries,
And shouts more long and loud arise,
The swaggering cart, with motion slow,
Reels careless on, and off they go."



ARVEST HOME is the great August festival in the country. It used to be a day of good fellowship between the employer and the employed—between the worthy old English farmer and his husbandmen, whom he then looked upon as belonging to his own family ; and the well-fed and decently-clothed—looked up to him as their father. Now alas ! all is changed. The farmer has lost his fine old humanity, and screws down the poor labourer to the most miserable pittance, and he is, literally, half-starved. Eight shillings a week to support a wife and family ! Think of this, you black-emancipating Englishwomen ! Just look a little into our English cottager's dwelling. See the poor rustic, after a hard day's labour in the ploughed field, coming home, hungry and

exhausted, with nothing to eat but a few cold potatoes and a bit of bread and cheese. Think of him coming off the frozen stubbles in the winter to a miserable modicum of fire, not



sufficient to warm his toes, and going to bed at six o'clock to save fire and candle—to his bed of chaff—his rude palette—his one little room, perhaps, in which six or seven people are crowded for the benefit of “typhus.”—Think of this, and a great deal more than I could describe, ye philosophers of the Philadelphian !

But the Harvest ! Among the heathens, the masters of families, when they had got in their harvest, were wont to feast with their servants who had laboured with them in tilling the ground. In strict conformity with this, it is common among the people calling themselves Christians, when the fruits of the earth are gathered and laid in their proper repositories, to provide a plentiful supper for the harvest-men and the servants of the family. In old times, there was no distinction of persons, but master and servant sat together at the same table, conversed freely together, and spent the remainder of the night in dancing, and singing innocent songs. Festivity is the reflex of inward joy and thankfulness to God, the Giver of all good. O ! 'tis the merry time wherein honest neighbours make good cheer, and God is glorified in his blessings upon the earth. But come—let us sing the Harvest Home in good quaint style, worthy of ancient days.

“ Come sons of summer, by whose toil
We are the lords of wine and oil—
By whose rough labours and rough hands
We plough up first, then reap our lands,
Crowned with the ears of corn—now come,
And to the pipe sing Harvest Home.
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Dressed up with all the country art—
The horses, mares, and frisky fillies,
Clad all in linen, white as lillies.

The harvest swains and wenches bound
With joy to see the hack-cart crowned.
About the cart, hark ! how the rout
Of rural younglings, raise the shout
Pressing before, some coming after,
Here with a cheer and there with laughter.
Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
Some prank them up with oaken staves.
On, on ! brave boys to your lord's hearth,
Full of all liveliness and mirth ;
There you shall see the large and chief
Foundation of your feast—fat beef ;
With upper stories, mutton, veal,
And bacon, which makes full the meal ;
And several dishes standing by,
As here custard, there a pie,
And here all tempting frumentie ;
And for to make the merry cheer,
If smirky wine be wanting here,
There's that which drowns all care—stout beer,
Which freely drink to your lord's health ;
Then to the plough, the common wealth ;
Next to your flails, your fans, your bats ;
Then to the maid, with wheaten hats ;
To the rough sickle and crook't scythe.
Now frolic, boys, till all be blythe !
Feed and grow fat, and, as you eat,
Be mindful that the labour's meat ;
And know, besides, ye must revoke
The patient ox unto the yoke.
And all go back unto the plough
And harrow, though laid by just now ;
And you must know your lord's word true,
Feed him you must whose food fills you."

Such is what a Harvest Home was in old England. What it is just now I shall not say much about. But PETER PARLEY knows what it ought to be.

Snake and Crocodile Combat.

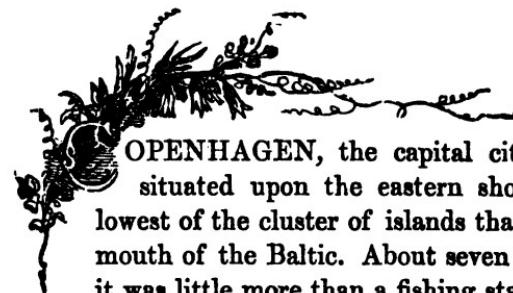


THE following account of an engagement between a boa-constrictor and a crocodile, in Java, will not be unacceptable to my young readers. It is the account of an eye-witness, and hence may be, I think, relied on. "One morning," says my informant, "I stood beside a small lake fed by one of the murmuring streams from the mountains. The waters were as crystal, and every thing could be seen at the bottom. Stretching its limbs just over the pond, was a gigantic oak tree, and in its thick, shining, ever-green leaves lay a huge boa in an easy coil, taking his morning's nap. Above him was a fine fat ape, of the baboon species—a leering race of scamps, always bent on mischief. Now, the ape, from his position, saw the crocodile in the water, rising to the top exactly beneath the coil of the serpent. Quick as thought he jumped plump upon the snake, which fell with a splash into the jaws of the crocodile. The ape saved himself by clinging to a limb of the tree, but a battle-royal commenced in the water. The serpent grasped in the middle by the crocodile, made the water boil by its furious contortions. Winding his folds round the body of its antagonist, he disabled his two hinder

legs, and by his contractions made the scales and bones of the monster crack. The water was speedily tinted with the blood of both the combatants, yet neither was disposed to yield. They rolled over, neither being able to obtain a decided advantage. At this time the cause of the mischief was in a state of the highest ecstasy. He leaped up and down the tree, came several times close to the scene of the fight, shook the limbs of the tree, uttered a yell, and again frisked about. At the end of ten minutes a silence began to come over the scene. The folds of the serpent began to be relaxed, and though they were trembling along the back, the head hung lifeless in the water. The crocodile also was still, and though only the spine of his back was visible, it was evident that he too was dead. The monkey now perched himself upon the lower limbs of the tree close to the dead bodies, and amused himself, for ten minutes, by making all sorts of faces at them. This seemed to be adding insult to injury. One of my companions was standing at a short distance, and taking a stone from the edge of the lake hurled it at the ape. He was totally unprepared, and as it struck him on the side of the head he was instantly tipped over, and fell upon the crocodile. A few bounds, however, brought him ashore, and taking to the tree, he speedily disappeared among the branches.



Something about the City of Copenhagen.



OPENHAGEN, the capital city of Denmark, is situated upon the eastern shore of Zealand, the lowest of the cluster of islands that stretch across the mouth of the Baltic. About seven hundred years ago it was little more than a fishing station, and consisted of only a few huts. In 1168, the famous Bishop Axel obtained a grant of the spot, and soon constructed a harbour and some rude fortifications. In 1284, it received the privilege of a town; and, in 1443, became a city, and the residence of the Danish court.

The approach to Copenhagen by land is very beautiful; and from a height, at a short distance, the view of the city, together with the scenery around it, is delightful. Nor is its appearance from the water less striking. As a harbour, Copenhagen is scarcely surpassed in any part of the globe; it affords secure shelter for ships, and seems as if it were meant to maintain the communication between the countries

washed by the Baltic and the other ports of Europe. The port is enclosed by the bulwarks of the town, the entrance into it being so narrow that but one ship can pass at a time; this entrance is every night shut up with a strong boom; the citadel on one side, and a good block-house; well furnished with cannon, on the other, command the mouth of it. Within the haven rides the Royal Navy, every ship having its place assigned to it, a wooden gallery raised round the whole enclosure where the fleet lies, laid over the water in such a manner that all the ships may be viewed near at hand as easily and commodiously as if they lay on dry land. The harbour is capacious enough to hold five hundred sail, where neither wind nor enemies can do them any mischief. The road without is very good and safe, being fenced from the sea by a large sand-bank.

When we enter the town we behold much uniformity of architecture, and the style of building is very regular. The houses are chiefly built of brick, which is sometimes covered with plaster, in imitation of stone; some of the principal buildings are also of stone, and a few of marble. The mansions of the nobility and the principal merchants are often very grand. The common houses are generally five or six stories high, each story occupied by a family; the shops are, as usual, confined to the ground story.

One of the finest buildings in the city is the new palace of the king. Its principal staircase is formed of the finest mahogany, with railings of brass; and the great saloon, which measures 280 feet in length, and 240 in breadth, is floored with marble. One of the other palaces, the most worthy of notice, is the Castle of Rosenburg. It stands in the midst of

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CITY OF COPENHAGEN.

gardens, which are shaded with stately trees, affording excellent public walks that are much frequented by the middle and lower classes. The palace is principally remarkable for the great hall or saloon, in which the king performs, annually, the ceremony of opening the courts of law. On its walls are



some noble pieces of tapestry, on which are depicted the exploits of some of the Danish kings.

On the occasion of the ceremony above alluded to, the king, surrounded by the principal officers of state, is seated on his throne, before which, upon the floor, stand three lions, the size of life, and of solid silver, each weighing 196 pounds. The centre of the room is occupied by two long tables, covered with red cloth; at these the judges are seated. A space beyond is railed off, to serve as an entrance, and a second railing separates the places reserved for the accommo-

dation of foreign ambassadors and persons of distinction. The meeting is entirely a matter of form: a short case is pleaded and decided before the king in person.

In one of the wings of the Palace of Christiansburg is deposited the Royal Museum. It contains a great number of interesting objects, especially some exquisite carvings in wood, executed by the peasants of Norway, who are very skilful in this description of work; and there is also a wooden bust of King Christian the Fifth, which is said to have been carved by a shepherd who, in the year 1688, when the monarch went to Droutheim, in Norway, stood in the road to see him pass, and retained so fixed an impression of the royal countenance as to be enabled accurately to imitate every feature and lineament. The display of ivory carvings, of jewels, of articles of gold and silver, porcelain ware, together with Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman antiquities, is very splendid. Several relics of Tycho Brahe are to be seen, and among them his chair, and the watch that he used—a present from James II of Scotland. The Museum also contains some natural productions worthy of attention; among them is a mass of native silver from the mines of Norway, nearly six feet in length, and in one part nearly 18 inches in diameter, weighing 350 lbs., and valued at 5,000 dollars.

One of the most curious objects in Copenhagen is the Observatory. It is 120 feet high; and the ascent to the upper part is not by a flight of stairs but by a spiral road of brick, which winds nearly to the top, and is of such gentle elevation that any one might pass along it on horseback in perfect safety. At the termination of the road a spiral staircase leads to the summit, which is enclosed with a substantial iron rail-

ing. The circular room at the top of the tower is said to have been used as an observatory by Tycho Brahe ; it has windows on every side, and contains several instruments. In the centre stands a bronze bust of the great astronomer, whose name is held in such high and deserved estimation by his countrymen. The wall is ornamented with portraits of Ptolemy, Copernicus, Newton, Bradly, and others. Peter the Great is said to have driven a carriage up to the top of the observatory ; but I very much doubt the fact.

Copenhagen is the chief place for the manufactures of Denmark, but it is not a manufacturing town like Manchester, Leeds, or Birmingham. All, or nearly all, the trades which are practised in the kingdom are under different Guilds or Corporations, which are destructive of free-trade principles ; and hence we find that the mechanics, although they are paid at a high rate, have never been celebrated for skill, ingenuity, or taste. The chief manufactures are woollen cloths, stockings, and the refining of sugar, if this last can be called a manufacture. The commerce of the capital consists of exports of grain, liquor, butter, cheese, pork, hides, and cattle ; the imports of flax, hemp, masts, and cordage from Russia ; wines and brandy from France ; tobacco from America ; coals, earthenware, and salt from England.

One of the most remarkable occurrences connected with this city was the Battle of Copenhagen, which took place in the year 1801. Russia, Sweden, and Denmark entered into a combination—the object of which was to make England give up her naval rights. The British Cabinet resolved at once to crush the attempt, and a powerful fleet was sent to

the Baltic, under Sir Hyde Parker, with Nelson as second in command ; and on the 30th of March the fleet moored in the road. On the arrival of the English fleet, the enemy's means of defence were found to be formidable ; upwards of a hundred pieces of cannon were mounted upon the Crown batteries at the entrance of the harbour, and a line of twenty-five two-deckers, frigates, and floating batteries were moored across its mouth. Nelson offered his services for the attack. The channel of approach was little known, and extremely intricate. But Nelson saw, with his own eye, the soundings made and the buoys laid down, boating it upon this exhausting service day and night till it was effected. The battle was fought on the 2nd of April ; it began at five minutes after ten ; the first half of the squadron was engaged in about half-an-hour, and by half-past eleven the action had become general. Three of our ships, however, unfortunately grounded, and, owing to the fears of the masters and pilots, the anchors were let go nearly at a distance of a cable's length from the enemy. Nelson was extremely agitated when he saw his force thus materially weakened ; but every fearful thought was soon lost in the excitement of action. Of all the engagements in which he had borne a part, this, he said, was the most terrible. Three hours had elapsed and the enemy's fire was unchecked. A shot through the main-mast knocked a few splinters about the Admiral, who was pacing the quarter-deck. "It is warm work," he observed to one of his officers, with a smile, "but I would not be elsewhere for thousands." About this time the signal lieutenant called out that No. 39, the signal for discontinuing of the action, was thrown out by the Commander-in-Chief, who was with the rest of the fleet,

four miles off. Nelson continued to walk the deck, and to take no notice of it. The signal officer met him at the next turn, and asked him if he should repeat it. "No," he replied, "acknowledge it." Presently he called after him to know if the signal for close action was still flying; and being answered in the affirmative, said. "Mind, you keep it so" He now walked the deck, moving the stump of his lost arm in a manner which always denoted great agitation. "Doctor," he said to the surgeon, "do you know what is shown on board of the Commander-in-Chief, No. 39?" The Doctor asked what that meant. "Why, to leave off action." Then shrugged up his shoulders, he repeated the words—"to leave off action!" "No, hang me if I do." "You know, Foley," turning to the Captain, "I have only one eye. I like to be blind sometimes. Hang the signal! keep mine for close battle flying. That is the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast."

At length, about 2 o'clock, the greater part of the Danish line had ceased to fire. Some of the lighter ships were adrift, and many had struck. But the ships moored in front still continuing a fire, it was proposed to send fire ships in to destroy them; but, before he did so, Nelson retired to the stern gallery, and thus wrote to the Crown Prince:—"Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark, when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covers her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set fire to all the prizes he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who so nobly defended them." A wafer was brought to him for this letter, but he ordered wax and a

candle, saying—"This is no time to appear hurried and informal," and affixed a larger seal than usual. Soon after, the Danish general, Lindholm, returned with a flag of truce, when the action closed, after four hour's continuance, and the Northern Confederacy which threatened England was destroyed.

Such is, my young friends, a short account of the City of Copenhagen: let us hope that the time may be far distant when such cruel necessity shall arise for England to protect herself. We live in very perilous times. We cannot tell what the next half century may threaten; but we have this consolation, that Divine Providence has always sustained England in the hour of trial.



The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green.



HIS popular old Ballad, famous for its modesty and simplicity, was written in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears, not only from verse twenty-three, where the Arms of England are called the "Queenes Arms," but from its tunes being quoted in other old pieces, written in her time.

In comparing the old Ballad with two ancient printed copies, the second part, which contains the old Beggar's discovery of himself, is made more consistent with history; for this informs us, that at the decisive battle of Evesham (fought August 4, 1265), when Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son, Henry, fell by his side, and in consequence of that defeat, his whole family sunk for ever; the King bestowing their great honors and possessions on his second son, Edmund, Earl of Lancaster.

The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green.

PART THE FIRST.

IT was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
He had a faire daughter, of bewty most bright;
And many a gallant brave suitor had shee—
For none was so comelye as prettye Bessee.

And though shee was of favor most faire,
Yett seeing shee was but a poor beggars heyre,
Of ancyent housekeepers despised was shee,
Whose sonnes came as suitors to prettye Bessee.

Wherefore in great sorrow, faire Bessy did say,
Good father, and mother, let me goe away
To seeke out my fortune, whatever itt bee,
This suite then they granted to prettye Bessee.

Then Bessy, that was of bewtye so bright,
All cladd in gray russett, and late in the night,
From father and mother alone parted shee ;
Who sighed and sobbed for prettye Bessee,

She went till she came to Stratford-le-Bow ;
Then knew shee not whither, nor which way to goe ;
With teares shee lamented her hard destinie ;
Soo sad and soe heavy was prettye Bessee.

Shee kept on her journey untill it was day,
And went unto Rumford, along the hyeway,
Where, at the Queenes Arms, entertained was shee ;
Soo faire and well favoured was prettye Bessee.

Shee had not been there a month to an end,
But master and mistres and all was her friend ;
And everye brave gallant, that once did her see,
Was straightway enamoured of prettye Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
 And in their songs, daylye, her love was extold :
 Her bewtye was blazed in everye degree,
 Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy ;
 She shewed herself curteous, and modestlye coye ;
 And at her commandment still wold they all bee ;
 Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty Beasee.

Foure suitors att once unto her did goe,
 They craved her favor, but still she sayd " Noe,
 I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee,"
 Yet ever they honoured prettye Bessee.

The first of them was a gallant young knight,
 And he came unto her disguised in the night ;
 The second a gentleman of good degree,
 Who wooed and sued for prettye Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
 He was the third suitor—and proper, withall :
 Her masters own sonne the fourth man must be,
 Who swore he wold dye for prettye Bessee.

" And, if thou wilt marry with mee," quoth the knight,
 Ile make thee a ladye with joy and delight ;
 My harts soe intralled by thy bewtie,
 That soone I shall dye for prettye Bessee."

The gentleman sayd, " Come marry with mee ;
 As fine as a ladye my Bessy shall be ;
 My life is distressed, Oh ; heare mee," quoth hee ;
 " And grant me thy love, my prettye Bessee."

" Let mee bee thy husband," the merchant cold say,
 " Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay ;
 My shippes shall bring home rych jewels for thee,
 And I will for ever love prettye Bessee."

Then Bessy she sighed, and thus shee did saye,
 " My father and mother I meane to obey ;
 First gett their good will, and be faithful to me,
 And you shall enjoye your prettye Bessee,"

To everye one this answer shee made,
 Wherefore unto her they joyfullye said,
 " This thing to fulfil we all doe agree,
 But where dwells thy father, my prettye Bessee."

" My father, she said, "is soon to be seen ;
 The seely blind beggar of Bednall-greene
 That daylie sits begging for charitye,
 He is the good father of prettye Bessee.

" His markes and his tokens are known very well ;
 He always is led with a dogg and a bell ;
 A seely old man, God knoweth, is hee,
 Yet hee is the father of prettye Bessee."

" Nay, then," quoth the merchant, " thou art not for mee ;"
 " Nor," quoth the innholder, " my wife shalt thou bee."
 " I lothe," quoth the gentle, " a beggars degree,
 And therefore, adewe, my prettye Bessee."

" Why then," quoth the knight, " hap better or worse,
 I waighe not true love by the waight of my purse ;
 And bewtye is bewtye in every degree ;
 Then welcome unto me, my prettye Bessee."

" With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe "
 " Nay, soft," quoth his kinsmen, " It must not be soe !
 A poor beggars daughter noe ladye shal bee,
 Then take thy adew of prettye Bessee."

But soone after this, by breake of the daye
 The knight had from Rumford, stole Bessy away.
 The young men of Rumford, as thicke as might be,
 Rode after to feitch againe prettye Bessee.

As swifte as the wind to ryde they were seene,
 Until they came near unto Bednall greene,
 And as the knight lighted most courteouslie,
 They all fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescewe came speedilye over the plaine,
 Or else the young knighte for his love had been slain.
 This fray being ended, then struitway he see,
 His kinsmen come ralying at pretty Bessee.

Then spake the blind beggar. " Although I bee poore,
 Yett rayle not against my child at my owne doore !
 Thoughe shee be not decked in velvett or pearle,
 Yett will I drop angelis with you for my girle.

And then, if my gold may better her birthe,
 And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
 Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see
 The blind beggars daughter a ladye to bee.

But first you shall promise, and have itt well knowne,
 The gold that you drop shall all be your owne,"
 With that they replyd, " Contented bee wee,"
 " Then heres," quoth the beggar, " for pretty Bessee."

With that an angell he dropt on the ground,
 And dropped in angelis full three thousand pound ;
 And oftentimes itt was proved most plaine,
 For the gentlemens one the beggar dropp twaine !

Soe that the place, wherein they did sitt,
 With gold it was covered every whitt ;
 The gentlemen then having dropp't all their store,
 Sayd, " Now, beggar, hold, for wee have noe more,

" Thou hast fulfill'd thy promise arright "
 " Then marrye," quoth he " this girle to this knighte ;
 And hecre," added he, " I will now throwe you downe,
 A hundred pounds more, to buy her a gowne."

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had scene,
Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene :
And all those, that were her suitors before,
Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was faire Bessy matched to the knight,
And then made a ladye in others despite :
A fairer ladye there never was seene
Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
The second fit shall set forth to your sighte
With marveilous pleasure, and wished delight.

PART THE SECOND.

Off a blind beggars daughter most bright,
That late was betrothed unto a younge knight ;
All the discourse therof you did see ;
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they could have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie,
And all for the creditt of pretty Bessee.

All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete
Were bought for the banquet, as it was most meete ;
Partridge and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

This marriage through England was spread by report,
Soe that a great number thereto did resort,
Of nobles and gentles in every degree ;
And all for the fame of pretty Bessee.

To church then went this gallant younge knight ;
 His bride followed after, an angell most bright,
 With tropes of ladyes, the like nere was seene,
 As went with sweete Bessy of Bednall-green.

This marryage being solemnised then,
 With musicke performed by the skilfullest men,
 The nobles and gentles sate down at that tyde,
 Each one adnuring the beautiful bryde.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
 To talke and to reason a number begunn :
 They talkt of the blind beggars daughter most bright,
 And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, " Much marveil have wee,
 This jolly blind beggar wee cannot here see."
 " My lord," quoth the bride, " my father's so base,
 He is lothe with his presence these states to disgrace."

" The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe
 Before her own face, were a flattering thinge ;
 But wee thinke thy father's baseness, quoth they,
 Might by thy bewtye be cleane put away."

They had noe sooner these pleasant words spoke,
 But in comes the beggar cladd in a silke cloke ;
 A fair velvet capp, and a fether had hee,
 And now a musicyan forsooth he would bee.

He had a daintye lute under his arme,
 He touched the strings, which made such a charme,
 Saies, " Please you to hear any musicke of mee,
 Ile sing you a song of pretty Bessee."

With that his lute he twanged straightway,
 And thereon began most sweetlye to play ;
 And after that lessons were played two or three,
 He strayn'd out this song most delicatelie.

"A poore beggars daughter did dwell on a greene,
Who for her fairenesse might well be a queene :
A blithe bonny lasse, and a daintye was shee,
And many one called her pretty Bessee.

"Her father hee had noe goods, nor noe land,
But beggd for a penny all day with his hand ;
And yett to her marriage hee gave thousands three,
And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

"And if any one here her berth doe disdain,
Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
To proove shee is come of noble degree !
Therefore never flout att prettye Bessee."

With that the lords and the companye round
With harty laughter were ready to swound ;
Att last said the lords, "Full well wee may see,
The bride and the beggar's behoulden to thee"

On this the bride all blushing did rise,
The pearlie dropps standing within her faire eyes,
"O pardon my father, grave nobles, quoth shee,
That throughe blinde affection thus doteth on mee."

"If this be thy father, the nobles did say,
Well may he be proud of this happy day ;
Yett by his countenance well may wee see,
His birth and his fortune did never agree ;

And therefore, blind man, we pray thee bewray,
(And looke that the truth thou to us doe say)
Thy birth and thy parentage, what itt may bee ;
For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessee."

"Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
One song more to sing, and then I have done ;
And if that itt may not win good report,
Then doe not give me a groat for my sport,

" Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shal bee ;
 Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,
 Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,
 Now loste and forgotten are hee and his race.

When the barons in armes did king Henrye oppose,
 Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose ;
 A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
 And oft-times he made their enemyes flee.

" At length in the battle on Evesham plaine
 The barons were routed and Montfort was slaine ;
 Most fatal that battel did prove unto thee,
 Thoughe thou wast not born then, my prettye Bessee !

" Along with the nobles, that fell at that tyde,
 His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his side,
 Was fellde by a blowe, he received in the fight !
 A blow that deprived him for ever of sight.

" Among the dead bodyes all lifeless he laye,
 Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
 When by a young ladye discovered was hee ;
 And this was thy mother, my prettye Bessee.

" A barons fair daughter stept forth in the nighte
 To search for her father who fell in the fight,
 And seeing yong Montfort, where gasping he laye,
 Was moved with pitye, and brought him away.

" In secrette she nurst him, and swaged his paine,
 While he through the realme was bleeved to be slaine ;
 At lengthe his faire bride she consented to bee,
 And made him glad father of prettye Bessee.

" And nowe lest oure foes our lives sholde betraye,
 We clothed ourselves in beggars arraye ;
 Her jewelles she solde, and hitherto came wee :
 All our comfort and care was our prettye Bessee.

"And here have wee lived in fortunes despite,
Thoughe poore, yet contented with humble delighte;
Full forty winters thus have I beene
A silly blind beggar of Bednall-greene.

"And here, noble lordes, has ended the song
Of one, that once to your own ranke did belong :
And thus have you learned a secrette from mee,
That ne'er had beene knowne, but for prettye Bessee."

Now when the faire compayne every one,
Had heard the strange tale in the song he had showne,
They all were amazed, as well they might bee,
Both at the blinde beggar, and prettye Bessee.

With that the faire bride they all did embrace,
Saying, Sure thou art come of an honourable race,
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
And thou art well worthy a lady to bee.

Thus was the feast ended with joye and delighte,
A bridegroome most happy then was the young knighte,
In joy and felicitie long lived hee,
All with his fair ladye, the prettye Bessee.



The Snow Storm.



HERE was once a little girl by the name of Cornelia, who was very fond of having her own way. In this, she was no doubt very much like many other girls, and boys too. But Cornelia carried her self-will very far, and PETER PARLEY is going to tell you how it once brought her into serious trouble.

You must know that she lived in the western part of Connecticut, and near the ridge of mountains which separates that State from New York. The village in which she dwelt was called Ridgebury, and if you ever visit the place, you will see that it skirts the woods lying at the foot and up the slopes of an elevated mountain. These woods are filled with chestnut, walnut, and butternut trees, and to gather their fruit, the children of the vicinity often visit them.

Now at the time of which I speak, it was late in December, but as yet there had been no snow, and very little cold weather. The season was, indeed, uncommonly mild and pleasant. Well, on a certain day, Cornelia had arranged, with some of her young friends, to go into the woods a-nutting. She was very impatient to have the day arrive, and

when at last it came, she was in high spirits. The sun rose fair, and seemed for a time to promise a beautiful day, but soon a cloud in the west rose up gradually and spread over the sky. At the same time a peculiar chill was in the air, which made the farmers shake their heads, the birds seek shelter in the forests, and the old hens step slow, high, and long—all the while uttering low and scarcely audible sounds.

Cornelia's father was what is called *weather-wise*, and he advised his daughter and her companions not to carry out their plan—saying that he believed it was going to snow. Some of the children were disposed to adopt his advice, but Cornelia was determined to go—rain or shine.

"Pray, father," said she, "what if it does snow? we don't care!"

"But," said the old farmer, "you may take cold, or you may suffer from cold, or you may get lost in the woods. It is folly to seek pleasure when you are likely to get nothing but pain."

All this had no effect upon Cornelia; she had made up her mind to go, and nothing could stop her. So at last she set off with her half-dozen companions. Full of expectation, they went along with hops, skips, and jumps, and at the end of two hours they were in the woods. All had their baskets, and, the chestnuts being tolerably thick, they had pretty good picking, even though the squirrels had been, for a full month, laying in their winter stores. So on they went, from tree to tree, gradually filling their baskets, and their mouths too—if the truth must all be told.

Thus the early part of the day was passed, during which time the gay and thoughtless party had buried themselves in

the thickest part of the forest. So busy were they, that no one took notice of the path by which they came, or the direction in which they had gone. Nor did they, for some time,



observe that the clouds had become dark, and that fine flakes of snow were sailing down from the sky, and lighting softly and stealthily upon the ground. When snow begins in this way, it forebodes something serious. It is with snow storms as with people : if they set out with big, blustering pretences, they are likely to wind off with aizzle, or a drizzle ; but if

they take it quietly at the start—say little and work steadily—before they get through, they are apt to do a great business.

Well, on the present occasion, the snow storm did not advertise in the newspapers ; it did not put up a tall board, saying, “Look out for the engine while the bell rings !” it did not send notice by that strange, incredible, unaccountable creature, which the editors work so hard, and which is called *The Express* ; in short, it did none of these things. So quietly did it fall, that our little gypsies did not remark what was going on till the snow had fallen an inch deep. Then they began to look about, and pretty soon they perceived that the flakes now filled the whole atmosphere. So thickly did they fall, that it seemed as if they were shovelled down from snow-banks in the sky.

At first the girls all began to laugh, and then they began to be serious, and ask what was to be done. “Where are we ?” said one. “Which way shall we go ?” said another. These were very important questions—for my young friends will observe that when we propose to set out for any particular place, it is somewhat essential to know the direction in which it lies. Now the little girls wished to go home, but which way home lay, not one of them could tell. They had been so busy in their sports, that they had taken no heed of the points of the compass, and no notice of the paths by which they had reached their present position. And this, by the way, is very apt to be the course of young people, not only in hunting walnuts and chestnuts, but in pursuing other pleasures. They run along, thoughtless and joyous, dreaming only of amusement ; they turn hither and thither ; they do this and they do that ; perchance they disobey their

parents, or neglect their duties, or get the habit of telling falsehoods, or become deceitful, unkind and treacherous. So they go on, till at last a day of storm comes ; then they find that they are disliked ; no one loves them ; no one trusts them. They feel alone ; they want help, they want friends—but none are at hand. How dark is all around, at such a time ! O, how do they now yearn to get back to the scenes of peace, and innocence, and love ! Yet how often is it that they find they have wandered too far to return ; they know not the way—they are lost, and nothing but storm, and tempest, and sorrow, are before and around them.

But we must go back to our little friends. They stood close together, like a flock of startled quails, for some time, looking in each other's faces—and pretty long faces they were. But while they stood still, the snow kept on falling. By this time it came in one wide sheet, while at intervals, rowdy gusts of winds seized upon the tops of the tall trees, and made them bow and toss as if they were about to dance a polka. One might have imagined that the forest was a giant's head of hair, and an angry barber was combing it ; and I might say powdering it, too—using a plenty of snow for the purpose. At last, Cornelia led off, and the rest of the party followed her. For some time they threaded the thickets, in silence following their leader ; but at the end of half-an-hour, they found themselves returned to the very spot from which they started ! Again they set out, and by good fortune found the path by which they had entered the wood. They now scampered along pretty merrily, though the snow by this time was six inches deep.

They finally came to a place in the woods where two paths

—one leading to the right and one to the left—lay before them. Which of these were they to follow? That was the question. Cornelia said they must take the left; all the other girls judged that the one to the right should be followed. And now Cornelia's habitual obstinacy and self-will took possession of her. And I may as well say, in passing, that if any one has a fault, it is very apt to come in the way at the very worst time. I have often noticed, in travelling, that if a wheel or a bit of harness has a flaw or a weak spot, it is sure to give way when you are on a hill side, or at a broken bridge, so as to give you a turn-over, or at least a tumble. Just so it was with poor Cornelia, as we shall see. Her fault, on the present occasion, brought her into great difficulty and danger. To tell the truth, she was by no means sure which was the right road; but as she had given her opinion in favour of that to the left, her pride induced her to speak with great confidence. At last she said pettishly: "Well, girls, I shall take this path, and you may do as you please!" Saying this, and not deigning to look behind her, she struck into the left-hand path, and proceeded on her way.

The other girls, after a moment's hesitation, took the right-hand road. It was a long way home, and the snow was deep; but at length, just at evening, they reached the village, and went to their several dwellings. They called by the way, and told the parents of Cornelia what had happened, though they seemed to have no apprehension on her account. But night soon set in, and Cornelia did not come home. Then her parents became anxious. The father went to the door several times; and the mother, looked up repeatedly from her work, and listened. The old dog, now fat and wheezy, would not

sleep by the fire-side as usual, but he sat out on the door-steps and kept his ears erect, as if uneasy or troubled. Finally the farmer took his hat and went out. It was not dark, for the world seemed dimly lighted up by the snow. Never was there a more dreary night. The snow-flakes came swift and steady, and the bitter wind—chill and screaming—tossed it hither and thither, now making it spin along the roof, now chasing it into the angles of the house, and now making it dance like ghosts along the tops of the half-buried walls and fences. Suddenly the thought struck to the heart of the father, “Perhaps my child is wandering in the forest, this terrible night!” He went back to the house, almost faint with apprehension. He took his overcoat and stout cane, while the eye of his wife rested upon him; she saw in a moment what this meant. She sprang to his side, and gazed in his face, now pale and terror-stricken.

“You are right, you are right!” said she, “go, but do not go alone. Heaven have mercy upon our child!” Leaving the mother in a state of dreadful anxiety, the farmer called upon his nearest neighbours, and in a brief space, five brave men set out in search of the missing girl. They had got the best account they could from the companions of Cornelia as to her probable route, and, impelled by their fears, pushed as rapidly forward as the encumbered state of the roads would allow. Breathless, and oppressed with terrors which he did not dare to speak, the father of the lost child led the way.

Leaving the party for the present, we return to Cornelia. For some time after her separation from her young friends, she went steadily forward, not turning to see if they followed

her ; but at last she became uneasy, and paused to listen. For a moment she thought of turning back and following her friends, but then again her pride interfered. "What !" said Pride, whispering in at both ears, "what ! you, Cornelia Blossom—you turn back ? You confess you were wrong ? You be laughed at by half-a-dozen chits, not one of them so smart as you ? Do this, and you lose your place as queen of the village for ever ! "

Now perhaps, my young readers, you might think it quite as ridiculous, quite as humiliating, to be led about by that miserable, cross-eyed fellow, called *Pride*, as it would be to follow the advice of your friends. For my part, I think it is very silly indeed, to let *Pride* govern us, especially as *Pride* is very apt to make us do dirty and mean things. No doubt our poor friend Cornelia was very foolish in listening to the fellow ; but girls will have their whims, even though they pay dearly for it. Having finally decided not to go back, she went as rapidly forward as she could, and in spite of the deep snow, made considerable progress. But what is the use of getting ahead, when we go in the wrong direction ? Poor Cornelia ! you were all this time going from home, and not towards it ; every step you took carried you farther and farther from the object you sought !

Nevertheless, the girl kept on, till at last evening began to set in. At the same time the storm increased, and the path became more obscure. Finally it vanished entirely, and a trackless forest was before her. Her courage now began to give way. She stopped and burst into tears. Yet what cared the trees or the tempest for this ? What sympathy had the snow, or the wind, or the roaring forest, for her ? O, where

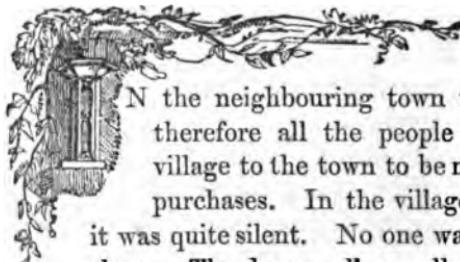
was mother, where was father, then ? It is in the time of trouble that our hearts perceive the truth ; that we see the value of friends and parents whom we have, perhaps, spurned in the hours of prosperity. What a feeling of contrition now stung Cornelia's bosom, as this thought crossed her mind. " O," said she mentally, " how often have I disobeyed my parents ; how have I set at nought their counsel. Here, this very day, did I reject the advice of my father, and come upon this unlucky expedition against his warning ! And now perhaps, I am to perish in this forest as a punishment for my folly and disobedience. Dear me—what shall I do—what shall I do ?" The poor girl's voice was lost in the creaking and groaning of the trees, and the hollow roar of the winds.

For a short time she stood still, wringing her hands—and then she grew angry. " It's too bad—it's too bad !" said she, stamping her foot, and throwing herself down upon the snow. But this did not feel good to her bare flesh, and as the stones and trees did not express any pity or come to her help, she thought it best to help herself. So she got up, brushed off the snow, and went forward. But whither she went she did not know. Her mind was so bewildered that she hardly sought to pursue a definite route. She wandered hither and thither, and at last a terrible fear came over her, and throwing her hands wildly in the air : " Must I indeed die ?" said she, " must I die in this terrible wilderness ? O mother ! help ! help !" The piercing cry was caught by the wind and echoed along the hollows of the forest, but the snow-drifts sported not the less merrily, and the tops of the trees revelled not the less madly in the gale.

Poor Cornelia ! you are indeed lost, if One who hears the cry of His children come not to thine aid ! She was now nearly fainting. Her brain soon whirled, and then a dreadful stupor began to creep over her. Her feet and hands were numb ; her heart seemed scarcely to beat. Her tongue could hardly utter audible sounds. The trees seemed swimming around her. She paused ; her limbs trembled, and faintly exclaiming, "Father ! father ! father !" she fell upon the snow. Loud, cold, and indifferent was the storm that dreadful night. What cares the snow-drift, whether it becomes the winding-sheet of a blighted leaf, a perished flower, or a lost child ? Can trees hear the cry of distress ? Will the wind listen to the wail of despair ? No—but a father's ear is keen, and a father's ear caught the last appeal of the wanderer. Heaven guided the faint sounds, "Father ! father ! father !" to his heart. He heard the cry. He rushed forward, and clasped his child in his arms. He was not too late—and I need not tell the rest of the story.



The Chief and the Child.



N the neighbouring town there was a fair ; and therefore all the people were gone from the village to the town to be merry there, and make purchases. In the village, when evening came it was quite silent. No one was either seen or heard there. The draw-well, usually such a noisy place in the evening, where the girls come to fetch water, was quite deserted. The great linden-tree beneath which the peasant lads sit in an evening and sing, was also deserted. There was only now a solitary little bird singing among the branches. The very roots of the old tree, the great play-place of the village children, were deserted ; you only saw a few ants which had over-stayed their time at work, hurrying home as fast as they could.

Twilight sank down gradually over everything. When the merry noisy birds had crept into their roosting places, the queer little bats glided forth from holes in the tree stem, and flew gently and softly about through the evening sky.

A man came round the corner of a barn. He crept silently and in fear along the wall, where the shadow was strongest. He glanced around him with anxiety to see whether any other men were out who would see him. When he believed himself unobserved, he climbed over the wall ; then he crept along on all-fours like a cat, till he came to an open window of a house, and then he disappeared through the window.

The man had bad thoughts in his heart : he was a thief, and had determined to rob the people of the house.

When he had entered by the window he found himself in an empty room ; and close to this room was a chamber. The door leading into the chamber was not locked.

The thief imagined it possible, that although the people were gone to the fair, some one might still be in the room ; therefore he listened with his ear against the door.

He heard a child's voice, and looking in through the key-hole, by the glimmering light from the window he saw that a little child was sitting up all by, itself, in its little bed, praying. The little child was saying the Lord's Prayer before going to sleep, as it had been taught by its mother to do.

The man was pondering how he might best rob the house, when the child's clear, loud voice fell upon his ear as it prayed these words :

"**AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL !"**

The words smote the man's heart, and his slumbering conscience awoke. He felt how great was the sin he was about to commit. He also folded his hands and prayed—" And

lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil !” And our dear Lord heard him.

By the same road that he had come he returned, and crept back into his chamber. Here he repented with his whole heart all the evil he had done in his life ; besought God for forgiveness, and returned thanks to him for the protection he had sent to him through the voice of a pious child.

He has since become an industrious and honest man.





Tottering Tim.

HERE was once a man whose name was Timothy, but he drank so much rum, brandy, and whiskey, that his limbs trembled, and even when he was not drunk, he walked in an unsteady fashion like a child. For this reason, he got the name of Tottering Tim.

Now one cold winter's night, Tim went to the tavern as usual, and drank so much liquor that he felt very merry. It was late at night, and the ground was covered with snow; but he set out to go home, not doubting that somehow or other, he would find his way, as he had done before.

Now when Tim came to the lane that turned up to his house, he looked forward, but to his amazement, his little brown house appeared to be double, and so he took it for two houses! "Faith," said he—"I thought I had got almost home, but here I am only half way—for there are the two houses of Squire Smith and Captain Nash. It's bitter cold;—but courage, Tim—courage—go a-head—that's the music!" So he left the lane and plodded on, expecting to find his house further along.

He walked on for half-an-hour, till at last he found

himself in a broad open space, with only two or three small cedar trees in the centre. By this time, he was very weary, and besides, the liquor had got into his head, and he was quite bewildered. He now fancied that he had found the spot where his house had been situated, but somehow or other it was gone. He was gazing about in wonder, when a terrible noise seemed to issue from the air.

"Hoot—toot—toot!—awah—awah!—cree-e-e-e!" said the voice.

"What in the name of Ned, is that?" said Tim, trembling from head to foot.

"Hoot—toot—toot—awah!—awah!"—was the reply.

"Turn about!" go away!—is that what you say, Mister?" said Tim. At the same time, he looked up to the branches of the trees, where he saw a white object, with large goggling eyes. To Timothy's excited imagination, it appeared like a man dressed in a white sheet, so he took it to be a ghost—though it fact it was only a large white owl.

"Hoot—toot—awah—awah!"—said the bird.

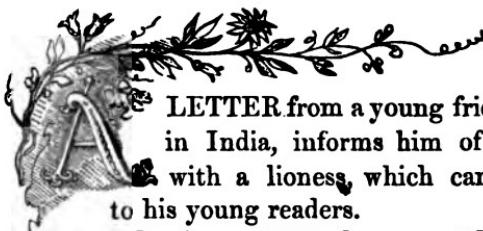
"I'm a-goin.—I am a-goin!"—said Tim, in haste, and turning about he started in the opposite direction. Now it chanced that his little dog had followed him, and was close at his heels. Seeing his master set his face homeward, the animal trotted along before, and Tim, according to his custom, went after him. Both stepped lightly over the snow, for Tim's fright had cleared away his intoxication. They soon arrived at the lane that led to his house, but by this time, Timothy was a-dry, and concluded to go back to the tavern. But just as he had turned in that direction, he heard the voice issuing from the tree before him—"Hoot,

toot, awah, awah !” At the same moment, he saw the white form and the goggling eyes among the branches.

Tim’s heart was touched. “It’s a real ghost and no mistake!” said he; “it’s a terrible warning, and I’ll go home.” This he did, and such was the effect, that he never swallowed a drop of spirits from that time. He took the pledge four days after, and when he was asked the reason, he only replied, “That he had heard a temperance lecturer in the woods saying: “Hoot, toot—awah—awah—turn about—go home !”



Fearful Encounter with a Lioness.



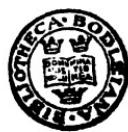
LETTER from a young friend of PETER PARLEY, in India, informs him of a fearful encounter with a lioness, which cannot be unacceptable to his young readers.

In June, 1851, he says, "I set out to join my regiment, then lying at Deesa. On the night of the 22nd, my tent was pitched about twenty miles from a village called Ghoasnaird, on the banks of the river Barnasse. I travelled with a double set of servants, camels, &c., and by keeping one set in advance, I had nothing to do but to ride from tent to tent, everything being prepared for my reception. Devotedly fond of field sports, I had pursued them with the utmost avidity since my first arrival in India. The country I was now travelling through abounded in game, particularly hog and black buck, and I anticipated, with the delight which a sportsman alone can feel, the havoc I should make amongst them.

"Therefore, early on the morning of the 23rd, I travelled the distance from where I had slept, to my tent, near



Fearful encounter with a Lioness.



Ghoasnaird, on a camel, and, having partaken of a capital breakfast, I eagerly interrogated my shikaree as to what prospect of sport. He told me there was plenty of hog. I gave immediate directions to get out the horses, and was soon mounted on a favorite Arab that had been at the death of as many hogs as any horse in India, my servant riding my second horse with a spare spear. A Sycee leading a third, and another with my rifle, these, with fourteen Coolies or beaters, completed the party.

"The country through which we passed was of an undulating character, and interspersed over it were numerous small covers of tamarisk. At this time of year there were no signs of cultivation. We had beat a considerable quantity of ground without success, arousing only a few pigs that were too small to ride after, and my patience and good humour were rapidly evaporating, when my shikaree pointed out the pug or track of a large boar. It appeared quite fresh, and I determined to follow it. We proceeded above a mile, every moment in the hope of rousing him, when, turning the angle of a small cover, we suddenly came upon a dead bullock. About twenty yards to the right of it was another, and not a hundred in advance was the hog we were pugging. The Coolies collected round it, and I heard them repeating the word, lions, lions. Enraged at being baffled of my expected sport, and my blood up, I dismounted, and my shikaree showed me the lion's track. We could make out distinctly that there were six, and as it is their habit to return at night and devour their prey, I made no doubt that they were still in the immediate neighbourhood. I seized my rifle, and after considerable remonstrance, and with some

difficulty, I persuaded my Coolies to follow them up, and, taking the lead, we tracked them into a tamarisk nullah or sorene, running at right angles, and into the bed of the river. The tamarisk resembles the cypress, and is about the height of a man's head, forming a very thick cover, extending over four or five acres. After a short pause we entered, not knowing but the next step might throw us into the lion's jaws. We, however, beat through without any adventure, and then we discovered that they had stole away ; one taking down the bed of the river, the other, which, by the track, appeared to be a large one, had doubled back into the cover, broke higher, and made up the bed of the Barnasse. This last I determined upon following. We soon tracked it into a small jungle on the edge of the river. I had just entered when I heard a shout, and running round a bush that intercepted my view, I saw an enormous lioness making off with tremendous bounds, I fired and missed her.—I shouted to the Sycee to keep her in sight. He put his horse to its speed, and in a short time returned, and told me she had taken refuge in a large yellow break. He guided me to the spot, and I got within thirty yards. She was couched, and glared on us as we approached. I raised my rifle and fired ; she uttered a tremendous roar, and rushed out. I had wounded her in the shoulder, for as she crossed the bed of the river she went on three legs. My Sycee was about to follow, but she turned and pursued him, roaring terribly. He, however, found no difficulty in getting away, and she retreated and took her stand under a single tree, much resembling our thorn, but larger, and called a baubee tree. There she stood in full view, appearing almost as large as a bullock, with her tongue

out, lashing her sides with her tail, and roaring most appallingly. I now sent back all my followers, and cocking my rifle, steadily approached till within thirty yards, when I gave her my fire. I struck her, I believe, in the belly. When she received my shot she lowered her head, and rushed towards me as if mortally wounded, but suddenly, when within ten paces, turned off again, and made down the bed of the river, for a short distance, then crossed to the opposite bank, and entered a large jungle.

"The natives crowded round me, and assured me she had received her death-blow. I was greatly elated, thought her a cowardly skulking beast, and imagined I had nothing to do but take possession of my prize. I quickly re-loaded, and though the sun was at its meridian and the heat was intense, I still pursued on foot. We now entered the jungle into which we had marked her. It was so thick I could hardly see a yard before me. I walked for some time without success; at length one of the Coolies exclaimed, 'Sahib, sahib; there she be in dat bush.' I now caught sight of her sitting up like a dog, with her tongue out, and glaring on us. I raised my rifle, but my hand shook so, from the excitement and extreme heat, that I felt certain I should miss. I lowered it, and, turning to my shikaree told him he must shoot her. He was a capital shot; I had seen him break a bottle at a hundred yards with a ball. 'No, no, sahib; me no shoot, me afraid me no hit him.' 'I cannot hold the gun steady, so you must shoot,' said I, 'or we shall both be eaten alive.' I thrust the gun into the poor fellow's hand, and stood close to him to give him courage—he fired, and missed; immediately he threw down his rifle, and fled. The moment the

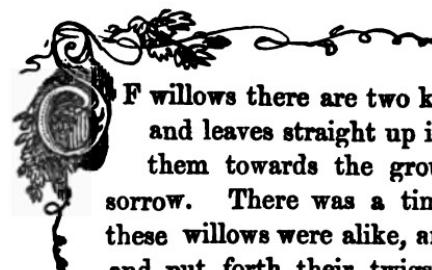
enraged beast heard the report she rushed out. For a second I paused—then turned and ran for my life. It was a heavy sand, and I had on shoes and gaiters. I could not have run far before I heard her roaring fearfully close behind. I attempted to dodge—my courage died away—my legs failed me—she sprang and dashed me to the earth—the first blow must have been certain death, but her leg being broken she could not strike. She seized me by the lower part of the back—shaking me as a cat would a mouse—lacerating and tearing me dreadfully, then threw me to the ground on my face. She now caught me by the left arm, mumbling and biting me, the agony was so intense that I threw up my right arm and caught her by the ear. She quitted her hold and seized me by the wrist. I inwardly prayed for death to release me. Apparently exhausted she now crouched at full length, one leg resting on my right thigh, the other a little drawn back between my legs—her tongue out, panting like a tired hound, glaring on me full in the face. I had some indistinct feeling at the time that my eye might awe her, and thus with my head raised a little, for she had thrown me on a bank, we lay looking at each other. My native servant, a Sycee, who had been in my service ten years, had now approached to within twelve paces of me. I heard him exclaim, "Oh, massey, massey, what shall I do; the horse will come not nearer." "Turn it loose, and assist me," I uttered in despair; but he came not. "For heaven's sake, Chard Cawn, do not let me die in this manner; save me if you can;" but still he came not. I reproached him with every term, but could only hear him reply in accents of horror and fear. At length, when sight began to fail and

death appeared inevitable, the monster sprang from me, ran about twenty paces, and fell dead. The whole party now crowded round ; they placed me in a cummerbund, and took me to the nearest village. I was almost naked : my clothes were torn to ribbands. I fainted twice before I arrived there. They washed my wounds with warm water, bound them with linen rag, and put me on a bed, and carried me to my tent. Chard Cawn went off express on one of my camels to a brother officer, Lieutenant Green, who was on a march with a detachment for Deesa. He travelled forty miles before he found him. Green quitted his detachment, and was with me by seven that evening, and he constantly attended to my wants till I recovered. I retain the skull of my formidable antagonist, and have her skin for a foot-cloth, so that with the marks on my flesh, and these trophies, I shall not easily forget my affair with a lioness, and how it cured me of my sporting propensities.



The Willow Trees.

A SWEDISH LEGEND.



If willows there are two kinds ; one sticks its twigs and leaves straight up in the air ; the other bows them towards the ground as if overcome with sorrow. There was a time, however, when both these willows were alike, and grew as other trees do, and put forth their twigs and leaves upwards and outwards, like the wide branching oak, the leafy maple, the splendid elm, the beautiful lime-tree, and the white birch.

I will now tell you how this change came about, and you will see that there is something in it, because nothing can be false and untrue, neither man nor child, any more than a tree, without producing a change for the worse in it, and causing great sorrow to those who love it.

Once upon a time, therefore, there were two willow-trees that loved one another, and they stood in all the beauty of their summer foliage, one on each side of the churchyard gate, nodding in the wind. The psalm-singing was just over, and the congregation came out of the church, two and two, and after them came the clergyman talking with his old

clerk. But what was come to the clerk? He was either so deep in conversation, or so set up because he was invited to dine at the parsonage, or else it was the forgetfulness of old age; whatever it might be, however, he went walking on, the congregation went each their several ways, and the old clerk forgot to lock the church door.

"Kikiki!" laughed a magpie that hopped upon the church-yard wall under the willow-trees, seeking twigs for her nest. "Kikiki! kikiki!" But there seemed to be something queer in that laugh of hers, and while she was hopping up and down, wagging her tail, and turning her head from one side to another, she seemed as if she was spying after something particular. And so she was. She was spying after the clergyman and the clerk, and for the last glimpse of the congregation as they went along, some one way and some another.

"Kikiki!" and away flew the magpie through the open door into the church, and in two seconds came back again with the silver cup in her beak. There fell a few drops of holy wine out of the cup, and wherever they touched the earth, up sprang little roses and forget-me-nots.

"These will betray me," said the magpie; and so she flew all round the church till the last drop was out of the cup, and the church was encircled with a garland of little flowers. After that she took her way to the leafy willow-tree, and hid the cup where the boughs were thickest.

"Dear willow-tree," said the magpie, "I know that you are very discreet, therefore you must deny that you know anything about the cup if they come and ask you; and you can swear that you don't if it is necessary: and if you will, I'll fly up to heaven and fetch some sunshine-gold, and gild

the upper side of your leaves, and some moonlight-silver, and silver the underside, so that you will be the handsomest tree in the wood."

These were words to be listened to. It was in vain that the other willow-tree said, "Don't do it, dear; don't do it!" The cup was hidden where the boughs were the thickest, and the magpie hopped to the church roof.

The next day the old clerk remembered his neglect, and, frightened almost out of his wits, ran to the church, and there was a dreadful discovery for him and the clergyman. Away both of them went, as fast as they could go, all through the parish, and everywhere they asked—had anybody seen the silver cup from the altar?

But no; everybody denied that they knew anything about it; the horses and the cows galloped over the fields; the sheep shook their heads as if they had tears in their eyes; the goats skipped here and there; the raven swore a great oath, because he knew that nobody believed him; the trees waved their branches; echo laughed in the caverns of the hills; in short, all nature denied any knowledge of the cup.

Quite in despair, the clergyman and the clerk at length came back to the church, and asked the willow-tree. There was a great strife in the heart of the willow-tree, which was felt even down to its root. Should it speak the truth or not?

The magpie sat on the church roof on one leg, with her head under her wing, every now and then casting up a sidelong glance.

"Can't you give an answer?" said the clergyman, impatiently.

"Why don't you answer his reverence?" said the clerk.

"Kikiki!" laughed the magpie on the church roof.

As soon as the willow-tree heard the magpie, he lifted up all his branches, and his twigs, and declared that—declared he did not know anything at all about the cup.

And what do you think happened then?

I'll tell you; he could not bring his false branches and twigs down again! They remain erect to this day.

And no sooner were they lifted up in that act of protestation, than the cup was revealed; and the clergyman and the clerk, overjoyed, seized it, and carried it back to the church, the door of which, you may be sure, was locked ever after.

When the other willow, however, saw what had happened to his friend, he bowed his head sorrowing to the earth, and thus he has stood weeping ever since.



The Great Nugget of the Great Globe.



OLD continues to pour in from the diggings, to the tune of a million a month; and if this goes on for any great length of time, we shall have sovereigns as big as muffins, and London streets may really be paved with gold, as they were reported to be in the days of Whittington and his Cat. We have often heard about the "Golden Legend," (a pretty book,) and we have the "Golden Number" in the Calender, and poor old PETER PARLEY has bought "Golden Opinions" from all sorts of people. But these things are nothing to the "Golden days" of our time, when large lumps of gold are found, weighing half a ton. I do not know what to say, or what to think, about it. The other day I went to the "Great Globe" Exhibition, and my excellent friend, the proprietor, pointed out to me in the most lucid manner, the distribution of gold throughout the world, and told me a great deal of its history, from the earliest times. In early days, gold was found in small grains, in the beds of rivers, or alluvial sands. The Phœnicians seem to have been the earliest nations who set themselves to the

working of metals on a great scale, and, in Spain, obtained supplies of gold and other metals, by the process of mining. The best known ancient gold mines, were those of Spain and Nubia ; those of Mount Pangæus, in Thrace ; of the Alps, from the streams of the river Po ; of Astyra, near Abydos ; of the river Pactolus, and Mount Timolus, near Sardis, in Asia Minor. In mines, a new source was opened by Columbus, who obtained access to new regions of gold and silver ; and the immense quantities of these metals, poured in from America, affected not merely all the commercial transactions of Europe, but were felt by the farmer in distant states, and the shepherd on the hill-side, from the increased money value of their products. Since that time, in addition to the gold-workings of Russia and Virginia, the discoveries in Australia and California have opened a wide field for enterprise, and set the nations of the north in movement.

Gold is almost always found in a pure state, and is generally met with in grains, thin leaves, knobs, nuggets, or large lumps sometimes nearly half a ton in weight. Often it is mixed up throughout the rock, or it may be in veins or lodes, spreading about like the twigs of a tree—here thickly—there scantily. In some parts, the gold is to be met with in a bed of rock ; in others, mixed up with the gravel ; almost always at the upper parts of great rivers, rather than the lower. Gold is found in the Goomty at the foot of the Himalays ; but it is not therefore to be looked for in the Hooghly, a thousand miles below. Gold exists in the South Australian formation, near the mouth of the Murray, and in those of New South Wales, at the head waters of the Darling.

But to leave these districts a little, and go back to the gold

districts of the Old Continent. In Europe, the supplies of gold have never been large. In England, small particles of gold are sometimes found in the Devonshire and Cornish mines, and in streams; they are said to be found also in some of the Welch hills; in Bedfordshire, at a place called Pollux-hill; at Little Taunton, in Gloucestershire; on Dartmoor; and in some parts of Scotland, in which country it was formerly worked by the Scottish kings. The only remarkable gold district in Ireland is on the east shore of Wicklow. In France, gold is found at Gardotte, in the Isere; and in the Rhine, Rhone, and Garrone there is gold in the sands of the rivers. In Spain, the sands of the rivers Tagus, Douro, and Darro yield it, as do the gold mines of Arragon, Leon, Andalusia, Granada, and Gallicia. In Italy, the Alpine regions alone afford gold. In Germany, gold has been found in many localities, and is obtained from the Hartz, the Muldic, Bavaria, and Baden. In Sweden there are several gold mines, and traces of it are found in Norway. In Russia, the chief gold deposits are on the Asiatic side of the Ural Mountains. The total produce of Russia, from Europe and Asia, was from fifty to seventy thousand lbs. annually, or about two millions sterling. In Asia, gold is found in several regions. In the basin of the Indus, three hundred people are employed in washing the sands. In the basin of the Ganges, gold is to be found, as in the Goomty, Ramgunga, and other rivers at the foot of the Himalays. On each coast, and in the heart of the Deccan, gold is found in several localities. It is found in the Asiatic provinces. It is also found in China, in Thibet, in Malacca, in Japan, and throughout Australia,—abounding most in those islands which are composed of

primitive and transitive rocks, being richer in the western and northern islands, and most abundant in the eastern islands. Borneo is the richest of these gold regions, where it is found in the beds of rivers, and in dry diggings. In Sarawak, in 1849, two thousand men got £30,000 worth of gold from the detritus of Mount Trian. Gold also exists in New Guinea, in New Caledonia, and New Zealand.

There are many systems of gold-working, such as washing, crushing, and mining. The washing is applied to the gold found in the sands of rivers, and crushing and mining to that which is found in rocks and stones. Gold washing is carried on busily on the banks of the Niger by the Negro, and on those of the Goomty by the Hindoo, and by the Englishman on the Murray or Sacramento. Washing is a very simple process, yet requires some adroitness in carrying it out. If we take a handful of earth or sand, containing particles of gold in it, and hold it in the water so that the earth is gently washed away, the particles of gold, by their superior weight, will remain in the hollow of the hand, while the particles of earth will escape with the water. In the commencement of gold discoveries, basins, tin-pans, even frying-pans, have been made use of in the washing processes ; but, in advanced stages of gold-digging, a machine called a "cradle" is used. It is a box on rockers, six or eight feet long, open at the foot, and having at its head a coarse grate or sieve. This kind of machine will employ four men—one digger or excavator to raise the sand, another to carry it to the grate of the cradle, a third to rock it, and a fourth to pour on water. The use of the sieve is to keep the coarse stones from going into the cradle, while the current of water washes away the earthy

matter, and the gravel is gradually swept out at the foot of the machine, leaving the gold mixed with a heavy, fine black sand above the first cleats. The sand and gold thus mixed together are then taken away, and the sand being dried is blown away, the gold remaining free behind. Cradles of peculiar size have different names; one nine or ten feet long is called a "Long Tom."

Such are the implements of the gold-finder. And after all these have been attended to, there is one other little ingredient which is essential, namely, "Luck," i.e. "Good Luck." Thousands upon thousands wend their way to the diggings, and return heart-broken and dispirited; many lose hope and confidence after a few weeks sojourn; some begin to dig, and get tired of digging, and give it up as a bad job; others, seeing the horrors and the labour, go away after taking a look; while some go upon the maxim, "Seek and ye shall find." Such was the maxim of the four enterprising young men who were so fortunate as to find the monster nugget of "Ballarat." Their names, were Daniel Evans, John Evans, John Lees, and William Poulton Green; the three former are all natives of Oldham, in Lancashire, and went out in the ship, *Lady Read*, from Liverpool on the 2nd of June, 1852. Green joined the others at Melbourne, in November of the same year, and starting from thence on the 17th, arrived at Ballarat diggings on the 20th. After prospecting ten days, they commenced work there without success; they then went to the Canadian gully and commenced sinking. The difficulties they had to encounter were very great; most of the diggers had abandoned their holes in the neighbourhood, after having gone to the depth of forty or fifty feet. But our enterprising

young men went steadily down, being convinced from observations of the Evans's that the gold lay deeper. "Deeper and deeper still" was their motto, and cheerfully they worked away, till, at last, on the 31st of January, 1853, at 5 p. m. they knocked into the nugget. It was found at a depth of 66 feet, in a tunnel or drift about three feet under the side. They then ceased to work. Thousands crowded to the spot. They offered to sell the hole for £300. The next morning a "Party" stepped forward and expressed a wish to try the stuff, which of course was permitted ; in doing this they came upon a small nugget of 66lbs., they then bought the hole, and went to work like lions—but whether they have realised their outlay is not yet known. After the finding of the nugget the rush to the deserted holes was tremendous, and every one seemed bent upon going down to the sixty-six feet. Our adventurers wisely walked off with their nugget, and have safely brought it to the Great Globe—where it remains an illustration of the great maxim, "seek, and ye shall find."

There is nothing more instructive and interesting than a morning in the Great Globe; to young persons, especially, the geographical lectures and illustrations are particularly useful. The great modern discoveries in geography are there explained in a manner highly interesting, and the various models of places, the numerous maps in relief—the sections of mines, specimens of minerals, especially of gold, and above all, the numerous instruments and machinery connected with this interesting study, render it one of the most wonderful exhibitions in the metropolis, already ; and when extended in accordance with its new prospectus, it will be one of the most wonderful exhibitions in the "Great Globe itself."

Something about Turkey and Russia.



"WARS AND RUMOURS OF WARS." Such is the order of the day. The Russians are going to kill all the Turks; and the Turks are going to kill the Russians. What for? That is the question. The Russians say the Turks won't let them use the holy places—or sacred shrines—as they like. The Turks say, they may do just as they like. The Russians say that they will have the Key of the Holy Shrine of Jerusalem; the Turks want a key also—and the fight is all about a key. Peter Parley says: "Why not have two keys—one for the Turks, and one for the Russians, so that either Turk or Russian can go in and out when he likes." But all this pretence, my young friends, about keys, and shrines, and holy places—is nonsense, as the saying is. The real matter is this. The Russians are immense hordes of people who live in very cold, inhospitable climates—in which they are frozen up for half the year. They would like a little warm sunshine, a few fruits, a little nosegay or so, and they find some very fertile provinces southwards of their country, and they wish to come south as much as possible, and to build towns on the shores of that beautiful sea, called

the Black Sea—and to enjoy themselves in a mild and beautiful climate, and to sail about in the Euxine like gentlemen.

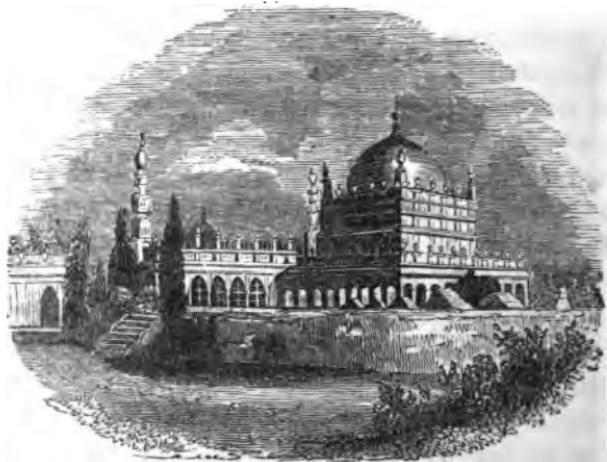
And there is only one objection to this—this is, however, rather a strong one, i.e., that the country belongs to other people, and that to take it from them is a robbery. Only a robbery? Well, what of that? says the Autocrat. Who has not been a robber on a large scale whenever he had the power? Was not Alexander a robber; Zenghis Khan; Frederick the Great; Peter the Great; Napoleon the Great; and all other "Greats"—and who? not Nicholas? For why?

"Because the good old rule
Sufficeth him—the simple plan—
That they should take, who have the power,
And they should keep—who can!"

So, you see, my young friends, that reasons are as plentiful as blackberries, if we chose to reason in an important manner—and this justifies the text which the Austrian put upon his cannon—"The Reasoning of Kings,"—for bursting bombshells beat all your logic, and charges of cavalry are more potent than the finest allegories, tropes, similes, or other flowers of the finest fields of rhetoric.

This, by way of flourish, and now for a few words about Russia. To you that read history, I need not say, that so long ago as the year 1802, the boundless ambition of Bonaparte led him to plan the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire. With a view of ascertaining the real state of the country, he sent, in that year, General Sebastiani, on a tour through the South of Europe, the Northern side of Africa, and the Islands of the Mediterranean. In 1803, this general made his report, and Bonaparte determined to seize upon

Egypt and Syria. At the same time, the Russians were equally desirous of laying hold of Turkey, and interfered with the Wallachian and Moldavian provinces in such a manner, as to induce the Turks to declare war against them. The Russian general, Michelson, now advanced through these provinces, and, to promote the success of Russia, a British squadron was despatched, under the command of Sir John Duckworth, which advanced through the Dardanelles, and appeared at a small distance from Constantinople, whence he was ingloriously obliged to retreat, and the object in view was completely frustrated. In the mean time, General Michelson continued to advance, and several of the nations on the Turkish frontier



joined the Russians. However, the Grand Vizier advanced against the Russians with a large army; but so full was the army of the seeds of insubordination, that before it had been

four days on its progress, two of its principal officers were massacred by their own battalions, and so slow were its movements that a considerable time elapsed before it came in contact with the enemy.

The forces of Russia were meanwhile successful by sea. A Russian fleet cut off the intercourse between Constantinople and the Black Sea, and another blockaded the Dardanelles, while the Islands of Lemnos and Tenedos were taken. The city of Constantinople suffered severely from the blockade, being deprived of all kinds of provisions, and this produced a rebellion among the soldiers and people. The Grand Seignior endeavoured in vain to stay the tumult, but nothing less than his deposition would satisfy the insurgents, who for this purpose immediately repaired to the seraglio. A list was read to him of his pretended offences ; various passages from the Koran were solemnly recited, to show his unfitness to reign ; and, finally, a deed of renunciation of the throne was proposed to him, and immediately executed. Mustapha, the son of Achmet, was the next day proclaimed Grand Seignior, who dispatched an order to the dethroned emperor to take poison, with which he instantly complied. The Grand Vizier was, also, to make matters sure, strangled within his camp.

Amidst all these commotions, the Turkish Pasha made several efforts to re-take the Island of Tenedos, but without effect. At last it was determined that he should risk an action with the Russians, whose fleet consisted of twenty-two sail, ten of which were of the line, while that of the Turks amounted to eleven sail of the line, and one smaller vessel. On the first of July, a sanguinary battle was fought, which

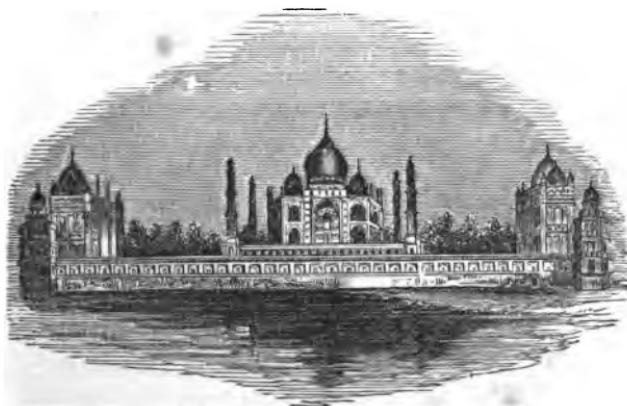
lasted eight hours, and ended in favour of the Russians. Four Turkish ships of the line were taken, one of which was the Admiral's, who singly had fought two Russian ships; three were fired, two were driven on shore, and twelve hundred Turks killed in the engagement.

But, by this time, England began to suspect that she had got on the wrong side, and peace was concluded by the mission of Mr. Adair; but Russia still continued her aggressions upon the Turks, till her own country was invaded by Napoleon. This called some of the Russian forces from the Turkish frontier, and the Turks defeated the remainder in several engagements, by forcing them over to the right side of the Danube; but the Turks, having subsequently divided their forces, the Russians attacked and defeated their army. The camp equipage, treasury, and even the tent of the Vizier were taken, and the latter made his escape to Rudshuck in a two-oared boat.

The total discomfiture of the Turks produced a great effect at Constantinople, but the Turks were sensible of the necessity of preserving their empire, and preparations were made for the further prosecution of the war. Bonaparte was however throwing his immense masses of men into Russia for the purpose of destroying her power. More than a million of men invaded the Russian territory. Moscow was burned and the whole country ravaged. This put a stop for a while to the encroachments of the Czar, but the time seems to have arrived when every effort will be made to realise the plans formed by the ambitious Catherine, to plant the cross of the Greek Church in the Mosque of Constantinople.

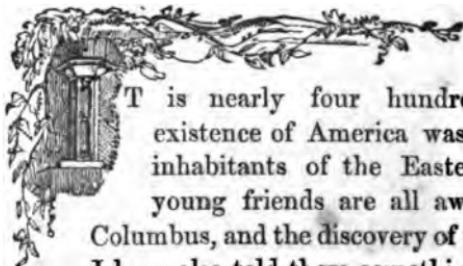
Such, my young friends, is the state of the quarrel between

the Russians and the Turks, in it you will see a new version of the old story of the Wolf and Lamb, with this little difference, that the present contest between the powers is anything but a *fable*, for of this you may be sure, that although Russia is now foiled for a time, yet she is determined to steal these provinces from Turkey, and she will steal them.



The Aztecs,

WITH SOMETHING ABOUT CENTRAL AMERICA.



T is nearly four hundred years since the existence of America was made known to the inhabitants of the Eastern hemisphere. My young friends are all aware of the voyage of Columbus, and the discovery of the mighty continent. I have also told them something about Pizarro and Cortez, and how they proceeded in their discoveries ; but as some new inquiry is likely to arise from the importation of the Aztec children, I am anxious to say a few words about those parts of Central America, which, of late years, have come under the examination of the traveller.

The celebrated Humboldt was the first who, in the present century, drew the attention of Europe to the monuments reared by the labours of the native races of America, and more recently, Mr. Stephens, an American gentleman, proceeded on a mission to the states of Central America, situate

within that comparatively narrow part of North America, extending from the southern shore of the Gulf of Mexico to the Isthmus of Panama. Within this tract of country some very wonderful discoveries have been made, especially of ruined cities, on which Peter Parley has a few words to say.

In the district I have named, which is that generally called Honduras, are found buried in woods on the left hand of the Copau river, numerous pyramidal structures and monuments of stone. Having procured a guide, Mr. Stephens went in quest of the ruins; the guide was an Indian well acquainted with the locality, his name was Jose.

After passing over an open country for some miles, they entered the woods, Jose clearing a path before with a hatchet. They presently came to the bank of a river, and saw on the opposite side, a stone wall, about a hundred feet high, with furze growing out of the top. It ran north and south of the river, but in some places it had fallen, while in other parts, it remained entire. When more closely examined, it was found to be constructed of cut stone, well laid, and in a good state of preservation. They ascended by large stone steps, in some places perfect, and in others thrown down by trees, which had grown up between the crevices, and reached a terrace, the form of which it was impossible to make out, from the denseness of the forests in which it was enveloped. The guide cleared the way with the hatchet, and the travellers passed, as it lay half buried in the earth, a large fragment of stone elaborately sculptured, and came to an angle of a structure adorned by sculptures which exhibited the form and character of an altar. I have no doubt that

the large sculptured stone invariably found in front of each idol was the sacrificial altar.



In the neighbourhood of Pueblo are the remains of another ruined city, containing a collection of monuments of the same general character with those of Copau, but twice or three times as high. One statue, twelve feet high, is lying on the ground. There are found others erect of the same dimensions. The chief statue is round, having various sculptures on its sides, and is situated on an elevation in the midst of a circle formed by a wall of stones. At a little distance from this is another statue, that of a female, or rather a female figure is sculptured upon its two sides.

The most important part of these ruins is called El Sacrificatorio. It is a quadrangular stone structure sixty-six feet wide on each side of the base, and rising in a pyramidal form to the height of thirty-three feet. On three sides there is a range of steps in the middle, each step seventeen inches high

and but eight inches on the upper surface, which makes the range so steep, that in ascending, great caution is necessary. The top is broken and ruined, but there is no doubt but that it once supported an altar for those sacrifices of human beings, which struck even the Spaniards with horror. It was barely large enough for the altar and the official priests, and the whole was in full view of the people at the foot.

The barbarous murderers carried off the victim entirely naked, and extended him upon the altar, pointing out the idol to which the sacrifice was made, that the people might pay their adorations. The altar had a convex surface, and the body of the victim lay arched, with the trunk elevated, and the head and feet depressed. Four priests held the legs and arms, another kept his head firm with a wooden instrument, made in the form of a coiled serpent, so that he was prevented from making the least motion. The chief priest then approached, and with a knife, made of flint, cut an aperture in the breast, and tore out the heart, which, yet palpitating, he offered to the sun, and then threw it at the feet of the idol. If the idol was gigantic and hollow, it was usual to introduce the heart of the victim into his mouth, with a golden spoon. If the victim was a prisoner of war, as soon as he was sacrificed, they cut off the head, to preserve the skull, and threw the body down the steps, when it was taken up by the officer or soldier to whom the prisoner belonged, and carried to his house, to be dressed and served up for the entertainment of his friends. If he was not a prisoner of war, but a slave purchased for the sacrifice, the proprietor carried off the body for the same purpose.

Such is a very slight outline of the ancient country to

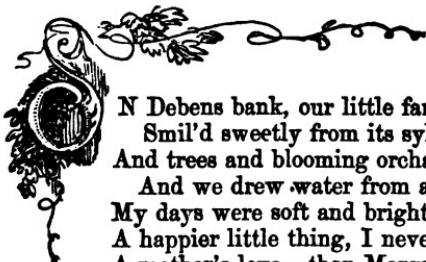
which the Aztec children are said to belong. The particulars concerning them are as follows :—

They are stated to have been brought from the place of refuge chosen by the Aztecs when driven from Mexico by Cortes, and, it is added, that they are among the last surviving relics of that fast declining race, with whose history I have endeavoured to make my young readers, in some degree, acquainted. The children certainly resemble very closely the sculptured figures of Aztec origin, such as those given in the cut, and they are said to have recognised a Mexican idol, which was shown to them during their stay in New York, and to have thrown themselves before it in stupid adoration. The smallness of their stature is accounted for by a well-known cause of degeneracy. The children are assigned to the sacerdotal caste. The boy is about three feet in height, the girl less, and, it is said, weighs seventeen pounds. Their diminutive stature may justify the children being called Lilliputians.

Professor Anderson thinks the boy about seventeen years of age and the girl eleven ; but they have been proved to be younger by our English savans. The boy is the type of the pair ; his retreating forehead, and strongly-marked aquiline nose, give his head a bird-like appearance. The girl has the same characteristics, but less strongly marked. Both are playful, fond of music, and of seeing objects sketched on paper. The complexion of both is dark, similar to that of the negro. Upon the whole, my young friends will find much to be pleased with in their little Mexican brother and sister.

The Farmer's Daughter.

BY THE REV. JOHN MITFORD.



N Debens bank, our little farm
Smil'd sweetly from its sylvan nook,
And trees and blooming orchards kept it warm,
And we drew water from a silver brook.
My days were soft and bright as dew—
A happier little thing, I never knew—
A mother's love—than Margaret Drew.

Well could I read and write, and use
My shining needle, seldom still;
My mother would not let me lose
My time in idleness which leads to ill.
Plain was my dress, and neat and clean,
And tidily my clothes I kept,
And ever, when I went to bed
I heard my mother's gentle tread,
Kissing me gently as I slept.

Along my chamber still I set
Pots of sweet flowers and mignonette,
And 'mid my combs, and pins, and brushes there,
And little trinkets for my hair,
I always kept,
Before I slept,

The lessons of my book of prayer.
And lesson good my heart receives,
From Bernard Barton's golden leaves.

Sometimes, by way of company,
The good old vicar came to tea,
Crossing the pleasant meads and lea
In his black dress—and talk'd to me;
And ever, though it snow'd or rain'd,
And my little kid boots were sadly stained,
I walk'd to church, over field and stile;
And with my prayer-book in my hand,
How often lingering would I stand,
Reading the gravestones with a thoughtful smile.



I gave to all a modest greeting—
Except the folks who came from meeting—
For my father drank to Church and King,
And the meeting folks love no such thing.

We kept no maid, and I had much to do ;
A farm house is a very busy place ;
I milk'd, and churned, and baked, and learned to brew,
And ever with a cheerful heart and face,
Laughing, and went about my work, and singing,
And ever from my dear, dear mother bringing,
A duty or a grace.

Oh, 'twas a happy time indeed ;
So much to learn, to love, to do,
I taught my little sisters how to read,
I help'd my father in his need,
And got our world of business through,—
I kissed, I nursed, I dressed, I fed,
I rocked the baby in his little bed.

Then my reward at evening came,—
A countless, countless throng of blisses
When at leisure or at ease,
Sitting on my mother's knees,
With something betwixt smiles and sighs,—
She looked as 'twere into my eyes,
And smothered all my cheek with kisses :
And ever, when I went to rest,
I prayed upon my mother's breast.

A plain good man my father was,
A good God-fearing man was he ;
Buying and selling he was just—
A market man would take his trust ;
He counted gold to be as dust,
Compared to honesty.

Our home, our little sylvan home,
Was cheerful as a hive of bees ;
No gossips and no scandal came,
To set our neighbourhood in a flame ;
No idle sauntering slatterns there ;
No old maids with their mouths like purses,
Squeezing out compliments like curses ;

Like night owls, who, their flight to smother,
Look one way and fly another—
Disturb'd our purer air.
We lived in fear of God ; and mind—
Fill'd with love to human kind.

The beggar never from our door
Turned without his crust of bread ;
And many were there who were fed
From out our little store.
My father said that gold to all
Was either honey or was gall ;
Wealth ill to get or ill to save,
From life its *living* virtue stole,
It gave the victory to the grave—
To death, the human soul.



Feuds of the Olden Times.

"**T**HEN Roderick from the Douglas broke,
As flashes flame through sable smoke,
Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low,
To one broad glare of ruddy glow.
With stalwart grasp, his hand he placed
On Malcom's breast and belted plaid;
'Back beardless boy !' he sternly said.
Thus as they strove, their desperate hand
Gripped to the dagger or the brand,
And death had been, but Douglas rose,
And thrust between the struggling foes
His giant strength; 'Chieftain, forego !
I hold the first who strikes, my foe.'

"Sullen and slowly they unclasp,
As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,
And each upon his rival glared,
With foot advanced and blade half bared;
But ere the brands aloft were flung,
Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung;
Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword,
And veil'd his wrath in scornful word."

Lady of the Lake, Canto II.

SCOTT.



N the early times of all nations, particularly at the period in which rude clans formed the component parts of a country, feuds and fighting were looked upon as necessary ingredients to the community. The powerful chieftains of fierce tribes saw in them a field for noble excitement, for aggrandisement, or for valorous display. In

Scotland, especially, this feeling was prevalent down to a very modern period, nor is it yet quite extinct in that country. Many are the stories told of the Feuds of the Scottish Clans, and truly fearful are many of the circumstances recorded. Sometimes the powerful chieftains of the period bearded royalty itself.

Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, a man remarkable for strength of body and mind, acquired the name of "*Bell the Cat*," upon the following remarkable occasion:—

James III., who delighted more in music and the fine arts than in the manly sports of hunting, hawking, and other physical exercises, was so ill-advised, as to make favourites of musicians, architects, sculptors, and such-like, whom the historian of that day calls, "masons and fiddlers." His nobility, who did not sympathise in the King's respect for the fine arts, were extremely incensed at the honours conferred upon those persons, particularly on Cochrane, an architect, who had been created Earl of Mar; and seizing the opportunity when, in 1482, the King had convoked the whole army of the country to march against the English, they held a midnight council in the church of Lauder, for the purpose of forcibly removing these minions from the King's person. When all had agreed on the propriety of the measure, Lord Grey told the assembly the tale of the mice, "who had formed a resolution that it would be highly advantageous to the community to tie a bell round the cat's neck, that they might hear her approach at a distance, but which public measure unfortunately miscarried, from no mouse being willing to undertake the task of fastening the bell." "I understand the moral," said Angus; "and that what we propose may

not lack execution, I will '*bell the cat.*' " This strange scene is thus told by Pitscottie :—

" By this was advised and spoken by the lords foresaid, Cochrane, the Earl of Mar, came from the King to the council, which council was holden in the kirk of Lauder, for the time, who was well accompanied with a band of men of war to the number of three hundred light axes, all clad in white livery and black bends thereon, that they might be known for Cochrane's (the Earl of Mar's) men. Himself was clad in a riding pie of black velvet, with a great chain of gold about his neck, to the value of 500 crowns, and four blowing horns, with the ends of gold and silk. This Cochrane had his heumont borne before him overgilt with gold, and so where all the rest of his horns, and all his pallions where of fine canvass and silk, and the cords thereof of fine twined silk, and the chains of his pallions were double overgilt with gold.

" This Cochrane was so proud in his conceit, that he counted no lords to be marrows to him, therefore he rushed rudely at the kirk-door. The council inquired who it was that perturbed them at that time ? Sir Robert Douglas, laird of Loch Levin, was keeper of the kirk-door at that time, who inquired who it was that knocked so rudely ; and Cochrane answered, ' This is I, the Earl of Mar,' the which news pleased well the lords, because they were ready boun to take him. Then the Earl of Angus past hastily to the door with him, and with him Sir Robert Douglas, of Lochlevin, there to receive in the Earl of Mar, and so many of his complices who were there as they thought good. And the Earl of Angus met with the Earl of Mar as he came in the door, and pulled the golden chain from his craig, and said to him, a tow

(rope) would suit him better. Sir Robert Douglas syne pulled the blowing horn from him in like manner, and said he had been the hunter of mischief ower long. This Cockrane asked my lords, 'Is it mow (jest) or earnest?' They answered and said, 'It is good earnest, and so thou shalt find, for thou and thy complices have abused thy prince this long time, of whom thou shalt have no more credence, but shalt have thy reward according to thy good services as thou hast deserved in times bypast, right so the rest of thy followers.'

" Notwithstanding, the lords held him quiet till they caused certain armed men to pass into the King's pallion, and two or three wise men with them, and give the King faire pleasant words till they laid hands on all the King's servants, and took them and hanged them before his eyes over the bridge of Lauder. Incontinent, they brought forth Cochrane, his hands bound with a tow, who desired them to take one of his own pallion tows and bind his hands, for he thought it shame to have his hands bound with a tow of hemp like a thief. The Lords answered he was a traitor and deserved no better, and, for despight, they took a hair tether, and hanged him over the bridge of Lauder over the rest of his complices."

Archibald, third Earl of Douglas, was so unfortunate in all his enterprises, that he acquired the epithet of **TINEMAN**, because he *tined*, or lost his followers in every battle he fought. He was vanquished, as all my young readers must remember, in the bloody battle of Homildon Hill, near Wooler, where he himself lost an eye, and was made prisoner by Hotspur. He was no less unfortunate when allied with Percy, being wounded and taken at the battle of Shrewsbury.

He was so unsuccessful in an attempt to seize Roxburgh Castle, that it was called the *foul raid*, or disgraceful expedition. His ill-fortune, indeed, left him at the battle of Beauge, in France, but it was only to return with double emphasis at the subsequent action of Vernoil, the last and most unlucky encounter, in which he fell with the flower of the Scottish chivalry, then serving as auxiliaries in France, and about two thousand common soldiers, A.D. 1424.

There is scarcely a more disorderly period in Scottish history than that which succeeded the battle of Flodden, and occupied the minority of James V. Feuds of ancient standing broke out like old wounds ; and every quarrel among the independent nobility, which occurred daily and almost hourly, gave rise to fresh bloodshed. The Master of Forbes, in the North, slew the Laird of Meldram under tryste, in an agreed meeting ; likewise, the Laird of Drammelzian slew the Lord Fleming at the hawking ; and, likewise, there was slaughter among many other great Lords. Nor was the matter much mended under the government of the Earl of Angus ; for, though he caused the king to ride through all Scotland under pretence and colour of justice, to punish thief and traitor, none were found greater than were in their own company. And none, at that time, dare strive with a Douglas, nor yet with a Douglas man, for, if they did, they got the worst.

Sometimes single combats took place between rival chieftains ; and among the most desperate is that of the celebrated Sir Ewan of Lochiel, chief of the clan Cameron, called, from his sable complexion, Ewan Dhu. He was the last man in Scotland who maintained the royal cause during the great

civil war ; and his constant incursions rendered him a very unpleasant neighbour to the republican governor at Inverlochy, now Fort William. The governor of the fort despatched a party of three hundred men, to lay waste Lochiel's possessions and cut down his trees, but, in a sudden and desperate attack made upon them by the chieftain, with very inferior numbers, they were almost all cut to pieces.

In this engagement, it is related that Lochiel himself had several wonderful escapes. In the retreat of the English, one of the strongest and bravest of the officers retired behind a bush, when he observed Lochiel pursuing, and seeing him unaccompanied by any one, he leaped out and thought him his prey. They met one another with equal fury. The combat was long and doubtful. The English gentleman had by far the advantage in strength and size, but Lochiel exceeded him in nimbleness and agility, and, in the end, tript the sword out of his hand. They closed and wrestled, till both fell to the ground in each other's arms. The English officer got above Lochiel, and pressed him hard, Lochiel, who by this time had his hands at liberty, with his left hand seized him by the collar, and jumping at his extended throat, he bit it with his teeth quite through, and kept such a hold of his croop, that he brought away a mouthful. This, he said, was the *sweetest bite* he ever had in his life-time.

The Highlanders were not, however, always so fierce ; but with the inconstancy of most nations in the same state, were alternately capable of great exertions of generosity, which the following story illustrates :—

" Early in the last century, John Gunn, a noted catheran, or Highland robber, infested Invernessshire, and levied

'Black Mail' up to the walls of the provincial capital. A garrison was then maintained in the castle of that town, and their pay (country banks being then unknown) was usually transmitted in specie, under the guard of a small escort. It chanced that the officer, who commanded this little party, was unexpectedly obliged to halt about thirty miles from Inverness, at a miserable inn. About night-fall, a stranger in the Highland dress, and of very prepossessing appearance, entered the same house. Separate accommodation being impossible, the Englishman offered the newly-arrived guest part of his supper, which was accepted with reluctance. By his conversation, he found that his new acquaintance knew well the passes of the country, which induced him eagerly to request his company on the ensuing morning. He neither disguised his business and charge, nor his apprehension of that celebrated freebooter, John Gunn. The Highlander hesitated for a moment, and then frankly consented to be his guide. Forth they set in the morning, and in travelling through a solitary and dreary glen, the discourse again turned to John Gunn. 'Would you like to see him?' said the guide; and without waiting an answer to this alarming question, he whistled, and the English officer with his small party was surrounded by a body of Highlanders, whose numbers put resistance out of the question, and who were all well armed. 'Stranger,' resumed the guide, 'I am that very John Gunn, whom you feared might intercept you, and not without cause, as I came to the inn last night with the express purpose of learning your route, that I and my followers might ease you of your charge by the road. But I am incapable of betraying the trust you reposed in me;

and having convinced you that you were in my power, I can only dismiss you unplundered and uninjured.' He then gave the officer directions for his journey, and with his men disappeared among the mountains."

Such, my young friends, are a few instances of the state of society in the days of feud and bloodshed ; let us hope that eventually all such scenes may pass away from other countries as, happily, they have from our own.



The Twa Sawnies.

THE TWA BIG PORKIES, AND THE TWICE TWICE TWA
LITTLE ONES.



HE Scotch are a strong race—full of enterprise and industry. They have also a deep sense of religion, and can be trusted, although they make keen bargains, and sometimes “shave” so very close, that it requires some discrimination to know whether they are on the right side in a business transaction. But I must leave these particulars, to give an instance of prompt readiness of two Sawnies in a somewhat sudden difficulty.

The Highlanders of Scotland have from time to time emigrated to North America; and on the banks of the Albany river, which falls into Hudson's Bay, there was, some score years ago, a small colony settled, principally of cannie Scotch-men. Though the soil of the valleys contiguous to the river is exceedingly rich and fertile, yet the winter being long and severe, these people do not labour much in agriculture, but depend, for the most part, upon their skill in hunting and fishing for their subsistence, there being commonly abundance of game and fish.

Two young kinsmen, named MacCullock (perhaps having a clan relationship to the celebrated writing-master of that name, whose beautiful calligraphy astonishes our London University), went out one day in the boundless woods to hunt, each of them armed with a well-charged gun in his hand, and a Skene-dhu, or Highland dirk, by his side. They shaped their course towards a small stream, which descended from the mountain to the north-west of the river, on the banks of which they knew there were a few wild swine, and of all other creatures they wished most to meet with them, little doubting that they would overcome even a pair of them, if chance should direct them to their lurking-place, though the creatures were remarkable both for their strength, dexterity, and ferocity.

However, after a long walk, the twa Sawnies were by no means successful in searching for their game, and in the evening, a little before sun-set, they returned homewards, without having shot anything save one wild turkey. But, when they least expected it, to their infinite joy, they discovered a deep pit or cavern, which contained a large litter of *porkers*, and none of the old ones with them. This was a prize indeed ; so, without losing a moment, Donald said to the other Mac, “ You pe te littlest mon, creep you in and dirk te little sows, and I’ll pe keeping vatch at te door.” Mac complied without hesitation, leaving his gun with Donald, unsheathed his Skene-dhu, and crept into the cave head-foremost ; but after he was all out sight, save the brogues, he stopped short, and called back, “ But, Tonald ! pe sure to keep out te ould wous.”—“ Ton’t you pe fearing tat, mon,” said Donald.

The cave was deep, but there was abundance of room in

the farther end, where Mac, with his sharp progging-iron, now commenced the settling of the little pigs. He was scarcely well begun when Donald perceived a monstrous wild boar advancing upon him, roaring and grinding his tusks, while the fire of rage gleamed from his eyes. Donald said not a word for fear of alarming his kinsman; besides, the savage beast was so soon upon him, that he had scarcely time to wink his eye. However, he set himself firm, and cocked his gun. He then took steady aim at the boar, who threatened to *bore* him with his hideous tusks. That the shot might prove more certain death, he did not fire till the beast was within a few paces of him; and then, click—pop; no—he gun missed fire—a flash in the pan! Donald was in what is called “a predicament.”

There was little time to parley or idle. To prime again was impossible; so, as the boar made a butt at him, Donald gave him the *butt*-end of his piece on the nose, and immediately ran for his life. The boar pursued him only for a short space, for, having heard the shrill squalls and squeaking of the unsettled young ones, he ran direct to the den, no doubt with the intention of attacking Mac with all his fury. Most lads would have given up all for lost; but Donald had a stout heart, and knowing his kinsman’s life to be in peril, he immediately turned back upon the boar; but having before this, from the horror of being torn to pieces, ran rather too far without looking back, the boar had by that oversight got considerably a-head of him. Donald, however, strained every nerve, uttered some piercing cries, and, even in all his haste, did not forget to implore assistance from Heaven. His prayer was short and pithy. “O! Lord, puir Mac! puir Mac!”

said he, in a loud voice, while the tears gushed from his eyes. But, in spite of all his efforts, the savage old boar reached the mouth of the den before him, and entered. It was, however, too narrow for him to enter on all-fours; he was obliged to drag himself in as Mac had done before, and of course his hind feet lost their hold on the ground. At this important crisis, Donald overtook him, laid hold of his large, long tail, wrapped it around his hand, set his feet to the haunch, and held back in the utmost desperation.

Mac, who was all unconscious of what had been going on above ground, wondered how he came to be enveloped in utter darkness in a moment. He waited a little while, thinking that Donald was only playing a trick upon him; but the most profound obscurity still continuing, he at length howled out, "Tonald, mon! Tonald! what is it tat'll aye pe stopping te light?" Donald was too much engaged and too breathless to think of making any reply to Mac's question, till the latter, having waited in vain a considerable time for an answer, repeated it in a louder cry. Donald's famous laconic answer, which perhaps, never was, and never will be equalled, has often been heard of, "Tonald, mon! Tonald! I say, what is't tat'll aye pe stopping te light?" bellowed Mac. "*Should te tail break—you'll fin tat,*" said Donald.

Just at this unpleasant juncture, a loud squeaking and grunting was heard in the park close by, and in a moment, like the rush of a hurricane, came forth, bristling with rage, the mistress of the establishment—a gigantic sow, who immediately made a rush towards the hole in which her swinish lord and master was fixed, walking over Donald in her course. The hardy lad, however, took another turn of

the boar's tail round his arm, and hung on manfully. The old sow tried to squeeze her body through the hole ; the boar struggled and left a small opening, in which his partner contrived to get her head and one fore-foot. Now the boar pulled again, and Donald held lustily on by the tail ; now the boar struggled to get back, and Donald put his foot on his ham to keep him in ; and in this position he kept him, calling out to his kinsman to touch him with his Skene-dhu between the fore-legs. After holding the beasts thus jammed together for some time, Mac contrived to make the wished-for thrust, and, as his strength slackened, Donald let go of his tail, and drawing his Skene-dhu, gave the old sow a sudden touch under the short ribs, which settled her quickly.

Having drawn both the bodies away from the hole, Mac came forth, worse in appearance than his namesake Mac-beth, after the murder of Duncan. "Hoot, mon!" he exclaimed, "why did ye let te things come into the hole tat way?"— "Eh, cousin," replied Donald, "which way would ye have them come in? But say, what's the amount in the hole —there?"

"Weel, I think we have gone the *whole hog* this time. Eight pretty sucklings, and two parents ; and who knows but their aunts and uncles may come presently."

Our two Scotch friends took away their prizes, and had fresh pork, pickled pork, sucking pig, and sausages, for many a day after, and a good jest for ever.

Something about the City of St. Petersburg.



HE modern capital of the Russian Empire, St. Petersburgh, is situated at the head of the Gulf of Finland, on the Baltic sea. It is a very fine city, the most northern of the cities of Europe, and is exceedingly interesting.

Most of my young friends have heard of Peter the Great, famous for cultivating the arts of peace as well as those of war. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, he commenced a war against Sweden. One of his exploits in the war was the capture of a fortress on the banks of the Neva, and when this was accomplished, the Czar called a Council of War, with a view to determine whether he should strengthen the fortifications of the new conquest, or look out for another position more extensive and less distant from the sea. The latter course was adopted, and the choice fell upon one of the islands formed by the branches of the Neva, at the spot where the river empties itself into the Gulf of Finland. The fortress which thus arose was named St. Petersburgh, and from this beginning sprang the present capital of the Russian Empire.

The difficulties encountered by Peter, in his attempt to

erect a city on the spot which he had selected, were exceedingly great. The situation was little more than a swamp, but the Czar's resolution was taken, and, as these great potentates seldom know any other law than their own whim and will, orders were issued for the gathering of workmen from all parts of the empire. Russians, Tartars, Cossacks, Calmucks, peasants of various races, in number many thousand, repaired, much against their will, no doubt, to execute the designs of their despotic master. The poor wretches suffered unheard-of privations throughout the whole time of their slavery. They were unprovided with tools, not even the common spade and pickaxe; however, under the threat of the knout, the axe, or the dungeon, the work proceeded rapidly; the earth was scraped out for the foundations, and was for the greater part carried by the labourers in the skirts of their clothes, or bags made of rags and mats. Within the fortress, a few habitations were erected, and on the adjacent bank of the river, a small hut was built for the residence of the Czar. A church was then erected in the citadel, and priests were ordered to attend from Moscow. At the end of twelve months, the city had reached a considerable size, and is said to have contained huts and houses to the number of thirty thousand. The price of this success was dreadful; it is said to have included the sacrifice of a hundred thousand lives. By degrees, however, matters went on more humanely; brick edifices were erected, the nobility and principal merchants were commanded each to have a residence at St. Petersburgh, and every vessel visiting the port, was required to bring a certain quantity of stone for the use of the public works.

The present city is partly built on the banks of the Neva, and partly on some islands at its mouth. It is eighteen miles in circumference. On the right bank stands the more ancient part of the city, presenting pretty much the same appearance as in the days of its great founder. It is intersected with canals, and has narrow streets with houses, chiefly of wood. Altogether, it presents considerable resemblance to a Dutch town. The rest of the capital is intersected likewise by many canals, which, with three bridges and granite quays, contribute greatly to its beauty. The city is tolerably well drained, but the level of most of it is so low, as to subject it to the overflowing of the Neva ; indeed, on more than one occasion it has been threatened with total submersion, particularly in the year 1824, when the loss of life was very great.

The general appearance of St. Petersburgh is imposing. On a first view, it seems a city of palaces, for here, the residences of individuals vie with each other in imperial magnificence, while the number, the elegance, and the immensity of its public buildings, strike you with astonishment. Nevertheless, there are no buildings that can surpass our St. Paul's, our Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, or Greenwich Hospital. There is more of the Somerset House character and pretension. The palace of the Etat Major is, however, a most gigantic and splendid building, worthy of no mean comparison. One of the chief attractions of the city is its noted quay, which lines the left bank of the Neva. It is built on piles, and its height is ten feet above the ordinary level of the water, which is here from eight to ten feet deep. It has a grand pavement for walking, and a parapet two feet and-a-half high, towards the river. At

stated distances are double flights of steps, communicating with the water, and furnished with seats for the accommodation of passengers. The whole of this stupendous work is composed of hewn granite.

The Royal Palaces of St. Petersburgh are very numerous. At the head of them is the Unten Palace, which is the usual residence of the Emperor. It is an immense structure, the front opposite the Neva being no less than 721 feet in length. One of its most magnificent apartments is the great hall of St. George, which is 150 feet long and 60 in breadth. It is surrounded by forty fluted Corinthian columns, having their capitals and bases of bronze, richly gilt, and supporting a gallery decorated in a similar style. At the opposite extremity of the great entrance is placed the throne of the Emperor, which is raised on a platform of eight steps, covered with embroidered velvet. It is here that the Czar receives the Foreign Ambassadors in state, and the Chapter of the Military Order of St. George is held.

Close to the Palace, and communicating with it, are two smaller buildings, called respectively the Great and Little Hermitage. These were the favourite places of retirement for Catherine II., in which, with her friends and favourites, she enjoyed the comforts of private life. These buildings are now used for an extensive and valuable collection of paintings, books, and various other objects of interest. The pictures are arranged in a long suite of apartments, each room being appropriated exclusively to the works of one master or school. Among them is the celebrated Houghton collection, which was purchased by Catherine for £20,000. Among the many curiosities contained in the Palace is an extraordinary clock,

known by the name of l'Horologe du Paon, which was purchased in England by Prince Potemkin, who presented it to Catherine. When the chimes begin to sound, a peacock turns towards the spectators and spreads his majestic tail, an owl roll its eyes, and a cock crows, the case turns round to the tinkling of small bells, and a winged insect marks the seconds by hopping on a mushroom, which contains the machinery of the clock.

Of the public buildings belonging to the government service, the finest is the Admiralty, whose wings extends to the Neva, and terminate in a noble flight of granite steps. Its front, on the land side, measures more than one-third of an English mile. Its most remarkable object is a gilded spire, from which an admirable view of the city and its environs may be obtained. The Exchange is a very fine building; it looks directly upon the river, and is fronted by a fine granite quay. The interior consists of a single hall; one hundred and twenty-six feet in length, and sixty-three in breadth, on which the merchants meet daily at 3 o'clock.

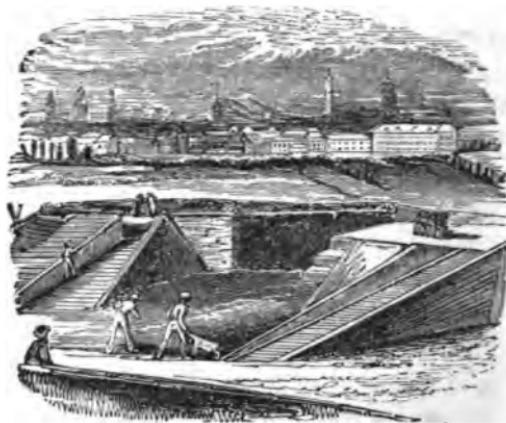
Among the churches of the City, that of the Holy Virgin of Casen is the most remarkable. It is the work of a native artist, a *Russian Slave*. The plan of the building is that of a cone. At the point of the outer section it is surmounted by a large dome. The interior is arranged in a very magnificent style, for the service of the Greek church is characterized by great splendour. The body of the church presents an open space, no seats being allowed in a Greek church. A lofty and richly adorned screen encloses the sanctuary, where a part of the ceremonies is performed, in private, as it is with the Jews when the sacrifice is made, before the priest issues.

As I advanced up the nave, I perceived the rites of the church were under celebration ; the solemn chant of the priests was heard, " Lord have mercy upon us ; Lord have mercy upon us." On a sudden, the doors of the sanctuary were thrown open, and the bearded bishop appeared, clad in a raiment of purple and gold, the clouds of incense floated in the air, and the manly and sonorous voices of the priests again echoed through the dome. At one time the crowd were all prostrate on the floor ; at another, they were scattered in different parts of the church, some paying their devotions to the shrine of some particular saint ; others kissing the hands, feet, and faces of the holy paintings ; others bowing their heads to the pavement, with an aspect of humility, that seemed to shun the light of heaven. All alike were wrapt up in their several acts of piety and adoration.

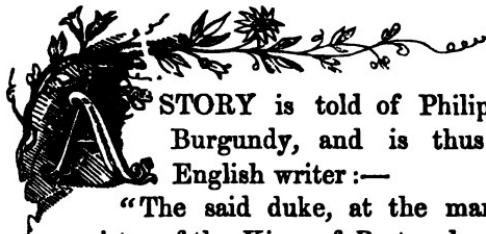
One of the greatest ornaments of St. Petersburgh is the statue of its founder, which stands on a gigantic pedestal ; this forms the remnant of a huge rock, which lay in a morass, about four miles from the shore of the gulf of Finland ; it is 42 feet long and 27 broad, and is 21 feet high. The expense and difficulty of transporting it were soon overcome by money and machinery, and it was then conveyed to the shore, and afterwards embarked in a nautical machine, by water, to St. Petersburgh. The statue, an equestrian one, represents the Emperor, Peter the Great, in a Roman costume, and the inscription is simply, "To PETER THE FIRST—CATHERINE THE SECOND." The monarch is represented in the attitude of mounting a precipice, the summit of which he has nearly attained. His head is uncovered, and crowned with laurel, while his right hand is stretched out as in the act of giving a

benediction to the people. It is a pity we can't forget the foundation of St. Petersburgh.

Such, my young friends, is a brief outline of this extraordinary City, and **PETER PARLEY** wishes that many of you may some day visit it.



The Frolicksome Duke.



STORY is told of Philip, the good Duke of Burgundy, and is thus related by an old English writer :—

"The said duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister of the King of Portugal, which was solemnised in the depth of winter, at Bruges in Flanders, when, as by reason of unseasonable weather, he could neither hawke nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c., and such other domestick sports, or to see ladies dance ; with some of his courtiers he would in the evening walke disguised all about the towne. It so fortuned, as he was walking late one night, he found a country fellow quite tipsy, sound asleep, snorting on a bulke ; he caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and attyring him after the Court fashion, when he awakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and persuade him that he was some great duke. The poor fellow, admiring how he came there, was served in state all day long ; after supper he saw them dance, heard musicke, and all the

rest of these court-like pleasures ; but late at night, when he was tippled, and again faste asleepe, they put on his old clothes, and conveyed him to the place where they first found him. The jest was infinite for fun and frolic, for the man did and said many things to the grievous discomfiture of the duke at Court, yet gave great sporte to the courtiers ; and it was great to behold him when he came to himself. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poor man told his friends he had seen a vision—constantly believed it—would not be otherwise persuaded ; and so the jest ended."

This Ballad is given from a "black letter" copy in the Pepy's collection, with such emendations and corrections as our more fastidious age renders necessary.

The *Frolicksome Duke*; or the *Tinker's Good Fortune*.

Now, as fame does report, a young duke keep a court,
One that pleased his fancy with frolicksome sport ;
But amongst all the rest, here's one I protest,
Which will make you to smile, when you hear the true jest
A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground,
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swound.

The duke said to William, and Richard, and Ben,
"Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then."
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd
To the palace, although he was poorly arrayed ;
Then they strip't off his clothes, both his shirt, shoes, and hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pulled off his shirt, which was all over dirt,
They gave him clean Holland—this was no great hurt.

On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown.
In the morning, when day, admiring he lay,
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now, he lay something late in his rich bed of state,
Till at last, knights and squires they on him did wait ;
And the chamberling bare did likewise declare,
He desired to know what apparel he'd wear.
The poor tinker amayz'd, on the gentleman gayz'd,
And admired how he to this honour was raised.

Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit,
Which he straightways put on without longer disput,
With a star on his side, which the tinker oft eyed,
For it seem'd for to swell him no little with pride ;
For he said to himself, "Where is Joan, my sweet wife,
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life."

From a convenient place, the duke his good grace
Did observe his behaviour in every case.
To a garden of state on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him—thought he "this is great!"
Where, an hour or two, the walks he did view,
With commanders and squires, in scarlet and blue.

A fine dinner was spread for him and his guests ;
He was placed at the table above all the rest,
In a rich chair, or bed, lin'd with fine crimson red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head.
As he sat at his meat the musicke play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing his joys did complete.

While the tinker did dine he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary and sherry, and tent superfine ;
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and roul
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,
Being seven times more fuddled than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain they should strip him amain,
And restore him his old leather garments again.
T'was a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,
And they carry'd him straight where they found him at first
Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might,
But when he did waken, his joys took their flight.

For his glory to him so pleasant did seem,
That he thought it to be but a mere golden dream ;
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he sought
For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at nought ;
But his highness he said, "Thou art a jolly bold blade,
Such a frolick before I think never was played."

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak,
Which he gave for the sake of his frolicsome joak.
Nay, and five hundred pound with ten acres of ground ;
"Thou shalt never," said he, "range the counteries round,
Crying old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good friend ;
Nay, and Joan, thy sweet wife, shall the dutchess attend."

The tinker reply'd, "What must Joan, my sweet bride,
Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to ride ?
Must we have gold and land everye day to command ?
Then I shall be squire I well understand ?
Well I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace,
I was never before in so happy a case."





Swimming at Lake with Horses.

Swimming a Lake with Horses.

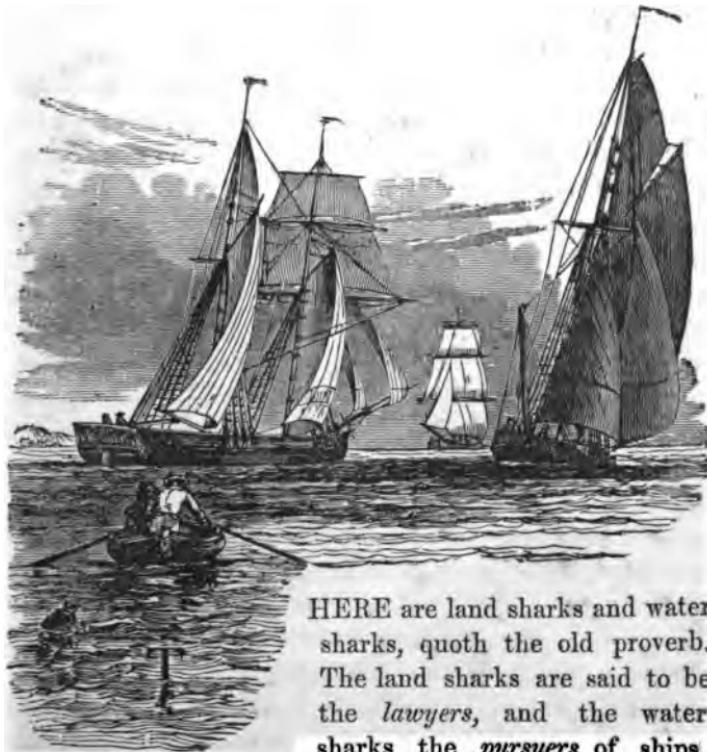


ANY are the perils of the Forest life, and one of the most perilous of circumstances is getting over rivers. When the traveller is proceeding through woods and morasses, into bogs and quagmires, tormented by mosquitoes, and horrified by the approach of hissing serpents, roaring lions, and bellowing buffaloes—he is, to a certain extent, under the conviction that his good rifle will do him essential service; but when he comes to the broad swollen waters of some mighty river, which he must cross, or die on the other side, it creates in the mind a most fearful struggle.

It was a bright morning as, mounted on fresh horses, with our rifles on our shoulders, we passed from the more open settlements and entered the depth of the forest; mile after mile did we penetrate through squash and swigger, till at last we came to the bank of a river, which was more than a mile across. The river was swollen by the rains, and it was essentially necessary that we should pass it before night-fall. There was an old Indian, looking like Charon, with a single

canoe; but this would not take the horses, and without the horses it would have been no use for us to go over. At last, Chico and myself determined upon sending our "effects," such as they were, by the canoe—and crossing the river on our horses, and to swim them over. Chico rode his powerful black horse, which, the day before, by her amazing strength, had saved him from a broken neck on the rocks. The noble animal was accustomed to the swamps and the forest, but not to deep water, and he sunk almost to his ears. Chico, somewhat frightened, as he found himself submerged to the arm-pits, began to pull sharply on the rein, which brought the horse perpendicularly in the water, with the fore feet pawing the air. The more erect the poor animal stood, the harder he was forced to pull the rein to avoid sliding off. Looking up, I saw his danger, for, thrown backward so by the bit, the struggling animal would, in a minute more, have fallen over upon him. I shouted out, "Let go the rein instantly, and grasp the mane!" He did so, and the horse, relieved from the strain on his head, righted himself, and brought his rider safely to the shore. In swimming the lake, however, he sank to his ears, and groaned and grunted at every stroke. Another could not swim at all, but the moment he got beyond his depth, flung himself upon his side, compelling us to hold his head in the stern of the boat and tow him across. The rest took their work more kindly, especially a young mare, who swam without effort, the ridge of her back just skimming the surface, and her motion easy and steady as that of a swing. We were right glad to reach the opposite forest; and dragging our dripping beasts up the rocky banks, wended our way to the only hut we had seen since morning.

Something about Sharks.



HERE are land sharks and water sharks, quoth the old proverb. The land sharks are said to be the *lawyers*, and the water sharks the *pursuers* of ships.

The sharks, of which I shall speak, are regular sea-going

creatures, and there is no animal regarded with a more fearful and deadly hatred by the sailor, than the shark ; for it will follow his ship for miles together, watching for whatever may be thrown overboard, and seize it with greedy avidity, thus tending, by its presence, to remind the sailor of the dangers of the deep.

The shark family are, indeed, very numerous. In the ancient world, before man was an inhabitant of this planet, sharks of every size, from that of a herring to the most gigantic dimensions, abounded. The *Genus Carcharias* includes numerous species, but the most celebrated is the white, or common shark, which frequently attains the length of thirty feet.

The principal feature of the animal is its mouth, which is placed underneath its head, so that the creature is obliged to turn half round upon its back, in order to seize any object above itself. But this position of its mouth is of advantage when the animal's food is, as is generally the case, at the bottom of the sea. The shark scents its prey from a great distance, and it has been stated by nautical men, who have been engaged in warm seas, that the shark delights in scenes of carnage, and that, unmoved by the terrors of the battle, it adds a new terror of its own, more revolting, if possible, than the horrible strife of man. The sharks, too, follow the peaceful vessel, and pick up what is thrown overboard ; indeed, when the inhuman traffic in negro slaves was so common, shoals of this fish followed in the wake of the slave ship, waiting, impatiently, for the bodies of the miserable wretches who had died through confinement and disease.

It is not very difficult to capture the shark, for its voracity

prompts it to seize, with eagerness, almost any bait that is held out. The usual mode of catching it is, to bury a long strong hook in a mass of fat, and to attach the hook to a strong chain. If not excited by hunger, the animal will approach the bait and turn it about with its nose, as if to examine it. It will play about it for a considerable time, and make many sham attempts to swallow it, but if the bait is snatched up, as if it were going to be withdrawn, the shark, fearful of losing its prey, will suddenly seize it, when, finding itself caught, it will make the most violent efforts to escape, endeavouring to divide the chain with its teeth; it will then lash with its tail, and become furious. It even endeavours to get rid of the hook, by disgorging the contents of its stomach. The animal is allowed to enfeeble itself by these violent efforts. Its head is then raised a little above water, a rope with a running noose is thrown out over the bait and drawn tight; it is then easily raised on board the ship.

When a shark is harpooned, and is not able to escape, its companions will generally tear it to pieces. The shark seems to have no favourite food in particular; it will eat seals and mollusca indiscriminately; and provided the quantity be large, the quality is of no consequence; in fact, the shark seems to be a sea-scavenger, its office being to remove animal matter, which, especially in warm climates, would soon putrify and corrupt the waters and the air. It performs in the deep the same office as the carnivorous animals on land; but its dominion being so much more extended, it is endowed with increased powers of consumption and motion.

The shark produces its young from a sort of egg, the shell-

case of which is brown, and resembles leather; the egg is oblong in form, with tendrils curling from its corners.

One morning, at Madras, a little boy about eight years old, happened to be washed from a catamaran, which was managed by his father. Before he could be rescued from the water, a shark drew him under, and he was seen no more; the father lost not a moment, but calmly rose, and placing between his teeth a large knife, which he carried sheathed in his cummer-band, plunged beneath the billows. He disappeared for some time, but after a while was seen to rise, and then dive down again, as if actively engaged with his foe. It was a period of painful suspense to those who were anxiously watching the issue from the boats outside the surf. After a time the surf was visibly tinged with blood. The man was again seen to rise, and to disappear, so that the work of death was evidently incomplete. After some further time had elapsed, to the astonishment of all who were assembled on the beach, the body of a huge shark was seen, for a few minutes, above the whitened spray, which it completely crimsoned, and then disappeared; an instant after, the man rose above the surf, and made for the shore; he seemed nearly exhausted, but had not a single mark upon his body, which bore no evidence whatever of the perilous conflict in which he had been engaged. He had scarce landed, when the shark, which was a very large one, was cast on shore by the billows. It was quite dead, and was immediately dragged by the assembled natives beyond the reach of the surge. It presented a most frightful spectacle, exhibiting fatal proof of the struggle which had taken place between this ravenous tyrant of the deep and the bereaved father.

When the shark was examined, it was found to have several deep gashes on its belly, from which its entrails protruded. The knife had evidently been plunged into the belly, and drawn downward with unerring precision, presenting an immense wound nearly two feet long. There were also several deep incisions about the gills, and below the fins ; in short, it is impossible to describe the fearful evidences which the monster exhibited of the prowess and dexterity of the determined aggressor, who had so boldly perilled his life for his poor little child, and, as it was afterwards ascertained, his only child. As soon as the shark was drawn to a place of security, it was opened, when the head and limbs of the boy were taken from his stomach. The body was completely dismembered, and the head severed from it ; the different parts, however, were not mutilated. It would seem that, after separation, the limbs were immediately swallowed,—that is to say, bolted. As soon as the poor father saw the mutilated remains of his child, he threw himself upon the ground in an agony of grief, and for a while refused all consolation.



Let us to the Greenwood go.



HEN sunbeam's threads are woven through
The warp and woof of Nature's green,
And glimmer forth, in golden hue,
The trembling boughs between,
While chequered shadows dance and play
With children in their holiday—
Then to the greenwood will we go,
And gambol to and fro.

We'll pull the wild anemonies,
And violets and pansies sweet ;
And jocund voices, 'mid the trees,
Of light hearts there shall speak.
Among the forest's tapestry,
Where snatches of the clear blue sky,
Above, in glimpses short, are seen,
We'll wander, talking, to the sheen
Of light and glory all around—
Our hearts upspringing with a bound,
Like young birds bursting forth on wing
Of ecstasy to meet the day.
And there we'll sport the time away,
In wild and strange imaginings,
And freaks of jocund jollity ;
Or, where the barbed sedges quiver,
We'll wander by some baby river,
And sing to it, as to a child,
Amid its courses sweetly wild,
While the broad water-flags display

Their yellow pennants on the brooks,
And water wagtails fitful stray
Amid the quiet nooks
There, threading the dank reeds and rushes;



And trailing briars and bramble-bushes,
Forgets-me-nots and meadows sweet,
Doing quaint homage at our feet.
We will forget all care, and dream
Away the hours beside the stream,
And lost to earth and all its folly,
Wrapped in tender melancholy ;
Beneath the leafy dome,

There madrigals the summer birds
Shall to us fondly trill,

Speaking of love in honied words
That all the old woods fill.

The cookoo's cry shall be our clock ;

The woodpecker's soft tapping bill,
The crickets chirping in the grass,
The click-clack of the distant mill,
Shall count the moments as they pass ;
And the blythe bee that wanders by
Shall give his cheerful minstrelsy.
And the lark shall trill on high,

And there we will be merry ;
And flushing cheeke shall glow

Rich as the wild red berry,
And gushing eyes shall overflow
Like dew flowers on the morn,
With joyful feelings deeper drawn
Than worldly hearts can ever know.

Then, to the greenwood come with me,
Sweet children, on your holiday ;
And we will gamble, skip, and play,
And drive old Care away.

MARTIN.

The Holy Shrines.



T seems very strange that the religion of Jesus Christ—a religion of love and peace and of righteousness—should, notwithstanding its divine origin, be attended with dissension.

In every part of the world people agree to differ, and no two watches will go exactly alike, as said the Emperor Charles V., who, in his retirement, took up the craft of a watchmaker for his amusement, and who no longer wondered he could not make men think alike. It is said that the dissensions of the Greek and Latin churches in Jerusalem have now for many years been a stumbling-block to Jews and Mahomedans. These disputes are carried to Constantinople for adjustment, and there he who can give the greatest bribe is sure of a verdict. And the Greeks being by far the richest of the Christians living at Jerusalem, have obtained the guardianship of the Holy Sepulchre—one of the sacred shrines—since 1807. The Greek Church, therefore, look up to the Emperor of Russia for protection. The number of worshippers to this church is swelled by from four to five thousand Greeks every year, many of whom are charged with valuable presents from the Czar.

There is no single building within the walls of Jerusalem which excites a more intense interest than the church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is situated on Mount Calvary. Satisfactory evidence seems to prove, notwithstanding many doubts to the contrary, that the church really crowns the sacred spot of the crucifixion. The exterior of the edifice is that of the middle ages. It was built by Helena, mother of Constantine. It consists of various chapels, that stands towards the East; and that which would form the chancel in our churches, is the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, over which is the chief cupola of the church. It is about seventy feet in diameter, and about the same height. The chapel of the Greek church is in that part which we should call the nave. It is the largest in the building. The sides are covered with fine paintings, embellished with chaste mouldings, richly gilded; from the ceiling hang those costly chandeliers, the largest of which was presented to the Greeks by the Emperor of Russia. It is valued at 50,000 piastres, or £500. In the centre is a marble basin, holding a hemisphere of the same material, with a black belt crossing its circumference, said to mark the centre of the world. Directly under the dome, in the centre of the area, is a small oblong building, within which is the Holy Sepulchre. The visitor first passes through a small, dimly-lighted room, which serves as ante-chapel to the Sepulchre itself. A few steps further, and passing through a narrow portal, the worshipper is alone in the inner sanctuary—the holiest of holy places—where thousands and tens of thousands kneel, weep, and prostrate themselves, in the full faith that this is the very site of their Master's burial-place. The spot which is shown as that of the holy resting place,

is a sort of sarcophagus of white marble, six feet one inch long, which occupies one half of the chamber. The Sepulchre contains nothing of its primitive material, except the oblong stone on which the body was laid, and even the upper surface of this is covered with white marble. Forty-three lamps of gold and silver, ever burning, light this solemn spot, which is probably the only one on earth which no one ever trod without seriousness and deep reflection. Among the numerous chapels which surround the building interiorly, is—First on the right, a small chapel with an altar, over which is a good painting, representing the nailing of our Saviour to the Cross, and the binding of the two thieves. Near by is shown a rent in the lime-stone rock, covered with three gilded wires, said to have been occasioned by the earthquake at the Crucifixion. The continuation of the rent is seen in the chapel underneath. Secondly, we have the *chapel of the Crucifixion*. At the foot of the altar is a marble slab, covering the rock, in which are three circular holes; the centre one is overlaid with a wrought plate of gold, about one foot in diameter. Here the Cross of Jesus was uplifted—the others belonging to the two thieves, one a little in the rear. To the east of the above, in a small vestibule, is the stone of unction—a marble slab measuring six feet by three, with three large wax candles burning at each end.

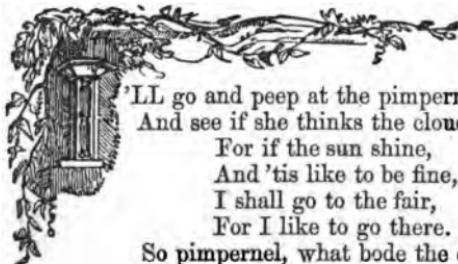
The church of the Holy Sepulchre is composed of several other chapels, erected upon an unequal surface, illumined by a multitude of lamps. Christian priests, of various sects, inhabit different parts of the edifice. From the arches above, where they nestle like pigeons, to the chapels below, where they sometimes growl at each other like wild beast, and from sub-

terranean vaults, where they hide themselves like charnel sprites, their songs are heard at all hours, both by day and night. The organs of the Latin monks, the cymbals of the Abyssinian priests, the voice of the Greek, the prayer of the solitary Armenian, the plaintive accents of the Coptic friar, alternately, or all at once assail your ear. You know not whence these concerts proceed ; you inhale the perfume of the incense without perceiving the hand that burns it ; you merely perceive the pontiff, who is going to celebrate the most awful of mysteries on the very spot where they were accomplished, pass quickly by, glide behind the columns, and vanish in the gloom of the temple.

It would be well if the tomb of the Prince of Peace could rest in peace ; but it is not so : heart-burnings, jealousies, and quarrels exist, and even blows are frequently given among the followers of Him whose religion is forbearance and love. The pious thoughts, the prayers, the prostrations, and the oblations seem of little effect in producing brotherly love among them. But we look forward for an outpouring of the spirit of the Most High, which will yet cause the "lion to lie down with the lamb, and the leopard with the young kid," in everlasting harmony and peace.

The Pimpernel.

A LESSON FOR LITTLE GIRLS.



'LL go and peep at the pimpernel,
And see if she thinks the clouds look well;
For if the sun shine,
And 'tis like to be fine,
I shall go to the fair,
For I like to go there.
So pimpernel, what bode the clouds and the sky?
If fair weather, no maiden so happy as I."

The pimpernel flower had folded up
Her little gold star in her coral cup;
And unto that maid
Thus her warning said,
"Though the sun shine down,
There's a gathering frown
O'er the chequered blue of the clouded sky;
So tarry at home, for the storm is nigh."

The maid first looked sad and then looked cross—
Gave her foot a fling, and her head a toss.
"Say you so, indeed,
You mean little weed?"

You're shut up in spite,
For the blue sky is bright.

To more credulous people your warnings pray tell.
I'll away to the fair!—Good night, pimpernel!"

"Stay at home!" quoth the flower. "In sooth, not I!
I'll don my straw hat with a silken tie;

O'er my neck so fair
I'll a 'kerchief wear,
White, chequered with pink;
And then, let me think—

I'll consider my gown, for I'd fain look well."
So saying, she stepped o'er the pimpernel.

Now, the wise little flower, wrapped safe from harm,
Sat fearlessly waiting the coming storm,

Just peeping between
Her snug leaves of green,
Lay folded up tight;
Her red rope so bright,

Though 'brodered with purple and starred with gold,
No eye might its bravery there behold.

The fair maiden then donned her best array,
And forth to the festival hied away;

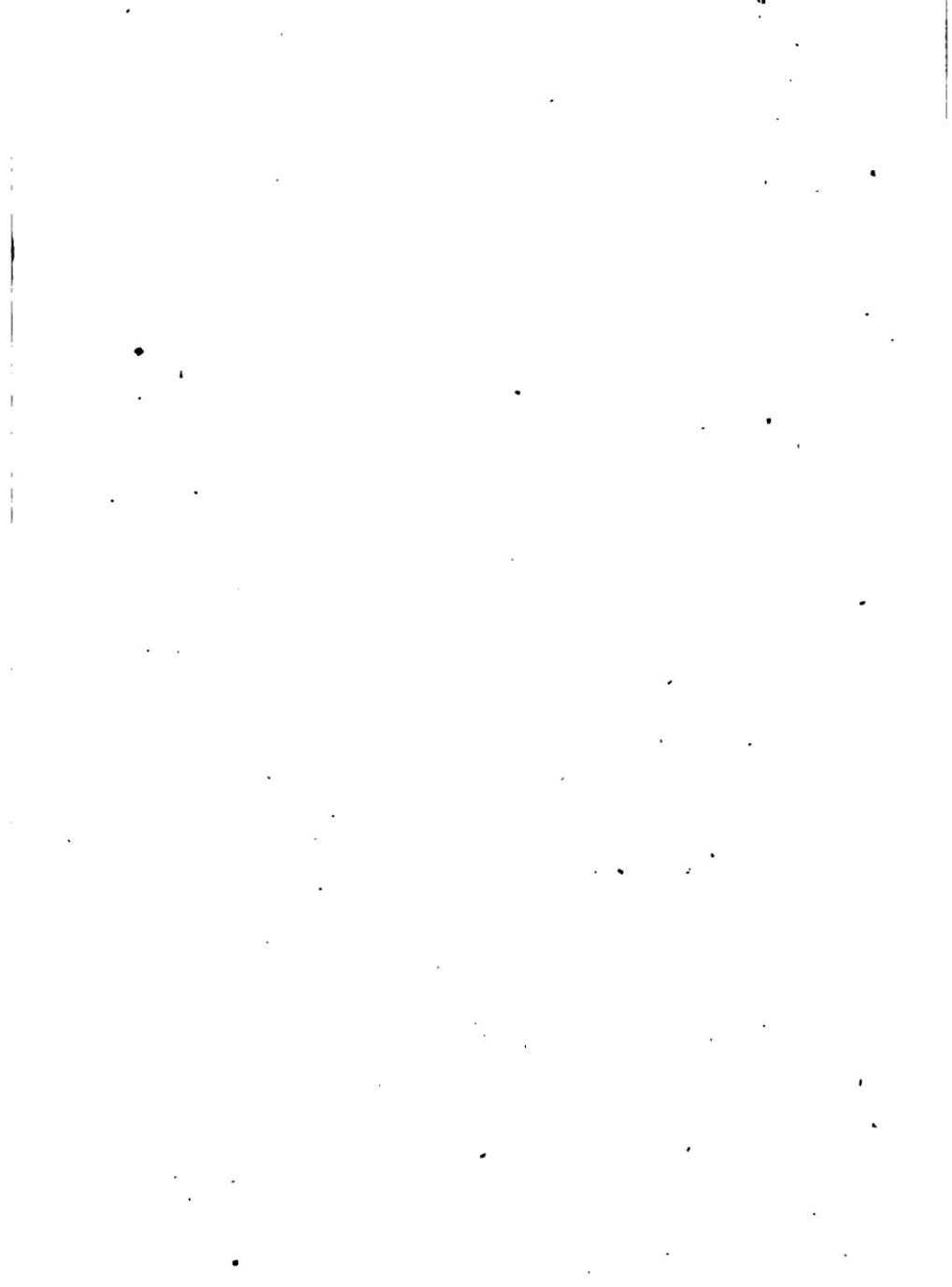
But scarce had she gone
Ere the storm came on,
And, 'mid thunder and rain,
She cried oft and again,

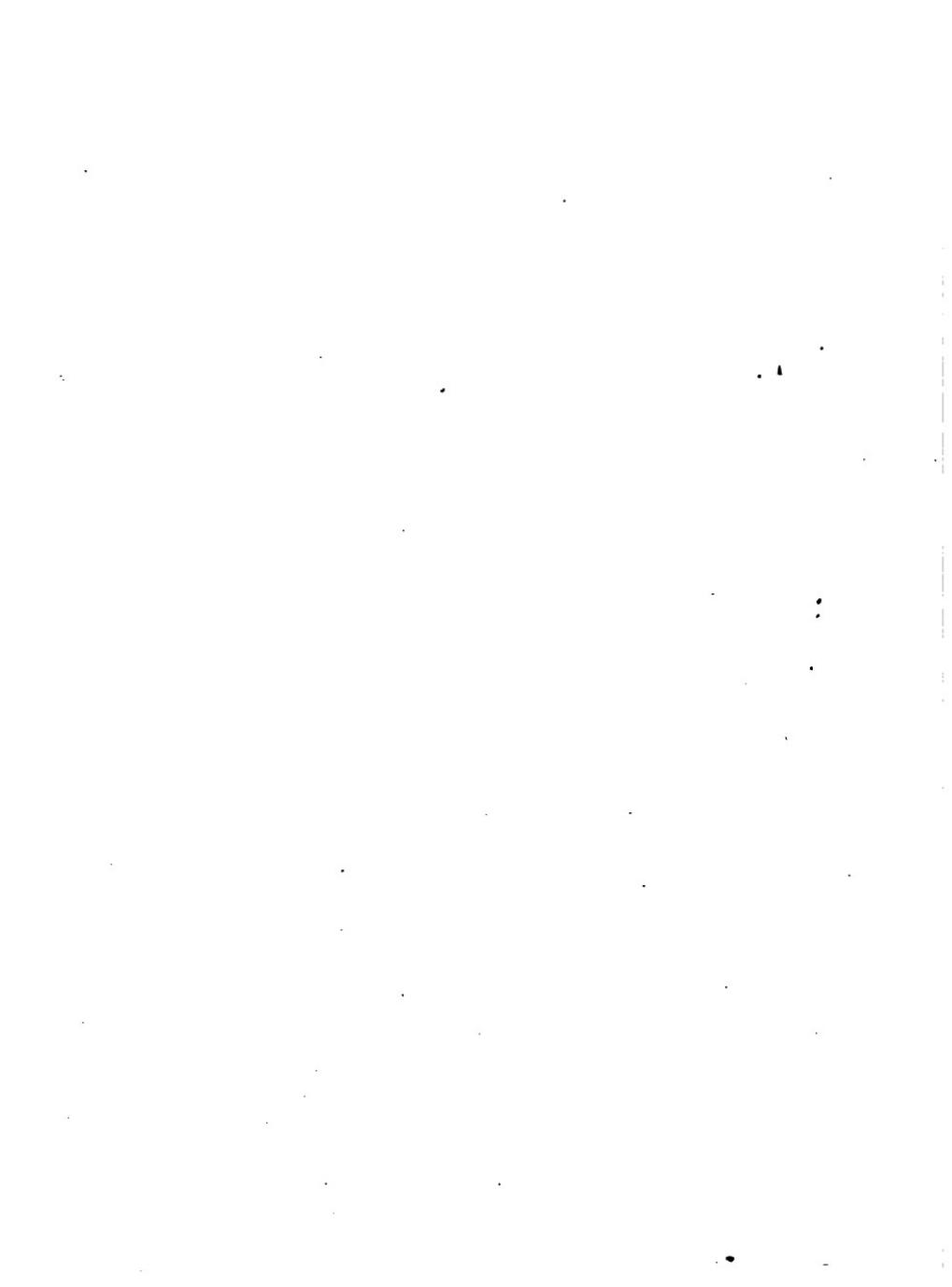
"Oh, would I had heeded that boding flower,
And were safe at home from the pelting shower!"

Now, maidens, the tale that I tell would say,
Don't don fine clothes on a doubtful day!
Nor ask advice when, like many more,
Your resolve was taken some time before.

TWAMLEY.









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